THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A ...eekly
F... ...j. Franklin

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JUNE 18, '27

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Henry C. Rowland—Ben Ames Williams—J. P. Marquand—Elizabeth Frazer
Sewell Ford—Joseph Hergesheimer—Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

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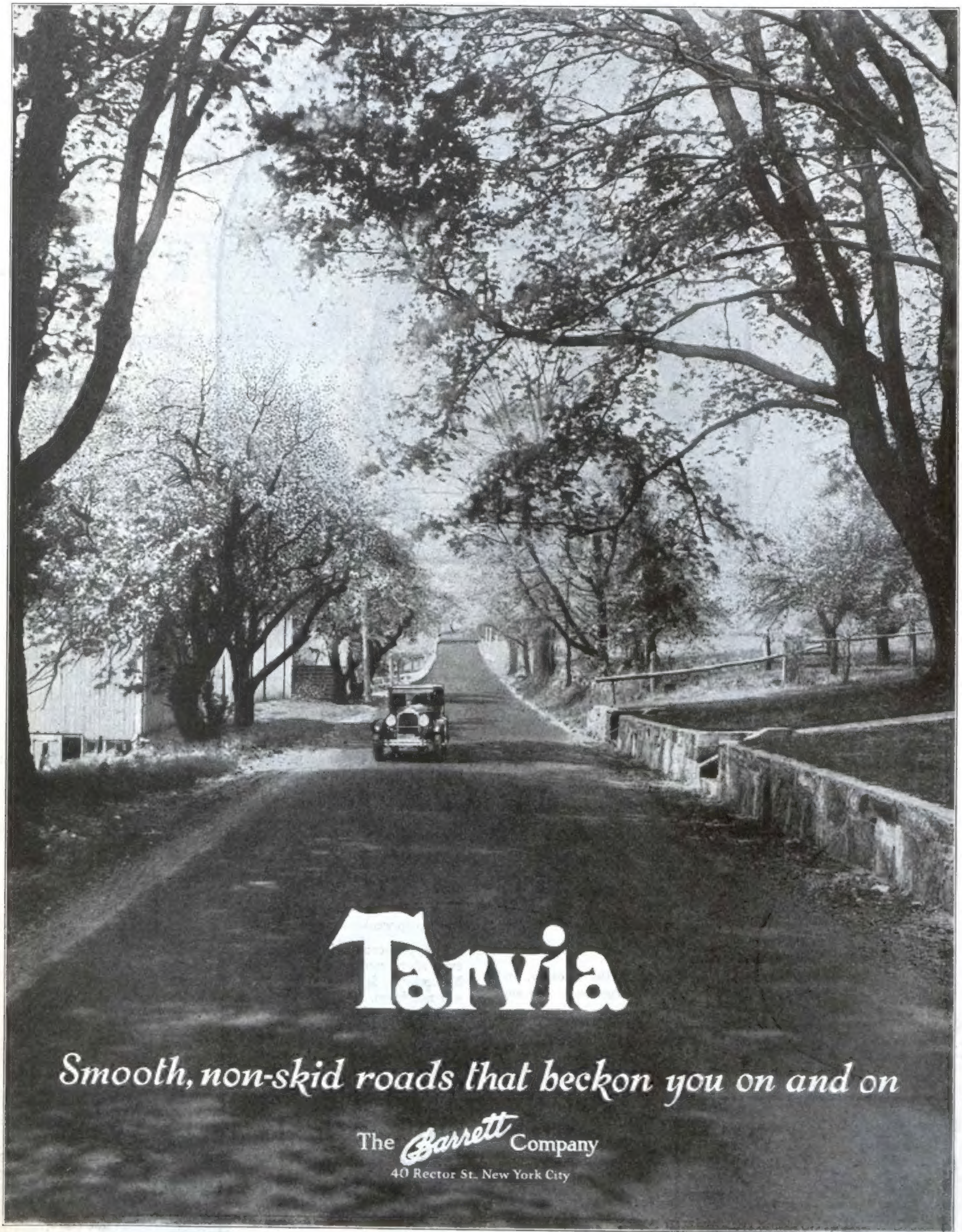

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"DO you *sell* any of these stockings?" we marveled, as the manager of a famous Fifth Avenue shop recently showed us hosiery priced at $50, $150, $250, *$500 a pair!* "Do women really *wear* them and wash them like other stockings?"

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The most gentle handling, said the manager, and cleansing in the mildest possible cool suds. He suggested *Ivory*.

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Ivory was recommended for these rare stockings because Ivory is pure, mild, gentle. For the same reasons it is recommended everywhere by manufacturers and salespeople of all kinds of fine hosiery. For actually, whether stockings cost $2 or $500, the silk of which they are fashioned is amazingly sensitive. It is quickly injured by hot water, perspiration, and by soaps which are not-quite-safe.

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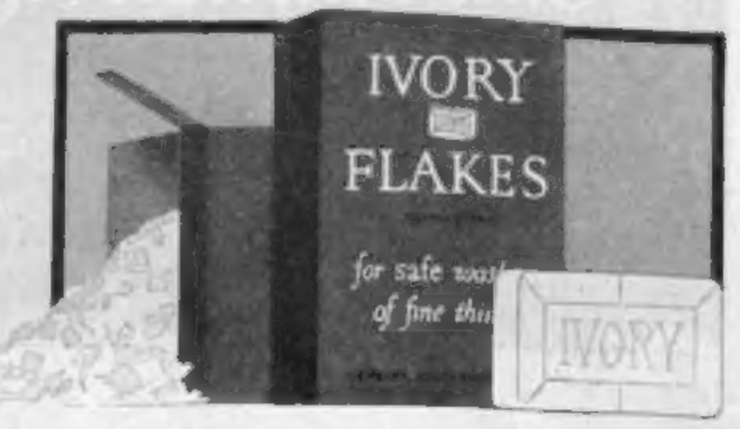

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MOTIVE POWER

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Marcus Scrambled to His Feet. "What Happened Back at the House? Who Killed Your Father?"

HALFWAY down the dark lane Marcus True stopped. It was rarely that he found himself next to Nature at night. A city man, office man, it had been always his desire to live in precisely such an environment as was here. Not suburbs, but a mixture of farm, wilderness and Arcady.

The rapid increase in his value to his firm had prevented this. Marcus had been given no time to play, to rest or even to marry. Some office men of his tastes have their annual fortnight's hunting or fishing trip, which for six months they anticipate with content and the other six look back on with content. Nearly all men count on their week-end golf. Marcus could not. Saturday afternoon was the most intensive period of his working week, while early training and inclination led him to keep the Sabbath in orthodox religious fashion. It was therefore with all the greater zest that he now stood keenly sensitive to the impressions of this fragrant night in late May in the heart of the hills.

His errand there had been to make certain changes in the will of Mr. Andrew Orrin, a robust man of sixty and odd who was an old friend and client of two of the partners of the law firm of Parker, White & True. While motoring up from Boston to his beautiful estate the day before, Mr. Orrin had met with an accident, the car skidding off the road at a bad spot and careening against a tree. Besides the violent shock of such a crash, Mr. Orrin had suffered two broken ribs and a simple fracture of the tibia, from which damage he had, however, reacted favorably. The prognosis of the surgeon summoned immediately from Boston had been good. An examination had shown nothing to cause fear of internal injuries.

To Marcus, who knew him but slightly, his client had merely said:

"I feel well enough, Mr. True, and the doctors say there's no reason to anticipate collapse. But after sixty you can never tell about a shock like this. There's a curious numbness over me. Certain things have happened recently that make me want to make some changes in my will. If I come through all right I may decide a little later to alter it again."

Mr. Orrin had been for some years a widower and none of his three children were with him at this moment. He had run up, in fact, more for a few days' fishing—his favorite recreation—than to supervise the opening of the place for the summer. Mrs. Fentrise, the married daughter, was somewhere in mid-ocean with her husband and three children, on their way home from Southern France. The only son, Gregory, three years out of college, was with his polo team in Aiken. The younger daughter, Beatrice, was a senior in Vassar, about to graduate. Reassuring wires and radios had been sent these children, who were not, Marcus imagined, as devoted as they might have been to so kind and indulgent a father. Mr. Orrin had been immersed in business, and to some extent in politics, during the past ten years, and no doubt the children had come to regard him more as a natural source of bounties than as paternal guide, counselor and friend.

It had not taken long to make the changes in the will, and their tenor had surprised Marcus a good deal. It was unfortunate, he reflected, that his senior partner, Judge

Parker, should have had an attack of acute indigestion just then. As an intimate friend of the testator, Judge Parker might have made protests that Marcus, a young and recent junior partner, would not presume to do. Mr. Orrin had urgently desired that the fact of a new will being made should not be known. It had been witnessed by his manservant, a faithful person who had been with him for years, and a crabbed Scotch chief gardener, about as communicative as a mole trap, likewise faithful and a life fixture on the estate.

His errand accomplished, Marcus begged that he be permitted to walk over the road to the railroad station, three miles away, to catch the midnight train. "You don't realize what a breath of real country on such a night means to a man like me," he pleaded, when Mr. Orrin desired to order a car. "I've been city bound for three years, and a three-mile hike over the ridge in the moonlight is in the nature of adventure. I'll put pajamas and toothbrush in my brief case and you can send the kit bag on tomorrow."

The valet, Vogel, a Swiss, had suggested that he take a lane which not only cut off a mile but passed over a low ridge that gave a lovely view of the lake, its flanking hills and, possibly, on such a night, a glimpse of the Presidential Range beyond. The air was clear and still, crisp but not cold, and a full moon was in the zenith.

"You should be able to see Mt. Adams, sir," Vogel said, as Marcus set out a little after ten, "and with the moon so bright, you cannot possibly go wrong."

The lane entered on the lakeside of the grounds, passed through a growth of beeches and, a quarter of a mile beyond, forked, where one branch led down to the boathouse and the other up over the ridge to strike the county road beyond. In places it was too steep for comfortable motor traffic. As the train was due at 12:30, Marcus had more than two hours for the two-mile walk, so that he could afford to loiter. With his light traveling coat over his arm, brief case in one hand and stick in the other, he set out with such a relish as only the enforced city dweller with a love for every detail of a countryside like this, can feel.

Before he had gone two hundred yards from the grounds proper he paused to drink in deeply the fragrant air, inhale, as one might say, the spirit of the night and become receptive to it. His special senses were acute, and now their perceptions seemed to be intensified, as though he were stalking big game or scouting an enemy. For a young man of his social antecedents Marcus was astonishingly ignorant of the intimate details of such country as this. His knowledge of nature was wide, comprehensive but entirely academic, learned from books both scientific and of the pleasant inductive-teaching sort. He was city born, city bred, and as a child and boy his vacations had been spent at seaside places, mostly fashionable—Newport and Bar Harbor and Southampton. He was an experienced yachtsman, but his cruisings had been confined to runs from one yacht club to another.

A little farther on, at the fork of the lane, he stopped again on the edge of a growth of spruces, swept with delight at a sudden vista of the lake, gleaming in the vivid glare of the moon. The breathless stillness was yet animated by sounds that were as of Nature breathing, whispering, even talking a little in her sleep. Thrilled, Marcus set himself to analyze them. At some considerable distance a waterfall was tinkling. There came little rustlings close by, a scamper, a scurry and a squeak. That would be a weasel hunting, Marcus thought with rapture. Then some faint random draft brought an odor, musky and pungent, almost sickish sweet. A skunk, he assayed at first, then decided that more likely it was a fox. Listening, rapt, there came from the lake shore the booming hoot of a great barred owl, terminating in a curious squawk and snapping. Across the lake a dog howled, baying at the moon.

Little tremors ran through Marcus. He felt a fine crepitation at the nape of his neck, the spinal reflex of lower animals and primitive man when tensely alert in a strange place where unseen dangers may lurk. But to Marcus, mentally assured that there could be no danger near, this reaction was pleasant, because of the thrill it carried. Something thumped the ground not far away—a buck rabbit or hare, his book-learned woodcraft told him. Nevertheless the sound caused a reflexive tightening of his grip on a stick in one hand and a brief case in the other.

The will was in the brief case, and it occurred suddenly to Marcus that here he stood in this lonely spot with the instrument for the dispensation of about six million dollars.

Lawyers, like lawmakers or bankers or financiers, become so accustomed to the wielding of forces that decree prosperity or ruin for many people that they are bound to become blunted to the potentiality of the agencies exerted by them. For the first time it occurred to Marcus that his brief case, so lightly carried, might easily hold the weal or woe that would seem to be vested in the administration of a higher power. Were Mr. Orrin's premonitions of possible spinal injury based on fact, then his son Gregory would find a radical change necessary to his mode of life. His married daughter would be obliged to choose between continuing to live with a husband far more esteemed by her father than, gossip rumored, by herself until her young children came of age, or to forfeit a very large income. The younger daughter, Beatrice, would be constrained to marry with the consent of certain excellent trustees; while one Mary Brown, spinster of twenty-three, a young person hitherto unknown to Marcus, would be due to inherit very largely, and at the cost of Gregory Orrin.

This sudden reflection on his responsibility startled Marcus as he stood there listening to night sounds, harmless enough, but strange. It occurred to him that perhaps he had been too haphazard about this piece of legal business which in his office would have been routine enough. This was the only copy of a will for the disposition of millions, and here he was traversing three miles of comparative wilderness with it at night, afoot and unarmed. There was no cause to apprehend Mr. Orrin's immediate demise, no reason to anticipate interference with himself, and yet the fact remained that a document of vast importance was not safeguarded to the degree its potential value would seem to demand. Moreover, such procedure was not consistent with Marcus' own professional thoroughness, a quality that, with his distinct abilities, fully qualified him for a position of junior partner of such a distinguished law office as that of Parker, White & True. Marcus had inherited his standing there, with a very considerable fortune, after three years' postgraduate work in the office of the district attorney. His older partners entirely approved his capable filling of his late uncle's shoes.

Marcus had not expected to draw the will in his own hand, then carry the single copy back with him. Mr. Orrin had that morning telephoned his bank directing that his personal secretary be sent out in the course of the day, not only to type the will in duplicate but to remain on indefinitely for other correspondence. This secretary should have arrived at latest by eight o'clock. When an hour had passed and Mr. Orrin begun to grow weary, Marcus had gone ahead with the business, saying that he could take the will back with him and next morning have a true copy made.

As now he stood undecided in the shadow of the pines, he

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He Stepped to the Big Door and Closed it Behind Her. "Better Leave it Open," the Sheriff Suggested. "From Where I'm Settin' I Command the Stairs"

CHICAGO SOCIETY

By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

LAST summer an Englishwoman who has never been in the United States, but who happens to have a wide acquaintance among Americans, was staying at a popular hotel in Paris. When she stepped into the elevator on her way downstairs to tea, she ran into a woman from Chicago who had entertained her delightfully at her villa on the Riviera, so she asked her to luncheon the following day. That night at dinner she encountered another Chicagoan, whom she had met in London, so she invited her, and then sent off a *petit bleu* to ask a third friend from the Windy City who had an apartment in Paris.

The next morning she took her children out to Versailles, and because of an accident to the motor car they arrived back at the hotel twenty-five minutes after the hour she had named to her guests.

"However, it won't be so awkward as it would have been ordinarily," she thought, "because they will all enjoy seeing one another so much."

But when she went into the waiting room to greet them, she saw to her astonishment that the three women were sitting entirely apart from one another. One was reading a newspaper, another was chatting with a diplomat and the third had drawn her chair up to the window and was looking out into the garden.

They all got up and came toward their hostess as she made her apologies. After she had greeted them and explained the reason for her delay, she said: "We may as well go in now; everyone is here. This is just a Chicago party, you see."

She noticed the inquiring look which the woman who lived in Paris gave the one from Cannes, and the quickly suppressed smile on the face of the Chicagoan she had met in London. She stopped short at the entrance to the restaurant. "Of course you all know each other?"

"No," they answered in chorus.

"But you're all from Chicago!" She then introduced them, and as she led the way to the table she had reserved in the corner she realized that she had made a mistake in asking them together. It had seemed to her that they were all very much the same sort; they were all obviously women of means who had traveled a good deal and, to foreign eyes at any rate, they seemed of the same stratum of society.

Village Society in a Metropolis

IF THEY had shown signs of knowing one another and having quarreled she could have understood it; but it became plain as the luncheon proceeded that no one of them had ever seen either of the others before.

She had sufficient tact not to bring up the question of their native city again, and they talked only of impersonal subjects, of the various collections of the big dressmakers, of art exhibitions, of permanent waves, and again of the collections of the *couturières*.

Fortunately for her state of curiosity, she had agreed to play bridge with the guest who lived in Paris, and the moment the others had left and they were on their way to her friend's apartment, she bombarded her with questions:

"Why don't you know those other women? Is anything the matter with them? I thought your husband said the other night that everybody knew everybody else in Chicago—too well."

"If You'll Forgive Me Saying So, I Have Met Other People Who Could be Called Rough Diamonds, Who, My Cousin Has Assured Me, Were Prominent in Your Chicago Society"

"He meant that everybody in our crowd knew everybody else. These two other women happen not to be in our crowd—that's all. Not because there's anything the matter with them, necessarily, but they just aren't."

The Englishwoman knew because of family connections that this one of her acquaintances, at any rate, was prominent in Chicago society; she pursued her inquiry: "But over here, where I've met them in Europe, they seem to know everyone."

"Oh, that's a very different matter. It's much easier for persons with money to make social positions for themselves in a foreign country than it is in their own city—at least it is if that city is Chicago!"

The husband of the hostess came home in time for tea and tried to aid his wife in explaining the peculiar social structure of his city. "The woman who has a villa on the Riviera has lots of money—a good deal more than many people who are in society," he explained. "I don't know her myself, but I've met her husband. He came from one of the suburbs of Chicago and he seems to be a nice enough man, but something of a rough diamond, without much flair for social things. His wife, from all I can hear, cares much more for that sort of thing than he does, and they say she's quite attractive. She's clever enough not to try to get into society at home. I believe when she's over here she entertains all kinds of foreigners, but you'll find that her American friends are all from other cities."

"I had no idea that you drew such rigid lines over there," said the Englishwoman. "I must say it is very puzzling. For if you'll forgive me saying so, I have met other people who could be called rough diamonds, who, my cousin has assured me, were prominent in your Chicago society."

"Yes, that's true. Well, I don't know just where the difference comes in, but I do know that it exists. There's no other place in America where you're more definitely in or out of society. Why that should be true I don't know, but it certainly is."

"Then what about the other woman at luncheon? She is certainly cultivated, and she knows delightful people in London."

"Oh, well, that's a different story. As a matter of fact, although she hasn't nearly so much money as the other woman, she could get into society if she wanted to, whereas the other couldn't. The only reason she doesn't know more people in Chicago is because first of all she wasn't born there and so had no group of intimate friends with whom she'd grown up—the way my wife and most of her crowd have done. Secondly, her husband was a scientist, you know, and they lived down on the South Side and were identified with the University of Chicago crowd. They went abroad during the summers and I'll wager she literally knew more people in London than she did on the North Side of Chicago."

"The university crowd then isn't part of your society?"

"No, unfortunately. Of course if we're entertaining a distinguished foreigner or for some reason want to give an intellectual tone to a party, we always try to get someone from that group. And now that the president is a man of such brilliance, whom everyone likes, it's just possible that a closer bond may develop. Personally I hope so. It would lessen our provincialism a lot."

He then described, with a certain amount of help from his wife, the peculiarly village-like quality of society which causes everyone to feel intense interest in the minutest actions and words of their friends.

"But how is it possible, in such a large city, to know so much about everyone else?"

"The city is large, to be sure, but society itself is smaller in proportion than that of any other place in America."

Three Tests of the Seven Hundred

THIS fact astonished her English friend, as it always astonishes the outsider. It is particularly difficult for Bostonians and New Yorkers—who are apt to approach Chicago with a supercilious attitude anyway—to believe that society there is much more exclusive than in their own cities. Gradually, however, they learn that it is true, and they may then decide whether it is a benefit.

"In round numbers, in Chicago, where the population is more than three million, society is composed of about seven hundred people," said one of the most delightful of the older generation, who still talks of the golden age of cotillions and vintage wines. He maintains that there are three tests by which one may arrive at this number:

"The membership of the Assembly, for instance, is unlimited. We are always free to take in anyone we want, but there were about seven hundred on the lists for the two balls last year. The membership of the Saddle and Cycle Club is about the same, and so is that of the Casino. These are the three things in town which count socially.

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LORD CHESTERFIELD

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT IS strange how bits of conversation, mere looks and words, once seemingly unimportant, have a way of leaping before you suddenly as the force behind great deeds. That is why a fragment of speech between Beverley Endicott Witherspoon, who struggled once with others of us to remain as a student at Harvard University, and his cousin, Ewing Slingsbee, who never seemed obliged to struggle so much as the rest of us, has retained an unexpected value for all of us who knew them. Indeed, today that elusive bit of dialogue is all that is left to explain the somewhat involved adventure of Beverley, his Aunt Amelia Witherspoon and the bill collector.

Yes, even to survivors of that little group, handicapped in subsequent life struggles by a previous acquaintance with the brighter and more carefree side of Harvard some ten years back, that dialogue is essential to sharpen perceptions dulled by mundane cares. It is curious to remember that once upon a time it was all as easy to swallow as one of those pleasing beverages that once made Boston passing fair. Why is it that now the whole affair and those years which they so romantically assert at Yale are filled with pleasure rife have involved themselves in a vague confusion?

It must have been a March evening, or possibly late afternoon, and we were resting in the room which some of us shared in common, known to visiting relatives as our study. It was not unusual that we were resting. Looking back to those days, it seems that nearly all our time was spent in recovering from immense exertion. We were sitting drooped languidly in our chairs, in what was then the fashionable pose for treaders of the primrose path, and someone had gone so far toward hastening the process of recuperation as to produce some cracked mugs and glasses from the bathroom, besides a bottle from Beverley's bureau drawer. There was only one unrestful note in the room, and that was Ewing, who had come in from his suite across the hall, where he had much better have stayed.

Since the papers had begun alluding to the street on which we dwelt as the Gold Coast, the whole tone of things was sinking and we all were forced to admit that Ewing Slingsbee, despite what might have been hoped from his relationship to Beverley, was hardly the type to benefit from those opportunities which the Gold Coast once offered. He lacked entirely what one might term the pioneering spirit, which was not afraid to attempt anything once, that dash of éclat and polite disregard for constituted authority, which made the rest of us so conspicuous as to excite envy and to stir the rancor of our more serious contemporaries. Instead, written all over Ewing's broad back and somewhat heavy—nay, bovine—features was premature and despicable conservatism.

Ewing was the sort who never got into difficulty, but instead sat watching the grief of others. Of course, one can understand that compromise and trimming were foreign to Beverley's more genial nature, besides which there had been that unfortunate evening at St. Swithin's, leading to Beverley's premature departure. As so many remember, it was Beverley who was discovered that evening

Mrs. Rooney Seemed Annoyed, Perhaps Justly So. "And Who are You," She Cried, "to be Calling Shame on Me Before All These Nice Young Gentlemen?"

climbing to his room by way of the waterspout. Ewing, who should have been there, too, had dropped off just in time.

This event and others naturally had caused a coldness to grow between Beverley and Ewing, but that afternoon as always Beverley was perfectly polite. Beverley was tearing a letter into small fragments. By the sound of the paper and by Beverley's resigned expression one could see it was a letter from his father.

"It sometimes occurs to me," said Beverley, "that my father is very naïve."

"Who?" inquired Ewing. "Uncle Bill?"

"If you're going to argue about it," said Beverley, "I wish you wouldn't."

"Argue nothing!" said Ewing. "Uncle Bill's moral—that's all—strict in fact—shall we say hard-bitten? He's so strict that you're the result of it. It doesn't pay, but I've always got on with him; just jollied him along, and remembered he means what he says. . . . Yes, sir, means it. That's where you go wrong."

"Unfortunately," said Beverley, "I have a more difficult time. No doubt I don't know him so well. He can't see things where I'm concerned. No, he cannot see."

"What can't he see?" asked Ewing.

"He can't see," replied Beverley, sighing and tossing his parent's dismembered letter toward the fireplace, "the difficulties of modern life. Instead of helping me maintain certain decencies——"

"What decencies?" asked Ewing.

"The decencies of politeness," said Beverley. "Of course you have to have some standards."

"Do you? Since when?" asked Ewing. There was an implied doubt in Ewing's question which was hardly kind.

Beverley raised a battered teacup and glanced at him reproachfully across the brim. "My standards, as you know," said Beverley, "have forced me to leave—suddenly—three schools and two summer camps; but thank heaven, I've retained my standards!"

It was impossible not to be moved by such a speech. We offered Beverley hearty, almost boisterous congratulations.

"But the point is," remarked Beverley, looking gloomily into his empty cup, "I don't mind being punished for my principles. Greater men, of course, have suffered."

At this point Ewing had recourse to vulgar sarcasm. "You wouldn't put Socrates on your level?" he inquired.

"I only know I also suffer," replied Beverley; "but the annoying thing is that my own father cannot understand how I suffer. Now here is a matter, beside the point, but it illustrates: At present I'm in debt—heavily in debt. Among other things is the agency—what's its name?—where we buy our theater tickets. Because I owe them two hundred and fifty dollars they are becoming almost nasty. After all, it occurs to me that theater seats were free in Athens."

At the mention of this sum, Ewing's eyes, generally small, grew prominent. "Two hundred and fifty dollars!" he gasped. "How could you spend that much?"

"I knew you'd be interested by a concrete figure," said Beverley. "How could I spend it? By being polite. But that has nothing to do with it. The point is, I wrote my father for a slight advance, because no further installment on my allowance is due for six weeks. Who is there more natural to turn to when in trouble?"

"If you're asking me," said Ewing, "I should have pawned something."

"At this time of year," said Beverley, "everything is always pawned already." He sighed and pointed to the fireplace. "There is his answer. It was waiting on my desk where Mrs. Rooney left it, and what do you think he says? Does he send me a check?"

"No," said Ewing, "he doesn't."

Beverley allowed us to fill his teacup from the bottle. "Extraordinary how you guessed it," he replied. "But instead of simply refusing, he only makes matters more difficult—more difficult. That's the acid in the wound."

As though to allay the pain, Beverley lighted a gold-tipped cigarette. "Yes," he added, "he not only did not

send me a check but he also says that he'll remove me from here—yes, remove me and set me to work—if any tradesman sends him another bill of mine I haven't paid. Of course, I can't borrow from my friends. That's one of my principles."

"You take a weight off my mind," said Ewing.

"You mustn't think," said Beverley mildly, "that I'm complaining about it. I'm convinced he means it. We have been through so much together that we understand each other, but he did not need to have made it worse. Do you know what he wants me to do right away? He wants me to call on Aunt Amelia."

Beverley paused and shivered slightly, but of course Ewing had no perception. He merely looked at the rest of us knowingly.

"When Beverley refers to our aunt," remarked Ewing, "you might think she was the worst ever. Now I'll grant she's slightly crabbed—peculiar, the way they get in Boston—but I've never found her difficult. The house is stuffy, of course; just the way grandfather left it. You can't smoke. The chairs aren't comfortable. Conversation is mostly on social work. You have to appear interested in the Home for Waifs and Strays, perhaps, and you don't want to step on her Pomeranian dog. You mustn't be afraid of her; let her lecture you a little, but don't be afraid of her—and there you are. What's the matter, Beverley? Call on her and get it over. I've been six times, and do you know what she sent me on Christmas?"

"No," said Beverley faintly; "a pincushion? She sent me one."

"No," said Ewing; "a check for two hundred dollars."

"She did?" It was impossible not to mark the hurt which Beverley sustained. "Why, it isn't possible!"

"Why not?" said Ewing. "I'll admit she's a little crabbed, perhaps set ——"

Beverley made a sound so violent and so unlike himself that we all were startled.

"Crabbed?" he cried. "Set, did you say? You know what happened when they tried to get her off the Mariners' League Board? You know what happened when she went on that committee to see the mayor? She's adamant—that's what. She won't let a thing go when she gets it. Now she's gone into charity, she won't drop it. She won't drop anything."

"Well, what's the use in being violent?" began Ewing.

"Who wouldn't be?" cried Beverley. "When I hear about that two hundred dollars, it drives me mad. Here she's been after me all autumn, writing me once a week. Do you know what she wanted? She asked me to be Santa Claus at her favorite settlement house. Can you imagine me as Santa Claus, even for two hundred dollars?"

It was difficult. You could see that Ewing himself was shocked by the thought. "That is a bit hard," said Ewing. "She never put that up to me. The trouble is that you're weak with her. That's probably the trouble. You're too polite, too ——"

"Possibly," said Beverley sadly. "Yes, no doubt you're made of sterner stuff. Personally, I'm afraid—always afraid of what may happen if I do go near her. All her chauffeurs leave because she worries about their education. She won't drop anything she starts on. You wait! If I go there, she'll make me promise some ghastly thing. She might even make me promise to run a boys' club."

Any one of us could tell that this was no exaggeration. An idea seemed to be prevalent at that time among certain groups that any of us could easily act as a wholesome happy influence in the more crowded urban districts.

"But you don't have to promise it," said Ewing.

"I should have to be polite, of course," said Beverley. "And Aunt Amelia always misunderstands when I'm polite."

"But why do you have to be polite?"

Beverley raised his eyebrows. "Naturally," said Beverley, "I'm always polite to every woman. It's one of my principles. . . . What do you think's so funny?"

"Nothing," said Ewing; "but I'll bet you wouldn't be so polite if it wasn't worth your while."

"You're mistaken," said Beverley coldly.

How hard it all is to remember that our ideals were so lofty once! Looking back, it almost seems as though Beverley was a prig, but once it all was natural. Can it be in those days that we all were prigs?

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars you wouldn't be," said Ewing.

"Very well," said Beverley.

A short time later Beverley seemed more himself. He brushed the ashes of his cigarette from his coat and smiled.

"The trouble is," he said, "Slingsbee is not—quite a gentleman. He fails to understand the importance of principles."

That was all there was to it. Yet we had our reasons for remembering. It is curious how useless things return and grow important. Nevertheless, except for an embarrassing event which occurred shortly afterward, we should have forgotten all about it.

II

THE very next Monday morning we were disturbed by a violent knocking on the door of our room at a suspiciously early hour. One remembers it was a Monday morning because of the physical and mental anguish peculiar to Monday, causing a certain dullness of wits which made it hard to decide what the knocking meant. Clad as we were in garments midway between the attire of day and night, several of us rushed instinctively to the door to hold it fast, only to be pushed back violently against a chair where Beverley was sitting. As we gathered ourselves up, somewhat surprised by this rudeness, we perceived that a stranger had forced himself upon us.

It was not difficult to see why we had been pushed backward. Beneath a reptilian tan-and-green-striped overcoat, so execrable in taste that we shuddered, the shoulders of this unexpected guest bulged succulently. Above the upturned collar we beheld an expanse of jaw, muscular as the arm of the village blacksmith in that school poem, from which jutted a spear-like stubble of reddish beard. Our caller did not trouble to remove his hat, a metallic type of derby, nor his cigar, which jutted from the corner of his mouth.

At the sight of this apparition Beverley collected himself. Several matters were obviously clear. He was not one of our little group, possibly not connected even with the university. Also, from his evident anxiety to gain admission before we locked the door, his errand could not be welcome.

"What do you want?" asked Beverley.

(Continued on Page 100)

"Happy to Meet Yez, Ma'am. Many's the Time I've Brewed Somethin' Over That Burner When the Boy There Wasn't Feelin' So Good"

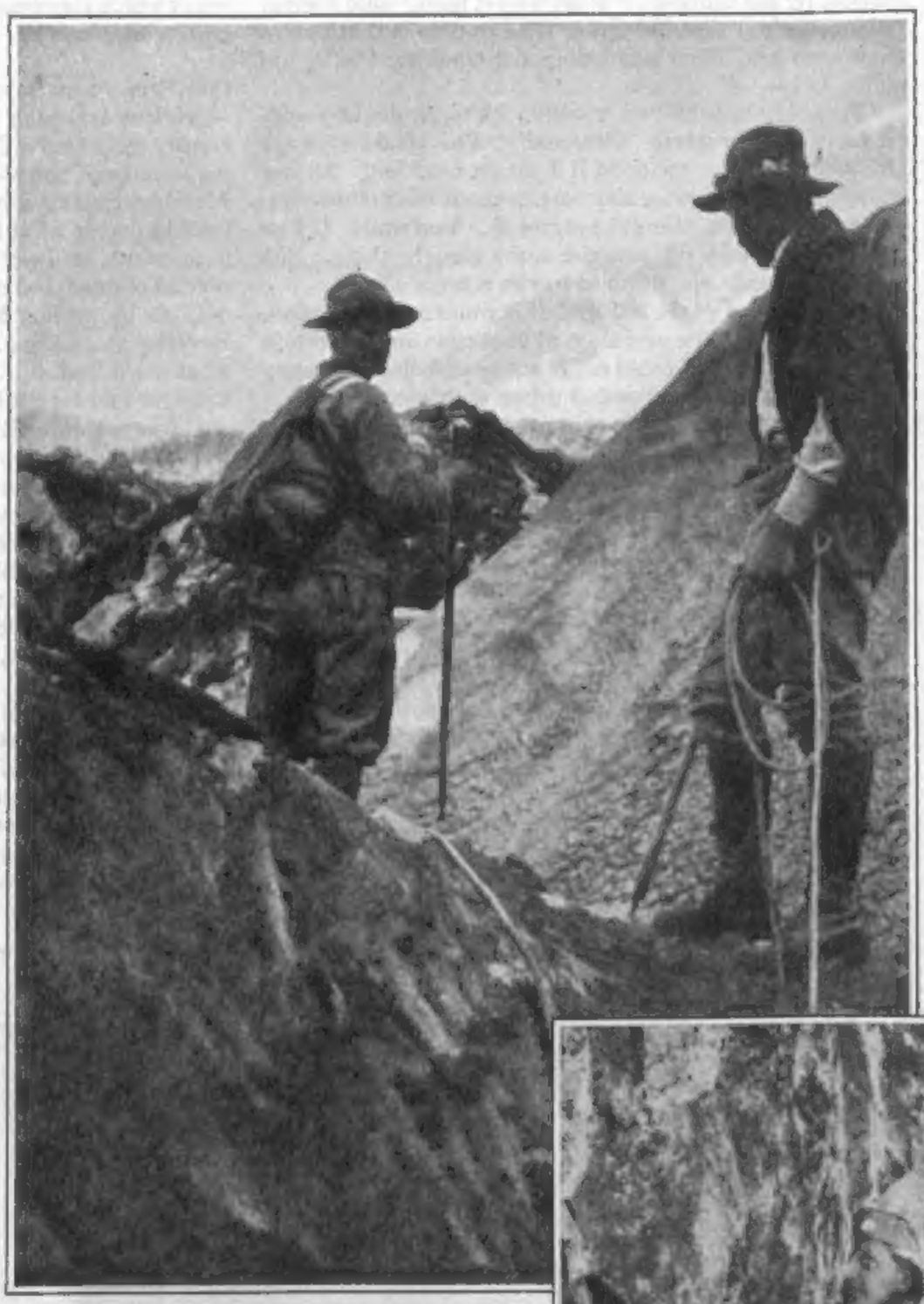
MOUNTAIN FEVER

By George Vanderbilt Caesar

TO MANY people, no doubt, the mountain fever, which annually breaks out in a virulent form in otherwise normal individuals, will always remain an inexplicable mystery. But "when the days grow long in the spring of the year," shining summits along the sky line of the world broadcast a quiet but persistent challenge to certain mortals, and those who have ears tuned to hear that call must needs always obey its summons.

In Europe this sport of mountaineering is scarcely three-quarters of a century old, but it has developed a very high degree of specialization and popularity. Switzerland is still the Mecca for devotees of high endeavor on the rocks and ice, and sends forth her professional trained personnel of guides to the North American Continent in yearly increasing numbers. Swiss terms describing the topographical features of mountain landscapes are adopted everywhere as standard.

Thus, we have the *arête*, to signify the edge or corner of two faces of a mountain's pyramid—a favorite route of ascent; the *couloir*—a narrow gully, usually filled with snow or ice, and hanging like a slender thread from the heights above; the *Bergschrund*—a great crack in the slopes of a high ice field, one lip of the crack hanging pendulously above the other; glacier, crevasse and avalanche—terms now thoroughly Anglicized; *séracs*—the broken, uptilted and overhanging blocks and pinnacles of pure ice tossed up during the slow motion of a glacier over a hummock in its bed; the *névé*, or that high and glistening zone of snow and partially congealed ice far up in the blue heavens, pure, silent and remote from the dirt and chaos of the lower moraines.



Through the Séracs on the Moraine of the Carbon Glacier, Rainier National Park

These are but a few of the beautiful and vividly descriptive terms which must be found in every real climber's vocabulary, for in America we have no mountain nomenclature which is as fitting, save perhaps the one term "cleaver"—to describe a rocky ridge upon which a broad field of ice splits or divides.

The American Point of View

DUE to certain natural causes, however, the sport in Europe and America has developed along different major lines. In Switzerland the mountain environs are so populated and developed that the lure and mystery of the wilderness or the unknown is wholly lacking. Splendid and luxurious hotel accommodations abound, and it is obviously futile and senseless to camp out, with a comfortable bed always near at hand. One might as well enjoy roughing it in one's back yard.

The urge of the Red Gods is missing in that particular, and so the attention of the mountain lover is centered rather upon the accomplishment of extra difficult and perilous stunt climbs, for which the character and structure of the Alps are uniquely adapted. Famous peaks, such as the Chamonix Aiguilles, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, the Schreckhorn and the Dent Blanche afford the greatest thrills which life can offer to the adventurous spirit, and no climber's repertoire is entirely satisfactory until he can add at least a few of these to his conquests.

In North America, however, the situation is quite essentially different. Here the joys of mountaineering are of a more manifold nature, and the emphasis on stunt climbs is considerably modified. It is easy to comprehend this difference in point of view when we realize that nearly all American peaks worthy of the serious consideration of a climber are situated in an uninhabited and well-nigh trackless wilderness, which offers such difficulties of approach that the climber is well content to seek only the easiest and most practical route of ascent. And even on peaks where roads or trails lead one close to the high ice, the terrain may still be sufficiently wild and unspoiled and free to divert the mind somewhat from the craving to risk life and limb unduly.

Rock Work

And so here in America the sport is followed in more amateurish fashion than in Europe. The great outdoors is essentially our goal—the pack-train approach on foot or on horseback through the silent miles of forest trail, with now and then a fleeting, alluring vista of rugged peaks and gleaming ice; the dancing shadows on the trees at night around the camp fire; the long day's toil up into the high open park country, after the horses are left behind and backs are bending under the packs; a base camp in the heather under wind-blown pines at timber line—all these mean as much and more than the climb itself. They constitute the unique outdoor heritage of America—the clean, free wilderness spaces which now are disappearing so rapidly under the commercial exploitation of our national parks in the guise of road-building programs and improvements—save the mark! If the present craze is not promptly checked by an awakened public sentiment, our mountain parks will soon be converted into an American Switzerland, yet one devoid of the natural charm of that ancient land.

In this country the peaks of the Cascade Range in Washington and Oregon undoubtedly afford the most diverse and interesting climbing fields. For nowhere else within the limits of the United States can be found a like gamut of attractions dear to the heart of the alpinist and outdoor man.

A Sentinel of the Rugged Range

CHIEF among the great sentinels which stand guard over this rugged range is the huge, solitary volcano known officially as Mount Rainier, but more intimately as Tacoma—the largest and most magnificent glacial peak south of Alaska and the Yukon Territory. In height above sea level it is but ninety-three feet lower than Mount Whitney in California, the highest summit within the borders of the United States, but in mass, isolation and grandeur it has few equals anywhere in the world. Its immediate base covers about 100 square miles; its height is 14,408 feet; and its glacial mantle comprises roughly forty-five square miles. Three of its eleven major glaciers are each equal to or larger than the famous Mer de Glace of Switzerland, and so it may easily be appreciated that it is a Mecca for the mountaineer and the outdoor lover during those few months from June to October when the heights below the 8000-foot level are free from snow, and the subalpine zone of flower-strewn meadows near the timber line affords Arcadian camping grounds.

Visitors to the park may be classified under three principal heads. First of all, and perhaps the most numerous, are the motoring tourists. These luxury-loving individuals are usually uninterested in climbing, save by motor car. Most of them will not walk a foot if they can avoid doing so, and return to the pleasures of the madding crowd as quickly as they conveniently can. Secondly comes the host of hardier souls who enjoy camping, provided they do not have to leave the road any great distance. Still others of the same ilk arrive by stage and register at the hotels, whence they meekly follow official guides on short climbing trips hither and yon over the uplands of Paradise Valley, the tourist center of the park.

A very few of the most adventurous among them contract with Swiss guides for the ascent of the mountain itself—a hardship of which they lack the faintest conception, and for which they are often miserably unfitted, regarding it ever afterward as a horrible nightmare of fatigue. Some, of course, do stand up under the labors of the climb, and appreciate it, but these are rare exceptions. Lastly we find that smaller but rapidly growing brotherhood of true mountaineers who in small parties invade the more remote fastnesses of the great mountain for golden hours of strenuous exercise on its glaciers and snow-bound slopes. For the benefit of those who may be like-minded, let us consider the *matériel* of a back-packing expedition of this sort and the technic of the alpine art itself.

The three principal working tools of an alpinist, here or abroad, are shoes, staff and rope. Lacking adequate foot armor, the climber is almost helpless and in constant danger of limb, if not of life. I have seen some strange and bizarre examples of a lack of knowledge or appreciation of this most vital item of equipment.

Every man will persist in his own preferences, of course; but after twenty summers of trekking over the forests, heather, rock and pumice slopes, and snow and ice of the mountains, I have become wedded to the use of a low, heavy-soled shoe of the United States Army type of last, plus spiral cloth putties as a leg covering. Beginning from a point about an inch below the toe, I screw into the sole, close to the inner and outer edges, double rows of short wing calks about one-quarter inch in length. The calks are so placed that the inner rows on each side of the sole lie opposite the spaces between the calks of the outer rows, thus affording an unbroken wall of spikes to hold against a sideslip.

The total number of calks in the sole should number about thirty. A single row of calks will suffice around the heel, but the square front of the heel should be left open. The remaining space in sole and heel should then be thickly studded with the small Hungarian hobnails.

The Mountaineer's Equipment

IN MY opinion there is no form of shoe armor equal to the above for all-around mountain work, but it is essential to use soles of the hardest and highest grade leather, which alone can resist the side thrust on the calks, particularly where the climbing involves much rock work. In this case the Swiss edging nail will perhaps give longer service.

So much for shoes. The hand tool of the alpinist is the familiar alpenstock, a strong wooden staff six or seven feet in length and tipped with a heavy steel spike. Less known, but preferred by the expert and guide, is the ice ax—a combination pickax, adz and alpenstock—the staff of which is about four to five feet in length, tipped at the lower end with a spike and surmounted at the other end with a horizontal adzlike blade on one side and a small steel pick on the other. Under normal conditions the ice ax serves simply as a short alpenstock or staff; but on steep slopes of ice or partially congealed snow, the adz blade and pick come into play to hew out steps. Where serious work is contemplated there should always be one or two ice axes in each party

I have one, made at Zwei Lutschinen in the Berner Oberland, which has been my faithful companion for seventeen years of the roughest service. I have used it for every conceivable purpose—such as lopping off branches for a bed and digging pits in the ground for a cooking fire, besides its legitimate uses—and it is still as good as new.

The rope is the third member of the climber's trinity, and is a very great real and moral safeguard in perilous places. Unfortunately its proper importance and correct use are almost unknown to otherwise experienced climbers on the mountain; and in fact everywhere throughout the Northwest this same inexcusable carelessness applies. Tyros and experts alike appear to take especial pride in being photographed, unroped, in a maze of crevasses, where the slightest misstep or the giving way of a snow bridge would carry them to eternity.

The proper use of the rope will be discussed later, but it will suffice to say here that a climbing party, preferably of not more than four members, should always be roped together whenever there exists the hazard of a dangerous slip; and also on glaciers, particularly when the ice is covered with a layer of snow which conceals some of the crevasses. The best type of alpine rope is again of Swiss manufacture, about ten millimeters in thickness and made of the finest braided linen, very soft and light, and marvelously strong. A 100-foot section is about right for average needs.

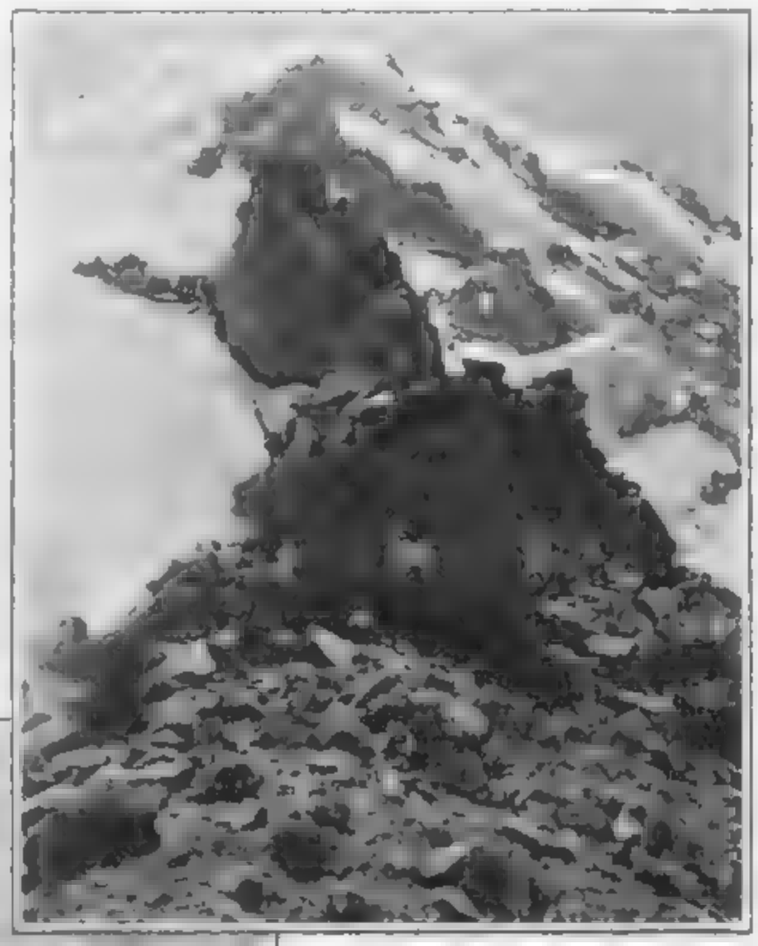
Though the above three articles make up the alpinist's most important tools, there are also a number of other articles which must be carried by a well-equipped party. The most necessary of these are snow glasses to protect the eyes from the blinding glare and intense ultraviolet rays of the sunlight at high altitudes. Dark amber or greenish tinted welders' goggles, with ventilated metal sides, are very satisfactory for this purpose. They should be of such a dark tint, however, that with them it is impossible to distinguish objects in a well-lighted room, so intense is the light on the high snow fields in summer. The skin of the face and neck also should be protected from the burning rays of the sun by a thick coating of light-colored grease, lanolin, or sheep's grease, being effective for this purpose.

A pair of strong field glasses is an important aid to any climbing party; also one or more army canteens, for the high *névé* is as devoid of moisture in liquid form as is a desert, the snow subliming in the rarefied air directly from solid to vapor. Surrounded by water one might die of thirst! An aneroid barometer and a camera complete the list, the compass being assumed as an integral part of any outdoor man's equipment, plus a map—where such exists.

A Bergschrund in the High Névé

Back-Packing Across the Winthrop Glacier, Rainier National Park. In Oval—The Author, Under a Lean-to Shelter at Timberline

This covers the climbing equipment proper, but on American peaks, and especially on the western, northern and eastern slopes of the mountain, we must also provide the auxiliaries with which to support life in such wilderness regions. Of primary importance among these humbler articles is the pack sack. From time immemorial men of all races and climes have toiled, sweated and cursed beneath a pack—from necessity or for sport's sake—and man's ingenuity has constantly sought for a device which will minimize its inherent hardships, especially those of us who can spare only a few short weeks each year for the strenuous life. If one is happily possessed of the requisite physique and stoicism, then almost any type of rig which will carry the load will suffice—rope, gunny sack and trousers, pack saddle, tumpline, and so on—but for the average individual a careful study of the question will often mean the difference between hard work and plain torture.



A Broken Arete

Back-Packing

THE most popular and widely used pack in the Northwest is the lumberman's pack sack—a large, square brown bag of heavy duck with a flap cover, and fitted with broad, soft shoulder straps. It is a very convenient and capacious type of pack, and for very heavy loads may be used in conjunction with a tumpline. When carefully stowed it is also as comfortable as can be expected, and all in all is a very practical pack for mountain climbing. Its principal disadvantage is its close contact with the back and the degree of heat and sweating which ensues.

For this reason I have lately gravitated to the new Norwegian army type of pack, which can be obtained in this country. This is also of the convenient bag type, but the sack is held away from the back by a light frame of steel tubing, the ends of which curve snugly over the hips in a semicircle, with a strip of canvas between the horns of the arc on which to support a part of the weight and so relieve stress on the shoulder straps. The bag itself closes at the top with a puckering cord, has a number of capacious pockets, and is large enough to contain the food supplies and other heavy articles of moderate bulk. The blankets may be wrapped in a poncho and carried in a roll strapped to the top of the bag.

When care is exercised that the blanket roll lies snugly forward so that its weight is all downward and not outward, I have found this rig to be exceedingly cool and

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LEXINGTON

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Don't You Want to Dance With Me?" She Demanded. He Answered Promptly That He Did Not

WHEN, in the spring of 1869, Saxegotha Laws died on his stock farm in Bourbon County, the state of Kentucky lost one of its most notable private citizens. He was not, however, local to the world of racing—a condition impossible for the owner of Powderhorn II and the breeder and owner of Transylvania—he had simply no political significance. On that side he avoided public life. It was curious, for his whole appearance, his manner, were those of a statesman of the early nineteenth century. He was tall and loosely constructed, his hands were broad and hard from incessant youthful labor, his face mobile and smooth-shaven. In addition, he had none of the expansiveness usually associated with tracks and stables; he almost never talked, he was an indifferent gambler, when he drank he fell into a deeper and deeper abstraction of being. But he wasn't somber—he had an engaging smile, his humor was irresistible, and he never lost his temper. The women of his family always declared that Mr. Laws was angelic.

His son-in-law, Lord Slieve, who was with him on the April evening when he died—Saxegotha Laws was seated at an open window gazing over tender blue-green meadows and a brilliant white paddock fence—was wholly devoted to him. The entire county of Wicklow, he asserted, was his parish. It was Slieve who managed the black and maroon of Laws' stable. Laws' interest in his horses, in his innumerable acres and houses at Louisville and Saratoga, in his plantation below Natchez, was never acutely visible. He took it all, he took life, with a good-natured acceptance bare of eagerness or curiosity. The truth was he gave the effect of indolence, mental and physical. It was recognized that his mind was of a very high order, his physical endurance was tremendous, and yet he never exerted, he hardly ever used, either. He sat on his long portico with its file of high slender square columns and watched his sleek horses at grass; his gaze went farther to his distant woods and the vague silver of streams; for hours he would neither move nor speak. Instead, he drank.

His reputation was far in excess of his accomplishments; it exceeded, really, all apparent justification, unless it was the reward of his candor. Saxegotha Laws was sixty-eight when he died, and it would have been impossible to discover anyone who distrusted him. Like Wicklow, the state of Kentucky was his pasture. He made, at times, a comment which seemed to be the expression, entirely cheerful, of a deep inner conviction—he insisted that he had been ruined by happiness. Whenever he said that in the hearing of his wife she, equally cheerful, immediately objected.

"It doesn't sound like anything," she would explain, "but Mr. Laws means it. I hate to hear him say it." Usually, then, he would take a drink of what—in the whole face of the times—he persisted in calling a whisky sling. The word "julep" he wouldn't, or couldn't, adopt.

"Yes," he would repeat, "I was ruined by happiness."

Lord Slieve once asked him, "Just what was ruined, Mr. Laws?"

"I couldn't tell you," he admitted; "you would have to understand a great deal more than can be seen today. You'd need to know what Lexington was like in 1820. Lexington Station," he added, apparently for his own satisfaction.

"I can't see anything that looks even remotely like ruin," Slieve added, gazing about the great hall at Vermiliana. It had a wide polished oak floor with Persian rugs, there was an impressive fireplace, formal paintings of men and women and horses, lithographs of momentous sporting events, English furniture—the air and presence of a great deal of money. Mrs. Laws was a small woman, and very fat; with her extravagant ballooned skirt she looked like a child in adult costume. But her eyes were black and fine; she had traces, flashes, of a willful charm. She spoke with the calm security of a woman accustomed to admiration. It could be discovered in her bearing that the luxury about them had come through herself.

Everyone knew it had—Saxegotha Laws had been scrupulous in the administration of her affairs, but no more. His wife's money increased because it was well invested, and not from any activity or ability of his. They were, in reality, exceedingly rich. He wasn't, fortunately, self-conscious about it; he had—although never wasteful—very little regard for money as a fact in itself. Laws had no social ambition. His wife and three daughters attended to that. His only son, Ursin, had been thrown and killed in a purse race at the age of fourteen. He dressed, usually, in white or Holland linens, without attention; a narrow black tie was carelessly disposed; his hair was rough and fell forward across a fine forehead. Lord Slieve, who spent the American racing season between Kentucky and Saratoga, and the rest of the year with his wife and family in Ireland, argued heatedly with Mrs. Laws about her husband's appearance. Slieve insisted it couldn't be better.

Lucy Laws was favorable to a greater neatness. She didn't exactly bother Saxegotha about it, but her opinion was always ready. She could never resist the temptation to straighten his tie or put back his hair. In the ballroom of The United States Hotel at Saratoga she would privately remonstrate with him.

"Really, Mr. Laws, you mustn't swing women around like that. You will break them off at the waist. This isn't a Kentucky reel. And do, for heaven's sake, put your hair back." She'd say this with an affection that robbed it of sharpness, but she would say it. Laws would make a perfunctory thrust at his hair and promise to dance with more restraint; but within ten minutes the hair would be down again and he'd swing his partner with a vigor that would set her to gasping. He danced like that—the waltz, for him, was always a reel. No one but Lucy, the truth was, actually objected to it; women were extraordinarily attracted to him. They were often quite shameless, his wife said, but there he was utterly without response.

He liked women, but he liked them all—and none, except Lucy and his daughters. He gave the others no more than a complete courtesy; drunk, he became even more formal. It was impossible to say whether this was a most refreshing instance of his character or deliberate decision. A return and acknowledgment, in a way, to his wife's superior worldly possessions. Certainly if it hadn't been for his dress she would have had nothing to complain about. However, she could never make up her mind, she said, if he were the best husband in the world or no husband at all. It was obvious that she was puzzled by her own remark; it was clear, too, at times, that she would have welcomed a more resisting, a more interested spirit in him.

In the last days of his life he talked an uncommon lot to Slieve, when no one else was present. Slieve never referred to their conversations, and when he died the Irishman frankly and loudly wept.

After the funeral Mrs. Laws sat in her bedroom tightly holding Lord Slieve's hand. The wall paper was in the new taste—bouquets of realistic violets tied and looped with ribbons—the furniture was black, decorated with geometrical gilt lines, in the general effect of pagodas.

She said suddenly and unexpectedly, "He was right; but it wasn't happiness—I ruined him."

Her son-in-law promptly answered that that was nonsense. "You haven't a thing to regret. Your life together was perfect."

She shook her head. "I ruined him," she repeated. Mrs. Laws fell into a deep reverie. She continued to hold his hand, and Slieve sat motionless. Slow clear tears rolled down over her fat cheeks. "I was remembering," she said simply. "I have been married to Saxegotha forty-nine years. It was forty-nine years ago, in the summer, I first saw him at Lexington. I thought he was the funniest-looking boy in the world. And then, all at once, in a minute, I was in love with him. I didn't even know Ursin Bouligny was around. I was staying with Aurelia Brinsmede." In that past, Slieve reflected, lost for almost half a century, Saxegotha Laws had been nineteen years old.

Doctor Overton was leaving the bare general-assembly room of the building that had once been the entire Transylvania Seminary. It was the old college hall now, and the seminary was a university; great changes, improvements, had happened, contemporaneous with the new president, Doctor Holly. Overton had been conferring with John Roche, the professor of Latin and Greek, and Sharpe, who had just come into the academic department; and, descending the steps to Second Street, amused by the expressions of Sharpe's Scotch humor, he met a tall solemn boy in amazing clothes and carrying two large bundles wrapped in stained calico.

The boy, in a pleasant confident voice, said "Good evening." He had on buckskin breeches and moccasins, leggings laced with leather thongs, a linsey hunting shirt and, although the day was hot, a great cap of bearskin. His belt was dyed vermilion, and in it he carried a heavy knife. He put the bundles down. "Good evening," he repeated. Overton said good evening.

"I'm looking for Transylvania," the solemn boy went on; "and this is it." Doctor Overton agreed that it was. "I came here to get learned."

Sharpe and John Roche joined them. "He came to get learned," Overton explained to the others.

"You did, and why?" Sharpe demanded. "From the romantic looks of you, at your age, I should think you'd be absolutely contented. Who wouldn't?"

He wasn't, he replied. "I want to see about getting into the university," he proceeded. "I want to see the right men." The right men, Roche asserted, might well be those immediately before him.

"The question is," Sharpe put in, "are you the right boy?" He said emphatically, without a trace of humor, that he was.

"Come in and we will find out." Sharpe turned to Overton and Roche: "We'll go on with this at once. He is lucky to have found us together and with the time to spare." Again in the assembly room, the three professors sat facing the very young and serious candidate for learning.

"What is your name?" Doctor Overton asked. It was, he discovered, Saxegotha Laws. "Well, Saxegotha," Roche went on, "what preparation have you for entering the university? How far has your education been carried?"

Not far enough, Laws was afraid. "But I can catch up. I have had two years of schooling on Drake Creek, and I've read the Bible, most of it. I know Rippon's Collection of Hymns and Dilworth's Spelling Book to the back, Littleton's Dialogues of the Dead, and Essays on the Powers and Susceptibilities of the Human Mind for Religion." It was fortunate, Sharpe asserted, that he had made himself familiar with the latter. It had become overwhelmingly important at Transylvania University.

Roche continued, "It might be useful if I outlined the requirements for admission: The ability to write Latin grammatically; you must be well versed in Walsh's Arithmetic; Cicero's Select Orations, and the Bucolics, the Georgics and the Æneid of Vergil; Sallust; the Greek Testament and Dalzell's Collectanea Græca Majora; and geography Morse's, Worcester's or Cummings'."

"I can catch up," Saxegotha Laws repeated. His voice had lost no shade of its confidence.

"Yes, but when?" Overton inquired. "In ten years, twenty, forty?" A month ought to do it, Laws thought.

Sharpe asked, "What do you carry that knife for?"

John Roche answered briefly: "It's a scalping knife." Saxegotha, however, added that it could be used for a great number of things.

"I am glad of that," Sharpe acknowledged. "Since there is a possibility of your entering my class, I am relieved to find you use it for other purposes than scalping. If you have an inclination in that direction, I hope it will be limited to students. Speaking unofficially, I should like to have you in the university. It is my opinion you would add to it. Lift the purely academic monotony. But there is another question, slightly more delicate—to be frank, are you provided with funds? Are you able to pay for your courses and maintain yourself in Lexington?"

Laws indicated one of his two bundles. "With that," he said. "It ought to be enough. Twenty pounds of the best tobacco leaf in Kentucky."

The three professors were greatly engaged. "Let me understand you," Doctor Overton proceeded "You expect to pay for your education with tobacco the best tobacco leaf in Kentucky?"

The boy nodded. "I have some cut silver too; but not much." He drew from his pocket a small handful of silver dollars cut into various smaller fragments and values.

Overton rose. "I am going to take you to Doctor Holly," he said. "You must tell him exactly what you have told us. . . . If I know anything about him," he turned to the other professors, "he will see that Saxegotha is learned at once."

Later Laws came out of the impressive new main building of the university and strolled across the college lawn. There were pleasant paths and flowering bushes and wide expanses of bright grass. Around it the town was loosely gathered—little dwellings of wood and dwellings of brick set back in simple gardens, under catalpa and sugar and buckeye trees. A number of boys were playing on a fives alley improvised against a wall of the building he had first entered.

As he approached there was a cry "Look at Daniel Boone!" A small crowd gathered before him in mock amazement and admiration. "Look at the scalping knife wet with Shawanese blood. And the moccasins. He's pigeon-toed in them, just like an Indian. A bearskin hat!

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His Memories and Affections Were Attached to Far Different Feminine Beings—Little Girls, Girls, Women, Who Were Eternally Laboring

RUSTY AND THE LADY CLAIRE

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

The Tall Dark One With the Boyish Bob Is a Young Queen, All Right. But the Little Blonde With Her —— Oh, Boy!

LISTEN, Mr. Fee Grabber," I tells this fish-eyed bird at the agency, "I'm out for a city driving job this trip and nothing but. Get me?"

"I get dozens like you," says he. "Want a Park Avenue address, too, don't you, and plum-colored livery with gold piping? Or does baby blue and silver suit your style of beauty best? Let's have all the details, Mr. Gillan, so there'll be no mistake."

"Ah, save the comic kidding for some rookie shuffer that don't know his groceries yet," says I. "All I'm telling you is that I'm off the country stuff, and I might add that I'm shy of lady bosses too."

"I see," says he, letting on to run over his application book. "Mr. Morgan, Mr. Van Puyster, Mr. Gould —— Sorry, Gillan, but you'll have to take the bench until some of 'em drop in."

So I'm parked with this collection of Ottos, Nelses and Toneys that's anxious to burn somebody else's gas at a hundred and fifty a month, and I've read through two tabloids and joined in a debate as to how much percentage you can nick off for supplies and repairs, and I'd got to the yawning stage when the agent tows in these two cuties to look us over.

"Here is the lot, madam," he says, waving at us like we was so much live-stock.

The tall dark one with the boyish bob acts a bit fussed and giggles nervous. She's a young queen, all right, with classy lines and a pair of snappy black eyes. But the little blonde with her Oh, boy! I don't know when I've seen such long-lashed Killarney blues, nor such a pink-and-white color scheme, nor hair that made you think of a wheat field in the sun. If anything sweeter than that ever came out of the shamrocks I never met it. Say, you should have seen them assorted gear shifters buck up and give an imitation of being live ones. I was the only one, though, that had manners enough to stand and click my heels.

Well, the dark one whispers to Blondy, and Blondy nods her head, and then the other says something to Fisheye, and he points his finger at me.

"Consultation room, Gillan," says he. And the next I know I'm being put through the third degree by this brunet ex-flapper who's been introduced as Mrs. Stanley Blair.

"You're rather young, aren't you, Gillan?" says she.

"I'm getting older every day," says I.

"That helps," says she. "And what about children?"

"Not yet," says I. "I ain't ——"

"I mean," she breaks in, "are you fond of them?"

"Why," says I, "I am when they're the right kind."

"He is, Eileen," says she. "For ours are just the right kind, aren't they?"

"They are that, ma'am," says Blondy, and I have her placed as the nurse.

"You like the country, too, don't you?" asks Mrs. Blair.

"The country?" says I, starting to stall. "Well, to tell the truth ——"

"He loves the country," says she. "Didn't I say he was the one, Eileen? Now there's only one thing more, but it is important—very important. Have you ever lived on a farm, Gillan—on a real farm, I mean, where there were horses and pigs and chickens and—and other animals?"

"Sure," says I. "When I was a kid, after I got out of the home. But I'm ——"

"That's fine," says she. "And you helped around the farm, I suppose?"

"You don't live on one without," says I. "You begin helping at daylight and you don't leave off until long after dark. That's one reason why ——"

"Then you know all about cows, don't you?" she comes in.

At which I got good and suspicious. If it had been some parties I'd have walked out on 'em right there, for this don't listen good. Cows mean country, and when you get landed out in the sticks you can't tell what's liable to be wished on you. Why, I knew of a goof who got lured up into the White Mountains one summer as shuffer, and they kept him so busy chopping wood and digging ice out of the sawdust and hoeing weeds in the garden that he most forgot how to drive a car.

"Excuse me, young lady," says I, "but if you're looking for a farm hand ——"

"How silly, Gillan!" says she. "I want an experienced chauffeur, that's all."

"Then why talk about cows?" says I.

"Why not?" says she. "Or shoes or ships or sealing wax? Come now! You look like a bright, clever young man, and I'm sure you are just the one I need to help me out. Forget what I said about cows."

"M-m-m," says I, rubbing my chin.

"Eileen, you talk to him," says she.

It wasn't a fair deal, that. For with them Irish blue eyes smiling at me and them ready-to-go lips puckered, inviting, what chance had an amateur sheik like me?

"You'll be likin' the place, Mr. Gillan," says Eileen.

"I bet that ain't telling half of it, miss," says I. "Anyhow, I'll sign. Where do I report?"

"I think you'd better come right on out with us now," says young Mrs. Blair. "There are some packages you can carry."

And when I trails out of the agency loaded down with bundles, old Fisheye gives me the grin. "You wouldn't go to the country, eh?" he snickers.

"Not for you, I wouldn't," says I. "Makes a lot of difference who asks me."

I don't know where I got the idea I was such a home wrecker either, for I let them two kid me along like I was a jelly bean. Before we got to the Grand Central in a taxi they was calling me Rusty and saying how smart I looked in my uniform, and me sitting there with my arms full of bundles and a sappy smile on my face.

"You're not going to be fussy about what sort of a car you drive either, are you, Rusty?" says Mrs. Blair.

"Any bus that's all right for you is gonna go big with me," says I.

"Didn't I tell you he would, Eileen?" says she. "So that's settled. And he does know about about a lot of things. There! We can make the 4:15 if we hurry."

With two redcaps picking up the packages I dropped, we did.

"I hope Tupper has sense enough to meet us," says the young lady. Then she explains for my benefit: "Madam Blair's chauffeur, Rusty. He'll try to bully you, I suppose, as he does the rest of us, but you mustn't mind. Tupper has been with the family for years and years."

"He'll be a great little playmate, I expect," says I.

"And I may as well tell you now," she goes on, "that you will be a surprise to everyone—Stanley, Madam Blair and Miss Evelyn. All you need to say to any of them, though, is that I engaged you to drive for me."

"This gets better and better," says I. "If I don't get shot as a burglar I'll take it I've been welcomed home, eh?"

Her and Eileen giggle a little at that, and for the next half hour I'm left free to wonder where this farm is that I'm bound for. Just beyond White Plains, though, I get the signal to follow 'em out, and the minute I sees this beefy party with the gray mud guards in front of his ears and the sour look in his puffy eyes I don't need to be told it's Tupper. He's standing at the door of a Luxuro Eight limousine that has a coat of arms on the panel, and during the whole three-mile drive he notices me just as much as if I was something that had sifted through the windshield.

Anyhow, when he swings in through them high stone gates and up to this noble old stone house with the white pillars and the landscaped grounds, I know I ain't stuck on a farm with him. It's a regular joint, this is. Why, say, the garage and service quarters would make a young city hall. No wonder Tupper has grown haughty. Well, the stiffer their necks the more fun it is to take a whack at 'em.

"Used to be a coachman, didn't you, Tupper?" I suggests. He only gives me a glare. "I thought so," says I, "by the wide turns you make. Shall I back the old boat in for you?"

"You'll keep your 'ands off this wheel, m'lad," he snorts "And it'll be Mr. Tupper from you 'erehafter."

"Why not Sir Hernest Tupper?" says I. "Or is it Sir Harchibald?"

I bet if he'd known what to do with the body that would have been my last crack, unless he was too dignified for murder. 'Course I thought Tupper was just an accident, but before I'd finished my first meal in the servants' dining room at Hill Acres I discovered he was only an imitation. Compared with the butler Tupper was a cut-up, and the housekeeper was a ponderous old dame that might have been a twin of the late Queen Victoria. The two maids was Scotch, and one was kind of an easy looker, but they was just as frisky as if they was sitting in a church pew. Only the nurse, who hadn't been there long enough to catch the general gloom, showed any signs of life.

"Somebody breathing their last in the house, or what?" I whispers to Eileen

"Sh-h-h!" says she. "I can't be tellin' you now."

"Then let's make a date of it," says I. "How about nine o'clock at the summerhouse affair out back?"

"I—I don't know," says she. "I'll see."

"Anyway, I'll be there," says I. "I gotta get a line on this outfit."

Well, she's a cagy little jane, but she shows up. She ain't one to spill all she knows the first half hour, though. For a while all I could get out of her was that the Blairs was real quality—rich, old family, all that. And this Madam Blair had 'em all scared stiff. She was somebody in society, or had been. And young Stanley Blair was quite an important party too. His job was to do the country-gentleman act, same as it was done in England, only more so. He was an M. F. H., whatever that is. Something about hunting foxes with dogs. Then there was Miss Evelyn, who's just had her debut at Pierrot's and was engaged to Sir Egbert Tolley, second or third secretary of a legation in Washington. Sir Egbert was a guest, had been invited to go along with the family to the Blair summer home, up near Bar Harbor.

'A lord he'll be one of these days—Sir Egbert," says Eileen

"Gosh!" says I. "This is more class than I ever teamed up with before. I might be driving him around, eh?"

She gives me a queer look and then smothers a snicker "Who knows?" says she. "But that'll be for the mistress to say."

"You bet!" says I. "She's all to the good, young Mrs. Blair is. Nothing high hat about her. Where'd she come from, anyway?"

Eileen thinks it was some place like Chicago or Ohio Anyhow, the fact ain't mentioned much, for it's a subject Madam Blair is a bit touchy on. But her people have got just as much money as the Blairs, and it was on her dad's yacht at Monte Carlo that Stanley met her. That must have been four or five years ago, for now they have two children, and Stanley, Jr., is three and a half, while Baby Billy is nearly a year old.

"Looks like a kid herself," says I "A peppy one, at that, though. I bet this Madam Blair ain't got her buffaloed much."

Eileen hunches her shoulders. "Always it is between those two," says she. "This way and that, they are." And she shows a tug of war with her hands. Then she throws me a quick look from those blue eyes and asks "But you would be on our side, eh, Rusty?"

"You try me, old dear," says I, closing in with the arm that was nearest.

"That's a promise then," says she, patting me on the cheek and slipping away like an eel.

And the picture I framed up just before I went to sleep that night was of me standing beside my new lady boss, with Eileen clinging to one shoulder, while I told Madam Blair and Tupper and a committee from the House of Lords exactly why they looked like Sunday drivers

All I did next day, though, is wash and grease a couple of cars and take some of the help down to the station and start 'em for Maine to open the other place. From the grunts I got out of Tupper I take it the family is due to get under way the following morning, and I'd picked a disk-wheeled sport touring car as the one I'd be likely to drive. I spent the afternoon tuning and sticking her up, too, with Tupper watching me sneery.

"Take a good look at the back number plates when we start, Tupper," says I, "for that's all you'll see of us on the trip. I'm gonna show you some rolling tomorrow "

"I wonder if you are now, m'lad," says he, "or if you've been listening to that red-'eaded nurse too much. There she is looking for you again, I fancy."

"Can you blame her, Tupper?" says I. "Oh, I see! Wants me to meet the kiddies. Well, that's fair enough."

They're some youngsters, I got to admit; 'specially that Junior boy. Say, he'd do to go on a magazine cover, just as he is, and with them round brown eyes and that tricky smile he wins me without a struggle. Even little Billy reaches up from the perambulator and grabs my thumb and coos at me confidential.

"Goo-googums-ah-goo!" says he

"Absolutely, old son," says I. "You and your Uncle Rusty is gonna be buddies right from the start, eh?"

Then Junior sidles in and slips a hand into my other paw. "You got speckles on your face, haven't you, Rusty?" says he.

'Yes, but none on my disposition, Buster boy," says I. "Come, lemme show you how to play crow." And after I've dropped on my back and sailed him around in the air a few times he gets to chuckling merry

'You funny mans," says he. "Do some more! More!"

"I knew you'd be likin' 'em," says Eileen. "And before I'm forgettin', the mistress says you're to go down to the village right after dinner and bring up a new car. Tupper will take you."

"That'll be a treat," says I "New car, eh? I hope it's a speed bus like Mr. Stanley's "

'Course I thought the Blairs wouldn't have anything else. So you can guess the jolt I got when I walks into the garage and they shows me this touring van. Why, it's

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"Well, Isn't That Cute and Cozy? The Supply Trailing the Demand, as One Might Say. Perfectly Jolly Arrangement—Eh, What?"

The Portrait Painter Speaks

By Joseph Cummings Chase

HARDING was posing for his portrait. I had been painting for an hour, when his secretary, Christian, entered the room quietly and took up a position behind me. He watched the growth of the picture for a few minutes, and then whispered in my ear, "If I could do that I'd never do another day's work as long as I live."

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art a roomful of women were assembled to hear a lecture on interior decoration. The decorator gentleman appeared upon the platform and walked toward the front of the stage. He was slight of build, a bit effeminate in type, and wore his necktie with a prearranged abandon. One of the audience turned to her companion and in a distinct voice was overheard to say, "There's the artist. You can always tell them, can't you?"

"My wife," said a painter, "went to a tea the other afternoon and found herself chatting pleasantly with a well-satisfied and well-dressed woman, who, in the course of things, asked, 'What is your husband?' 'My husband,' replied the wife, 'is an artist.' 'Oh,' said the well-satisfied one, 'isn't that nice? My husband hires lots of artists.'"

These three anecdotes collectively describe the general public's conception of an artist.

The artist, then, is a person who seldom if ever does a day's work, who can always be picked out because of his effeminate build and his queer tie, and who is just the slave of the successful advertising mogul. But no! In reality the artist who has earned a reputation and has arrived is one who has acquired the habit of hard work, whose union hours are ten or twelve, or even more. There are many whose last vacation was so many years ago that it is entirely forgotten.

Tintoretto was asked by the Pope why he persisted in working on Sundays, and his answer was, "So that I won't get out of practice."

The prevailing idea of the right time for an artist to approach an important commission is when he is quite fit after a restful vacation. As a matter of fact, from personal experience I am sure that creative work at its best is produced when the creator is hurried and worried and tired almost beyond physical endurance. When the light is right and the location is ideal, and the artist is fresh and unweary, then are produced the most worthless products of his career. Has anybody ever achieved anything worth while of a creative sort without handicaps? I doubt it.

Mary Leigh—Mrs. Barton Braley—From a Portrait by the Author

Stimulated by Fatigue

WE ARE often asked how the sitter feels and acts when he is having his portrait painted, but how the artist feels and acts when he is painting a portrait is perhaps even more important so far as the portrait is concerned. Great opera singers have told me that they sing well only when they are frightened and terribly wrought upon by the importance of a performance. The painter, when faced by his sitter, likewise does his best if he is all screwed up with the momentousness of his undertaking. The landscape painter undoubtedly has his busy moments in snatching the effect of a sunset or a storm, but often in the seclusion of his studio or of the forest he can take his time, in full enjoyment of his unhurried task. Not so the portrait painter. For him every moment is a crucial moment, and his nerves tingle with the necessity of snatching the mood and changing expressions of his sitter.

There is nothing usual about painting a portrait. Each new sitter presents a new problem. There is no formula for procedure. Beginning a portrait is always a new attack, with new obstacles to overcome and a new ideal to strive for. The fresh canvas offers an opportunity for achievement that is always thrilling. The attitude of each sitter is different from that of every other sitter. The sitter must be humored, eased and encouraged. But no one humors the artist. He is the boy on the burning deck. When the sitter feels a bit tired and says so, we should like to say, "If you feel a bit tired, how do you think I must feel?"

There are days when I have three different sitters for three hours each. Before the first pose is over my robust physique is weary. Then comes the second sitting. Probably I find it difficult to compel myself to begin. I am tired. But once under way the interest of the problem takes possession of me and weariness is forgotten. At last the third sitting is in progress. By this time fatigue oppresses me. The big palette is terribly heavy, my painting arm aches every time I raise it, and I would give gold to run away from the scheduled task. Smoke from my cigarette gets in my eyes until the water runs down my cheeks. My head is aching, but I force myself to contemplate the sitter. My palette is aglow with inviting color and the new canvas intrigues me. Suddenly I notice that the sitter has an arched nostril of distinction and frowns with an action of strong individuality. My brush swings into the raw umber, a few sketch lines and accents shoot at the canvas, and again a portrait is in the making.

Finally the light begins to wane, and with feverish endeavor I fight to get down upon the canvas the envelope of the color of the face. The eye sockets are shaping, a suggestion of the mouth is forming, and I am impatient to rectify all the wrongs of the face, and to make human and personal all the features and expressions of that person who is coming to life there at the end of the brush. The daylight has nearly disappeared and I am praying for the afterglow that will give me fifteen wonderful minutes. The third sitting of the day is at an end. My sitter is interestedly gazing at the portrait, and is saying, "How do you like it yourself?" I can only gasp, "I shan't know until tomorrow." Tomorrow I invariably discover that the second sitting produced a better result than the first, and that—wonder of wonders—the third sitting, with all its tag-ends of a tired mind and body, brought forth the best of the three.

After that third sitting the floor looks to me like a downy couch upon which I could throw myself with a gasp of relief.

Some years ago I made a portrait of an elderly Hungarian count who was a picturesque and active little man. His head was bald, and upon it shone a brilliant high light. The graceful wife and the son, a man of affairs, were present when I painted in that high light. It gave rotundity to the head and a living effect just as a high light on the pupil of an eye is sure to do. Immediately the lady said, "Oh, dear! My husband hasn't a light spot on his head." I pointed out to her the high light that plainly showed on the forehead of the sitter. "But I don't like it. Please do not let it stay in the picture."

I was willing to modify it to suit her, but both the count and his son declared that it must remain. They realized the reason for it and the effect that it helped to produce. So the high light stayed put, much to the dissatisfaction of the lady and to the satisfaction of the men. Not long ago I received a letter from the wife telling me that her husband had been dead for some time, and that she spent an hour every day with the portrait. "I love the picture," she wrote. "I love everything in it, even the high light that I made such a fuss about."

Individuality in Caricature

"YOU must love to paint portraits," I have been told more than once in the day, and I do love to paint portraits just as the lion hunter loves to hunt lions. Portraits have a way of testing the limit of a painter's nerve. They teach him to hide his moments of despair as he struggles to capture a fleeting expression and chat encouragingly at the same time.

If portraits were just a matter of photographic exactness the only requirement would be an ability to draw accurately; but accuracy of drawing is at best a matter of mathematics which might produce a work very much akin to a death mask, and bear little resemblance.

Why is it that out of a dozen photographs, only one, or less, is a good likeness? It is because we know our friends not as they really are but as they appear to be. So the portrait painter, if his experience be sufficient, is taken up with the effort to produce a definite appearance of his sitter rather than a photographic delineation. We know and recognize our friends by certain characteristics and personal attributes which differ from those of their fellows, and those peculiarities are intensified in our memory of our friends. That is the reason that a good caricature of a man can look more like him than any photograph, and more like him than he looks like himself. That sounds funny, but it is true.

I venture to say that any portrait painter of parts is a caricaturist. Sargent told us that he was always conscious of caricaturing the good points of his sitters. This is evidence that caricature does not necessarily mean the distortion and exaggeration of unhappy peculiarities. It means, as well, the accenting and emphasizing of personal traits that are engaging and becoming. There are many things that are common to all faces, and these require no emphasis. We take them for granted and read them into a portrait whether they are there or not. Notice how a few indications of line or accents can produce a striking likeness.

I encourage my sitters to talk, to smoke, to be natural, and I snatch at an expression when they are least conscious of what I am painting, although, of course, it would be much easier to draw them photographically if they were quiet. And all the time that the portrait is growing I am very much alive to the design of the picture—that is, the relationship of the sizes of the masses to each other, the relationship of one color to another, and the proper placing of the entire mass upon the area of the canvas. For without design any picture is a certain failure. It may have likeness, but without design it will prove to be a picture unpleasant to live with. There is many a portrait in the attic that is a good likeness. When Sargent and Frank Benson admitted to each other that they had become

James T. Powers

convinced of this fact, they showed an understanding of the thing that makes a portrait—or any other kind of a picture—a thing to live or die.

One challenge of an artist's grasp of design is in placing a simple silhouette. Foggy indistinctness can cover a multitude of sins, and many an artist has made use of this blind. Being artistic does not make an artist.

Whether a painting is large or small, clean-cut or hazy, thick with paint or thin, definite in drawing or only indicative has nothing to do with its art value.

Many old-master portraits have become dark and dingy. This may have brought about the common idea that to be really great a picture must be low in key. Some of the great ones of the past were originally high in key, but coats of varnish and dirt in time have lowered them. When cleaned of their dingy coating, their original brilliance and high key appear as a striking surprise. The average man likes a portrait of somebody else in a low key, but never one of himself. Mistakes are not so evident in a low-keyed picture, while the high-keyed picture betrays all mistakes beyond a doubt.

Personally I hold no brief for the artist who claims that a portrait does not require to be a likeness. A sitter embarks upon the adventure of having a portrait painted because he wants a likeness, and therefore it is a part of the unwritten contract that he be given a likeness. But it is a personal contract which the painter makes with himself that in addition he will furnish his sitter a composition so good in design that the following generation will take pleasure in the portrait whether or not it has ever seen grandfather in the flesh.

From a point of view of profit, it is well worth the while of a painter to see to it that a likeness is a part of his portrait.

Just after the war a doting mother telephoned me and made arrangements for a sitting for her son. The portrait was painted and delivered. A few days later the head of the well-known house came to see me. "I've something terrible to tell you," he said.

"Do you want me to paint again on the boy's portrait, or do you want me to paint another one?" I asked him.

"It's worse than that," he groaned as he paced up and down the length of the studio. "You've got to paint the whole family, and you haven't any idea how homely the most of us are."

Then he explained. He had taken the portrait to his old bedridden mother for her inspection, and at the sight of it she had decided to have portraits of all the members of the family and to hang them all in her bedroom for so long as she might live. "And you are going to get so sick of us that you can never endure it," he promised me.

Chemistry and Mathematics

I PAINTED them—twelve—uncles, aunts and children, and the old lady's bedroom was turned into a picture gallery.

Once in a while I read of a lawsuit in which some painter is suing a sitter for the price of a portrait, and a learned judge is called upon to decide if the said portrait is a good likeness. I myself cannot understand how any painter can be willing for a sitter to accept a portrait unless he really cares to have it. From a standpoint of good business, a painter cannot afford to force a portrait upon an unwilling patron. Sometimes I hear it said that America does not appreciate paintings, and that portrait painting is dying out, but my experience shows me an ever-increasing interest in paintings and a growing number of people who want portraits.

It is certain that most of the things that form a part of the education of a painter, as acquired in art school, are matters of mathematics and chemistry. Drawing is a matter of mathematics—ratio and proportion—as are perspective and a working knowledge of anatomy. And the relationships of colors and their mixture are a study in chemistry

Some combinations of colors in juxtaposition produce an effect of elegance and some produce an effect of discordance. So long as colors have not been dirtied by unknowing mixture, each color is beautiful when it is placed in proper association with other colors. For every color that can be made there is another which, when associated with the first, enhances the beauty of that color to the highest possible degree. This second color can be exactly determined as a matter of chemistry. Good color schemes never come by chance.

Alexander Buel Trowbridge, Jr.

Sir Henry W. Thornton

Deborah Ann Durstine In Oval—The Former Janet Croll—Mrs. Morgan. This Head is From a Double Portrait of the Croll Sisters

A tremendous amount of hard work and a liking for the gambler's life of an artist are of the greatest importance. Good taste enters largely into the whole matter of being successful. It may be that the ability to get a likeness is a gift.

In my experience in art schools I have discovered only a handful of youngsters who showed any aptitude for producing likenesses, and true it is that among artists in general there are not many whose batting average in this respect of getting likenesses is over .300.

Long before I knew anything about art, as a small boy, I was bent upon drawing pictures—crude, to be sure—of the outstanding figures of my town, much to the amusement of the other boys and usually to the discomfiture of my victims.

An editor recently asked me how many pictures of real people I had ever made. I asked him if he meant paintings, and he said, "No. How many have you ever made—paintings, drawings and sketches?" And I began to figure. As an art student, I made it up with myself to draw at least three people each day.

Sometimes I got them at the public library, or at the theater, or in a

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Five to Ten Minute Pencil Sketches of Celebrities, Showing the Artist's Persistent Study of Mouths

Misfortune Follows Their Friends

"Will You Tell Me Where to Find the Nearest Bookstore?"

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE strangeness of the affair, instead of wearing away with time, only increased; it was one of those puzzles of human behavior which, once viewed, cling to the mind, only to be cleared away by complete understanding.

It presented to young Steve Faraday, head of the chain of great Faraday hotels, more than a mystery; it cast at him a challenge for its solution. Always through his channels of contact with the public, Steve had emphasized the safety of a guest in a Faraday hotel—from fire, from theft, even from disturbance or incidental unnecessary intrusion; he had claimed that this security was greater than in one's own home. But what had happened denied all this.

Alfred Fremont, a young man well known in Atlanta, had registered at Steve's Atlanta hotel, the Beauregard, and obtained a room. This was in January—on the sixteenth to be exact—following his return from Europe. His employer, Willis Vale, a capitalist residing in Atlanta, was then out of the city; for that reason Fremont had come to the hotel.

He carried with him the painting which he had purchased in Holland for Vale, a recently discovered Rembrandt, small and in imperfect condition, but for which Vale had paid a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It was The Dike Keeper, disputed as to authenticity, as is almost every great painting, but undisputed as to its value. There was no doubt that Fremont had had it in his possession when he returned; for later inquiry had shown that it had been inspected by the customs officers in New York; and Ridderaley, the expert, had called on Fremont in his room at the Beauregard and secretly examined it. Ridderaley had written Vale pronouncing it a true Rembrandt.

Except Riddersley, no one at the Beauregard or in Atlanta had known that Fremont had the picture. He had not asked that any precautions be taken by the management; he had not put the picture in any place of secure deposit. Apparently he had thought that the most complete guaranty for the safety of the painting had been that no one knew he had it; and he was so extremely careful of it that, from the time he registered until he disappeared never to be seen again, he was not known to have left the hotel.

The disappearance of Fremont and the painting was discovered on the twenty-second, when Vale returned from his business trip to the Southwest and asked for him. Fremont had been in his room at seven the previous evening, when dinner had been served to him there. He was not seen later; his room, however, had been found empty. Evidently it had been occupied after the chambermaid had turned down his bed, which she did about nine o'clock; but the bed had not been slept in. Fremont or someone had disturbed the pillows; there were cigarette ashes on the blanket. His hand bag and trunk were both in the room unlocked. The hand bag contained some linen, socks and handkerchiefs; the trunk was nearly full of clothing. Collars and linen evidently taken from the hand bag were in the dresser drawer. A suit taken from the trunk hung in the wardrobe.

His possessions were left, that was, in the partly unpacked state of the belongings of a man temporarily occupying a hotel room. His toilet articles, together with a razor, were in the bathroom. So far as could be judged, he had taken nothing with him.

Steve Faraday, in the course of one of his periodic swings around his chain of hotels, arrived at the Beauregard three days after this disturbing event and found his manager highly sensitive regarding it.

"No one can blame the house with responsibility for the painting," Montgomery defended himself from a hotel point of view. "He didn't even let us know he had it. As for Fremont himself, no one can blame us for what happened to him; at least, until they can say what did happen."

"That's the trouble," said Steve. "No one can say what did happen. If they knew, everybody would soon forget it; but until we find out they'll never stop wondering what it was that happened to Fremont here. And that's not good for the house."

Montgomery agreed ruefully. He had yet to show Steve the record of diminished registrations. "But what have we to go on? Nothing; and there never was anything. Not a sign of disturbance in the room; no mark of intrusion. No report of any trouble then or at any time."

"Only the picture frame was found," suggested Steve.

"The wooden rack was found; it had no frame. It was on the usual rack, or stretcher, and he carried it in a special leather case like a big brief case, which exactly fitted it. The rack was found in the court of the hotel under his window—broken, as if it had been flung out the window The canvas, as all the papers have commented, had been cut out with a sharp knife."

"But the case was found empty in his room—meaning that Fremont left it for a blind and made off with the picture himself?"

"There could have been no possible motive. In the first place, cutting a picture as small as that from the rack

nearly ruined it; in the second place, no one else knew what he had in the case. It was the best way for him to carry it if he went away with it. It is inconceivable that Fremont would have wanted to steal it from himself. The boy—he was hardly more than that—stood high with Vale. He had fine prospects; he was not in debt; he had saved ten thousand dollars which are still at his bank. He was about to be married to a girl with whom he was much in love and there was no trouble between them. Why in the world would he half ruin a painting, for a blind to pretend it had been stolen from him, and then himself disappear? But if he was really robbed why hasn't he complained about it? A thief might have got into his room and out again with the painting, without raising an alarm. But he couldn't have got Fremont out; and Fremont couldn't have pursued him without having to pass half a dozen attendants to whom he would have given some alarm."

"The papers, then, appear to be correct in their statement," said Steve, "that no theory fits all the facts."

Montgomery nodded. "That's it; we not only are unable to say what happened but we can't even give a statement of what might have happened, without its being shot full of holes."

"What sort of person was Fremont?"

"Agreeable, clean-looking young fellow who minded his own business. He kept entirely to himself here in the house, dined mostly in his own room. He made no acquaintances. He never talked with anyone about the place except to make necessary requests of the attendants. He was clearly merely waiting for Vale. Only one person came to see him, and that person only once. It was the expert, Riddersley, who is completely puzzled. I may say he's even more puzzled by the disappearance of the picture than by the disappearance of Fremont. A man can disappear for many reasons, but a Rembrandt can't really disappear, because if it does it becomes worthless. A Rembrandt which is not known to be a Rembrandt has no value. Riddersley has helped us by making inquiries through the dealers in pictures, and there's absolutely no trace of this picture having been offered to anyone. Any dealer who got wind of it would notify us at once, but there's simply not a trace."

So it stood; nothing more developed. The painting appeared nowhere. Nothing was learned about young Fremont.

It was about two months after this inexplicable circumstance that Steve had occasion to insert in the New York newspapers, in connection with a routine detail of his business, the following blind advertisement:

WANTED—A young woman, unmarried and without hindering responsibilities, to perform a highly confidential service for a large corporation. Duties will require travel between large cities of America and cannot be undertaken except by a girl of education, initiative, independence and self-reliance. Good appearance and bearing an essential.

There was no signature, but an address which was an office, on Madison Avenue, of a company in which Steve was a director, but which was not identified with his hotels and which had no connection with the Faraday Hotels organization.

Steve would have been amused, if he had not at times found it a bit pathetic, to learn what girls considered themselves eligible under the decidedly difficult requirements which he had designated and the still more rigorous requirements which, indeed, he kept in mind.

The advertisement, with its clear suggestion of independent adventure and possible risks to be run, had drawn to the office more than thirty girls. From ten till noon Steve had been interviewing them and none of them would do or nearly do. When the door opened again to admit another applicant, he arose from his seat perfunctorily, but his manner changed at once to sharp attention. This girl was not like the other applicants; he doubted, indeed, in his first moment of surprise, whether she had not happened into the office on some other errand than the advertisement; then he saw in her hand the same bit of clipped print which her predecessors nervously had carried as their credentials. If she was seriously seeking the position she would do and more than do.

"I understand you have not yet filled this position," she said in the soft, agreeable accents of the South.

"Not yet," said Steve. He placed a chair for her and waited for her to be seated before he resumed his place at the desk. They were alone in the office.

"Will you please tell me more definitely what the position is?" she invited.

"I Think It Must be the Truth, Mr. Faraday," She Cried. "Because, You See, It Fits"

She was young—twenty, Steve thought—slender and of good, graceful height. She had light flaxen hair, not bobbed, a clear flawless skin and blue eyes; impulsive-looking eyes, but decidedly self-reliant. Her straight little nose upturned a bit at the tip and her chin confirmed that she liked to take a chance. Steve knew at sight and without examining into the details of her attire that she had been born into a family of culture and breeding; that she had possessed advantages from childhood. He came directly to the point therefore, as he had not done with any of the other candidates.

"I am the president of the Faraday Hotels Corporation."

Unless he was mistaken her eyes showed an added interest. "The position has to do with your hotels?" she asked

"Yes."

"And with travel, or that is what the advertisement says."

"Yes."

"Travel in the South?"

"I own a house in the South—the Beauregard in Atlanta."

"I would go there?" she asked.

"You would go there," Steve answered, "and to all the other Faraday Hotels—to the Tonty in Chicago, the Commodore Perry in Cleveland, the Montview in Denver, and to our houses in several other cities. You would also go sometimes to other houses which we do not own and to cities where we have no hotel."

"What would I do there?" she inquired.

Steve smiled, amused and pleased by her directness, and still more interested in her. She had, he felt, rather taken charge of this conversation. "From the point of view of young women ordinarily seeking a position," he said, "you would do—nothing. My difficulty is to find a girl who can see the possibilities of that 'nothing.' It is so important to me that I can find very few persons capable of doing it. You would be a guest at my hotels. After having been a guest there you would write, as completely as you can, everything that happened to you. Does the position sound attractive to you?"

She appeared to reflect; but Steve had the feeling that this was mere pretense, that she had no actual need for reflection. "I think," she said after her instant's pause, "it is exactly what I need. Will you tell me what sort of things I would put in the report?"

Steve nodded. "The hotel business, Miss ——"

"Caryl," she supplied.

"My business, Miss Caryl, is a highly competitive business. Like all competitive businesses, it is constantly changing. Almost daily we are making innovations which have great influence on our success; our competitors are making changes too. We have to watch one another constantly, for if they do something which proves popular we must do it too. Besides that, we must know how our system works. We know that, of course, from the viewpoint

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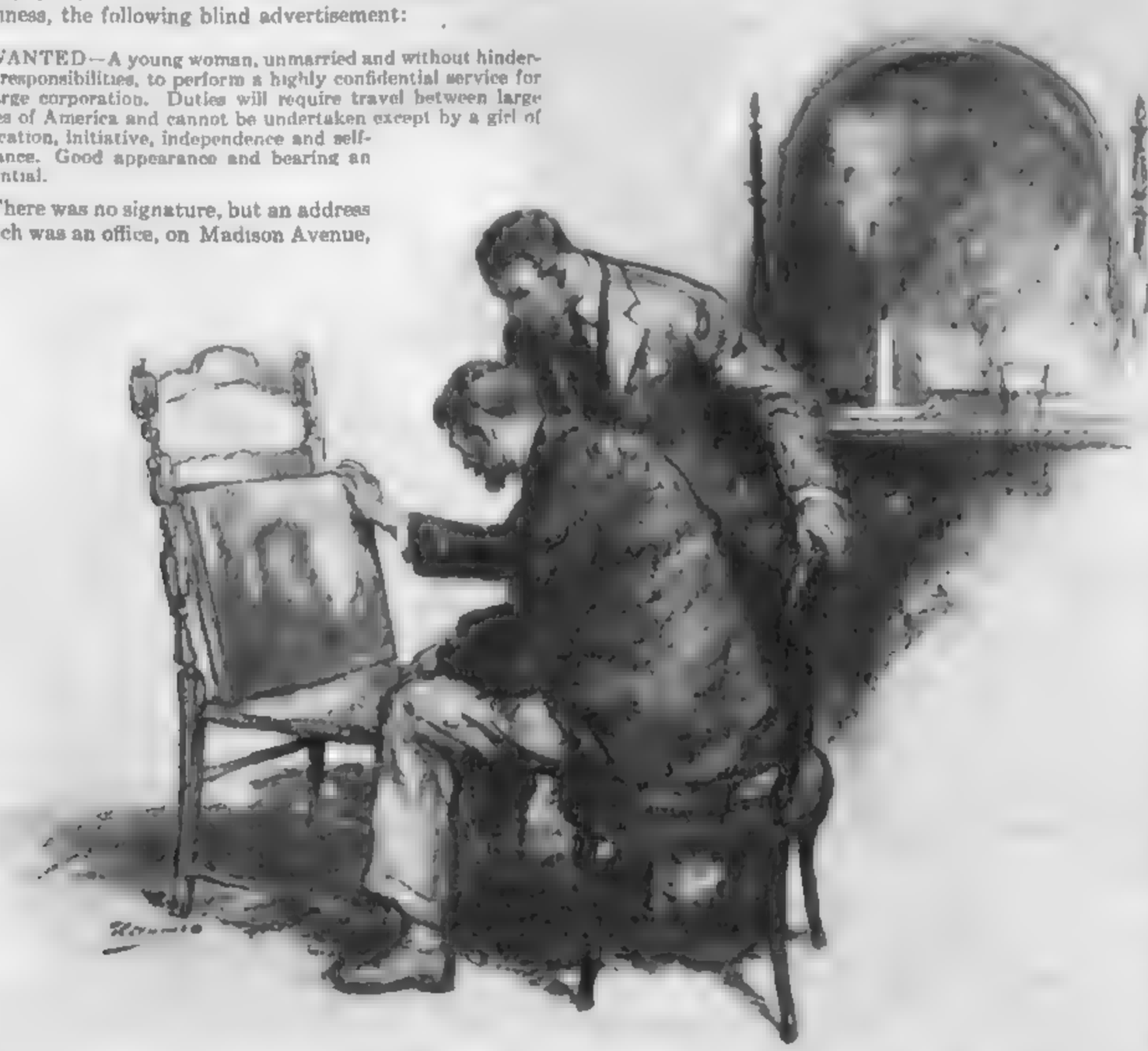

Riddersley, the Expert, Had Called on Fremont in His Room at the Beauregard and Secretly Examined It, Pronouncing It a True Rembrandt

THE PRODIGAL'S BROTHER

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THE long summer evening was near its end. The sun had set half an hour before, and the deep purple against the western hills was by this time almost black. A brighter star pricked a yellow hole in the blue veil of the sky, and a white cloud low in the west had golden piping along its underside. The thrush calls in the wood came less and less frequently; their tone was hushed and drowsy. A nighthawk wheeled in arrow flight across the sky, and a dog barked somewhere, and mist rose ghost gray above the river in the lowlands. Remotely a car crossed the rattling planking of a distant bridge. There was a lazy trail of dust along the road west of the village. The dust rose, moved a little aside, as calm cattle move to permit the passage of a familiar figure who disturbs their evening rumination, and settled indolently down upon the grass beside the road again.

This dust was disturbed by the passage of an old-fashioned buggy drawn by a horse whose big feet and heavy joints testified to the fact that he was more used to sterner tasks. Simeon Trust was driving the horse. That is to say, he held the reins which dangled slackly upon the creature's sturdy rump. Simeon sat leaning a little forward, in that hunched and easy posture which protects the spine from rude jolts imperfectly absorbed by ancient springs. His shoulders sagged and his arms rested easily upon his knees. He appeared to be a lean and competent young man.

Molly Mayhew was beside him, and if there had been anyone to look at her, it would have been discovered that Molly's color was unusually high; also, her chin was lifted in an eloquent fashion, and the glance with which she surveyed the meadowlands running from the road down to the river was almost too calm. She appeared to be unconscious of Sim, and Sim was equally inattentive to her presence there, unless the man's posture of whimsical despair were a tribute to the girl.

When they passed the fork where the road from the pond comes in, and turned down toward the bridge, he stirred himself a little to hold the horse in check. The heavy beast wished to surrender to its own momentum; would, if permitted, have gone down this slight grade at a pounding trot; but Sim restrained it until they were near the bridge, before he allowed the animal to pick up speed in order that it might the more easily surmount the knoll beyond. In front of Bissell's store the horse stopped, as though it knew its destination, and Sim dropped the reins negligently on the dash and climbed out between the wheels.

He paused for a moment and looked at his companion and asked mildly, "You want to come in?"

"I don't care to, thank you kindly," said Molly in an icy tone.

So Sim went around behind the buggy and ascended the steps of the store. For no particular reason, when Molly could no longer see him, he grinned. Two or three men sitting on the steps nodded to him or spoke to him by way of greeting, and Simeon returned their salutations in an indifferent and inattentive fashion, as though his thoughts were engaged. But once inside the store, he appeared to be in no hurry to do his errands. Jim Saladine was there, and Chet McAusland and Will Belter, and one or two others, and Sim seemed glad of the opportunity to exchange with these men a casual word.

Andy Wattles, behind the candy counter, asked him with a grin, "Truck laid up, Sim?"

"No," Sim assured him. "No, the truck was working smooth as grease, the last I see."

"You Want to Come In?" "I Don't Care to, Thank You Kindly," Said Molly in an Icy Tone

"How come you didn't come over in it?" Andy persisted. "Must have took you quite a while with that old horse."

"Well," said Sim cheerfully, "I wan't in any hurry, not to mention. Had company. And Harry 'lowed he wanted to use the truck tonight."

"I heard tell he'd come home," Will Belter interrupted at that; and he asked, "Where's he gone in the truck?"

Sim looked at the curious man in a gentle fashion. "Well," he explained, "pa 'lowed we'd ought to be keeping chickens, and he fixed up to get some hens from Murtree's, up to Montville. Harry said he'd take the truck and go up and carry 'em down tonight. So I figured I could get along with the horse."

He amended this after a momentary pause. "Anyway, that's what pa figured," he explained.

There was a momentary silence, and then Belter said in an interrogative tone, "I thought Harry'd stay in Boston. What fetched him home?"

Sim grinned. "Well," he confessed, "it kind of struck me that Harry come home to get a full meal."

"Had a good job, didn't he?" Belter protested.

"Says he did," Sim assented.

Belter hesitated, to digest this; and Andy Wattles asked, "Didn't he like it there?"

"That's kind of curious, too," Simeon told them. "From all I've heard since he got home, things down there was just about the way he wanted them. No, sir, I ain't heard a word of complaint out of him. I've been to Boston myself, and it never struck me as much. But to hear Harry tell it, the folks there just went out of their way to make it nice for him."

"When's he going back?" Belter demanded. This man, who fulfilled in the community the function of the newspaper, disseminating information on every hand, seemed always to feel that it was by the same token his privilege to ask whatever questions came into his mind. "When's he going back?" he repeated.

"We ain't got that far," Simeon explained. "We've been so busy making Harry feel at home!"

"I guess he'll be going back in a week or so," Belter suggested provocatively.

"He ain't said a word," Sim assured him. "If you want, though, I'll ask him and let you know!"

It was impossible to embarrass Belter. "I'll be over that way, maybe, in a day or two," he replied. "I'll drop in and say hello to him. I always kind of liked Harry."

Sim nodded. "Most folks do," he agreed. "Yes, I'd say Harry is the sort of a boy most folks do get to like." He turned in a leisurely fashion to where Andy stood behind the counter. "Well, I got to get a move on," he said in mild regret, and began to order the few things he had come to purchase. "And six bottles of ginger ale," he added, at the end of the list.

Andy looked at him curiously. "Tonic?" he inquired. "Want to drink it, or take it along?"

"Don't know as I'd want to drink six bottles," Sim reminded him. "No, I'll take it along." And he explained, "Harry allowed we ought to have some in the house. Pa says if Harry wants it, he's going to have it. So put it in, Andy."

No one made any comment on this, and in the somewhat strained silence Sim looked at Saladine. "Pa's right pleased to have Harry home again," he remarked.

Saladine, not by habit a talkative man, nodded to this direct address. "That's the way it usually is," he confessed and Sim smiled faintly.

"I guess so," he agreed. "That's the way you've got to look for it to be."

After Sim's departure there was some discussion of what he had told them. Harry Trust had left Fraternity a year or two before, and before going he had expressed his scorn for the town and his determination never to return. The fact that he had now come back for even a brief stay seemed to them remarkable. Some thought it likely that he had lost his job and come home to live on his father again, but most of them were disposed to believe that in a week or so he would be gone once more.

Jim Saladine took no particular part in this discussion, until, after a time, someone asked his opinion. "How long you think he'll stay, Jim?"

Saladine hesitated for a moment, but at last he said gravely, "Well, I ain't had any talk with Harry, but it wouldn't surprise me none, now that he's come home, if we was to have him with us for quite a spell." And he added, in an apparently disconnected way, "Sim's got some backbone to him. When he makes up his mind to a thing."

Sim, returning to the buggy in front of the store, stowed his purchases under the seat in the careful and unhurried fashion characteristic of that competent young man. Molly tried to pretend that she was unconscious of his presence, but when he attempted to push a sack of flour

under the seat, her feet were in the way, and Simeon looked up at her and grinned and said:

"Git over, Moll!"

Molly exploded then, letting loose her pent-up irritation. "Don't talk to me like I was a horse, or a cow, Simeon Trust!" she exclaimed, and stamped her foot upon the floor of the buggy. The movement gave him the opening he desired, and he took advantage of it.

"Shifted your feet anyway!" he said teasingly

"Keep me a-setting here while you jaw!" she ejaculated in an exclamatory phrase.

He looked up at her a little uncertainly, and then climbed to the seat beside her and turned the horse to retrace their way. For a while he watched her, with side-wise glances, and when he saw that she had put on again her gown of angry silence, he said at last in mild apology:

"I didn't go to rile you, Molly. Just joking, I was."

"Some folks have a poor idea of a joke," Molly assured him implacably

"That's so," Sim agreed. "I've noticed that too. Sometimes I go out of my way to get a smile out of you, Moll, but you're like as not to laugh when I don't look for you to, and you never do laugh when I expect you will. I guess there's something funny about me."

She made no comment at this, and he added parenthetically, "I didn't mean funny ha-ha, but funny peculiar"; and spat over the nearer wheel.

Sim was always so persistently good-natured that it was not possible to be irritated with him for any extended time, and Molly faintly smiled at this. She relented, perhaps, not so much because of what he said as because she had found a weapon with which to torment him.

"Harry drove through the village while you was in the store," she said.

Sim clucked automatically to the horse. The sound had no effect on the beast, who continued methodically upon his plodding way, and Sim jerked impatiently at the reins and said, "Git on, you!" The old horse merely bobbed his heavy head as though a fly had stung him.

"In the truck," Molly explained. "He was heading toward town. I guess he was going to East Harbor to the pictures"

Sim said tolerantly, "Well, I wouldn't wonder if Harry got a taste for the movies in Boston. I don't know as Harry's going to be satisfied up here very long."

Molly exclaimed resentfully, "That's all you think of—being satisfied! That's what makes me so mad at you sometimes, Sim. You're the most satisfied man!"

It was this argument which had, on the way over, produced a certain coolness between them, and Sim remarked now, in a reminiscent tone:

"Looks to me—maybe I'm wrong—but it looks to me like I've heard you say that before."

"And you'll hear me say it again!" she assured him. "You've heard me say it many a time, and it's true. You always did make fun of Harry because he wanted to do something besides just the chores and the farming and to sleep at night. You always was that way. Sometimes I'd like to slap you! You never want to do anything but set around!"

"I take a lot of comfort," Sim explained, "out of just setting around. Of course," he added, in the tone of one trying to be fair—"of course, a man don't really enjoy setting around, only if he's been out in the hayfield all day or falling trees, or the like of that. I don't know as Harry has ever had a chance to get real satisfaction out of setting around."

"He always did his share of the work when he was at home," Molly declared, and Sim asked, with a curious glance at her:

"You keep a time clock on him, did you?"

"No, but he told me so!" Molly retorted.

"Well," Sim agreed, "he told me so too. I can rec lect he used to tell me that right along." He added gravely, "I don't know but he's told me that hundreds of times. Sometimes he'd be so busy telling me that that I'd have to milk all the cows!"

She was silent for a moment, and when she spoke again her tone was faintly changed. "You'd ought not to talk that way about Harry, Sim," she protested. "He's had a hard enough time. Yore pa ain't like you. He's gone out of his way to make Harry feel at home, and let him see that we're all glad he come back. Harry made a mistake, and I guess maybe he knows it now; but you ain't going to let him forget it. It don't get a man anything to keep nagging that way. You ought to be nice to Harry, Sim."

Sim nodded. "I guess maybe I ought to," he agreed. "Only I kind of look at it this way. Pa's nice to him, as he knows how, and it looks to me Harry's going to enjoy the way pa treats him more if there's a contrast, like. It looks to me like he'll enjoy pa more if he's had an argument with me now and then. You know the way it is like coming from out of the cold into where it's nice and warm."

"You can always twist things around," Molly said helplessly. "Looks to me you like to talk just for the sake of twisting things. But if you don't watch out, you're going to hurt Harry's feelings."

Sim gazed at her, his eyes widening a little. "Now there's a thing I hadn't thought of!" he declared gravely. "No, sir, if you hadn't told me, I'd probably gone right on till one of these days I'd 'a' fretted Harry! I guess I'd never forgive myself if I'd done that, Molly. Say, I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have you to keep me straight!"

They rode a little while in silence, and Molly said at last, almost dreamily, "It must have been nice in Boston, with so many things to do."

(Continued on Page 74

"Go Ahead and Tell Me Something to Do, Sim! I'd Sure Love to Hear You!"

THE TAXI GIRLS—By Elizabeth Frazer

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-chauffing, sir," she said
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you pay your fare and a tip, sir," she said

IT WAS a bright, crisp, spring day in the staid old Quaker City. And not so ultra staid at that, for over at the B. & O. Station a brand-new business innovation was taking place which caused the hurrying throngs pouring out from the trains to open their eyes in astonishment.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed a breezy-looking stranger, shouldering his way through the crowds with two heavy bags. "Girl taxi drivers! And they're running the whole show! Not a single man driver in sight. Can you beat that?"

He rested his luggage down on the curb and his amused glance took in the scene. Girls, rafts of them, driving taxicabs. The station swarmed with them. Girls in trim khaki uniforms, military knickers, polished-leather puttees and jaunty doughboy caps pulled down rakishly over bobbed curls. A pleasant sight and not hard on the eyes. Tall girls, short girls, thin little half-pint girls, great big husky golf-championship girls, blondes, brunettes, redheads, old girls, young girls and girls in between; a grandmother, 1927 model—you'd swear she wasn't a day over thirty-five—art students, teachers, nurses, college graduates, real-estate brokers, a manager of a moving-picture theater, a private secretary of a president of a chain-store company; altogether, a handsome, hand-picked, peppy lot who handled their cabs with a cool, dexterous, businesslike grace that brought a spark of admiration to the stranger's eyes. They swung their machines in beside the curb, sprang down briskly and began to solicit trade. Boyish figures, healthy, clean-cut faces, vigorous, alive, alert.

Cab, sir? Taxi, madam? Taxi! Take a taxi! Cab! Taxicab! Lithe bodies bending forward to intercept the crowd boiling turbulently past, index finger of right hand uplifted in the immemorial gesture of selling a ride.

Get the pose! Cab, sir? Finger uplifted, eye keen. A provocative gesture, courteous but impersonal. Make it snappy, and smile. Smile! All right, you've caught him. The fare is hooked. The breezy stranger swung his bags up on the running board.

Chauffeurettes Posing for Their Picture Before Starting Out With Their Cabs for a Day's Cruise Around the Streets of Philadelphia

Flat Tires and Live Wires

"WELL, I'll be darned!" he remarked again. "Say, little sister, can you drive me to my hotel, or is this just some Ziegfeld Follies stunt you're pulling off today? I've got it! They're screening a movie."

"No, sir; no movie stuff. This is business. We're just plain earning our living. Our company has the concession at this station. All women drivers. What hotel, sir?"

"But what do you girls call yourselves?"

"Chauffeurettes is the official title, sir."

Courteous but impersonal, businesslike. No guy is going to get fresh with that damsel.

The breezy stranger laughed.

"Chauffeurettes, eh? That's a new one on me. 1927 model. Well, Miss Chauffeurette, answer me this one: what would you do if you got a flat tire?"

"Change it, sir," she smiled. "I've been driving a car for over nine years. Have one of my own. I love tinkering with cars. . . . What hotel did you say, sir?"

He smiled again.

"I don't mean any harm, sister. Just a garrulous old chinner. . . . Got a rule against talking to strangers?"

"No, sir. And that's all right. I understand. We're something of a curiosity right now. Everybody nudges and stares. At first I was uniform shy. It was hard to solicit trade. Now I'm thrill-proof. . . . What hotel was that, sir?"

One of Philadelphia's Women Taxicab Drivers

Qualified

AS A WHOLE, the train crowds and the general public take the innovation with good-natured interest. The men, more accustomed to the modern woman in business in all kinds of capacities, accept the situation without question; they realize that a woman would not be driving a cab on the street unless she had been tested and found efficient. But the feminine half of the population, conservative by instinct and tradition, and unconfident as to the prowess of their own sex, are often timid, critical and insistent on a masculine hand at the wheel.

"Now, young man," said a benign, white-haired old gentleman who looked like Santa Claus in mufti, as he hailed a cab, "drive me to ——" He broke off, staring in amazement. "Why, bless me, it's a girl!"

His wife shrank back in alarm.

"Now, papa, don't you get in there! I won't have a woman driver. Not in this heavy traffic. She'll break both our necks."

"Nonsense! She's probably a better driver than some of these chaps you see cruising around. Takes fewer chances, I'll bet. You've got a license, haven't you, young lady?"

"Certainly, sir, or we wouldn't be allowed on the street. The examinations are very stiff, sir. But most of the girls have driven their own cars for years. That's why they went into the business, because they love to drive. And we have to pass a physical examination also. To be a professional driver requires a good heart and good nerves.

Actual statistics compiled by our company with their own men and women drivers show that the men have three times as many serious accidents as the women. For one thing, we don't drive as fast. And for another there's no alcoholic problem with us."

"There!" cried the old gentleman triumphantly, turning to his wife. "Just what I said. Get in, dear." But the timid old lady would not get in. She was afraid of her own sex.

"Women are our worst enemies," said the girl supervisor of the chauffeurettes, the first woman taxicab driver in Philadelphia. "It's just a matter of education getting the public used to the idea that a woman can drive a cab as well as a man can. And new ideas always take time. Why, even now the people will stand still in the street and stare at us, laugh, nudge each other and say, 'Look! There's a girl driving a cab!' Or they'll call out, 'Hello, Miss Philly!' Such a commotion! You'd think they'd never seen a woman driving before. What's so strange about it, I can't make out. Women have been driving cars for years. Why shouldn't they cash in their experience and earn their livelihoods that way?

"Take my case. I was the first woman taxicab driver in Philadelphia Before that I was an automobile saleswoman. I sold automobiles for three years. I love the out-of-doors, driving, mechanics of all kinds. I guess I should have been a boy! I just can't seem to keep away from cars, from tinkering at them; and so I figured that with me being so crazy about sunshine and living out-of-doors a job of selling automobiles in the South would be just about as near heaven as I could get. It was, until the bottom dropped out of things down there. When that event happened I blew back home, decided I'd be a taxicab driver and walked into the company's office one morning and signed on the dotted line. I didn't say beans to my husband about it until after I'd bought my uniform—afraid he wouldn't let me take the job. You know how funny men are about some of those things. The night my uniform came home I sneaked it into the bedroom and put it on after dinner, walked into the sitting room where he sat smoking his pipe, held up my finger and said, 'Taxi, sir?' He was perfectly dumfounded.

"'You crazy kid!' he said to me. 'What are you up to now?'

"'I'm going to be a taxicab driver,' I said 'What do you think of my uniform? Pretty crafty, what?'"

"At First the Public Was Timid About Hiring a Girl Cab Driver. But They're Getting Used to It Now"

Batting the Man With the Taxi Look

"'TAXICAB driver? Yes, you are not. Go and take off those pants. You look like half a pint of nothing.' But I won him around. Just a matter of getting him used to the idea. And when this company decided to put in women drivers exclusively on the day shift I left the other job and came over here as supervisor of the girls. You see, my experience in driving a cab, knowing just where to go and how to solicit trade, came in handy. All the girls are fine drivers, but some of them are uniform-shy just at first; they're apt to be a bit timid about soliciting trade. They don't like to lean out of their cab, hold up a finger to a stranger standing on the curb and call out, 'Cab, sir?' And until that shyness wears off they lose customers and pile up dead mileage. And so I give them a talk something like this:

"'The public is your customer. Be courteous. Be polite. Be businesslike. The public won't get fresh with you if you don't get fresh with the public. In other words, your own behavior sets the keynote. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, especially after a customer has had a highball or two. But even then they're not likely to bother you. Don't get into an altercation with them. Let the public have the last word. Your job is to sell rides. You can't afford to loaf along and do nothing to pick up trade; you can't expect customers to fall into your cab. You've got to keep your eyes peeled and invite them in. If your dead mileage exceeds your live mileage day after day, you're not a taxicab driver; you're a flop. Go after trade.'

"And then I explain what I call the 'taxi look.' Every veteran cab driver knows what I mean. It's the look of a person who wants a taxi, whether he knows he wants it or not. Sometimes they do know and sometimes they don't know until you suggest it to them. But the taxi look stands out all over them like a saint's halo. Haven't you sometimes seen a cab driver cruising along in the midst of heavy traffic suddenly lean forward and hold up a finger to some pedestrian on the sidewalk? Why did he single out that particular individual from all the crowd? Because his trained eye recognized the taxi look. Good drivers become very expert at the game. It's like fishing. The crowds on the sidewalk are the fish in the stream; the driver is the fisherman; he sees a likely trout swimming along, throws in a line and hooks him. So I teach the girls to fish up and down the streets for fares. There's a fascination about fishing in this big human stream that grips you after a while. They say once a taxicab driver always a taxicab driver, and there's some truth in it; it's like gambling, in a way. If you have the right temperament for it, it's a grand little game.

"Also, I tell the girls where to go to get trade. First, they should roll the loop. That takes in Broad Street Station, City Hall, down Broad, past the Manufacturers' Club and the Union League and the Bellevue-Stratford, down as far as Pine and back on the other side, north on Broad, taking in the cafés, then roll down Chestnut, taking it slow past Wanamaker's, dead slow past the Adelphia Hotel, down Chestnut, down Tenth, through Sansom, up Ninth, roll in at the Ben Franklin door, then up to Market and back to City Hall once more. That's known as the loop. That's where the fares are. There's good fishing all through that part of the stream."

Another Kind of Flat

"SOMETIMES the girls have good luck with their customers, who give them generous tips. Sometimes they're strictly out of luck when a tightwad gets aboard. Ten per cent of the fare—in case you don't know it—is regarded all over the civilized world as a just tip. Just but not generous. Please nail that down. If the ticket is less than a dollar—say, fifty or sixty cents—a customer with a heart hands back a dime and a nickel extra for good will. You see, the girls rely on their tips; our wages are not high and it is the extra tip which helps us make the grade. Some people do not tip at all. The wealthy people are the worst. They count over their loose change as if it were a handful of diamonds; and if they tip at all—which is rare—they'll pass out a nickel as if it were a king's ransom they were presenting out of the goodness of their hearts to you.

"'Flat!'—that's a slang term which means no tip—not a nickel, not a sou. For example, a girl drives her cab back to the station and sings out in a disgusted voice, 'Fifty cents flat! What do you know about that!' Which means that her customer didn't present her with even a nickel tip. Sometimes we even catch a train for them and they don't give us a cent. That's a flat. Country people do not tip, as a general rule, but that's because they don't know it's the custom. Neither do the very rich, who have used taxicabs all their lives. With them it's just tightwad stinginess. That's why they're wealthy, I suppose. Once in a while they will say 'Here's a nickel for yourself!' as if it were a magnificent treat. But usually they just count the change—oh, don't they count it, though—and forget all about the tip for the driver.

"One day in the dead of winter when it was snowing and blowing and skiddy as the dickens on the icy rails, I got a wire call to take a lady over to—never mind where. Her ticket was seventy cents. She gave me a five-dollar bill to change. I said, 'I don't know whether I can change this or not. Yes, I guess I can too. All but ten cents.' That would be a ten-cent tip, which ought not to break a millionaire.

"But that lady said, 'My gracious! This is the second time that has happened! I don't see why you taxi people don't carry change around with you. Why, that—let me see'—she counted the change I'd handed

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"Sometimes the Girls Have Good Luck With Their Customers, Who Give Them Generous Tips"

THURSDAYS OFF

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JARG

I SAID to Mrs. Cheevers, "Margie, dear, would you like to see the battle of White Plains this afternoon?" She said, "Is it a movie or a real play?"

I said, "Oh, no. We are going to stage it as a historical pageant and patriotic spectacle in connection with the opening sale of home sites at Lakeville-on-the-Lake. The Cheevers Organism has the sale agency for that new development. We are going to have a company of United States soldiers, with aeroplanes and machine guns."

"What is this, Charley," said Mrs. Cheevers—"another of your fakes? In the first and second places, Lakeville-on-the-Lake is many miles from White Plains, and this is not the anniversary of the battle. No, thank you, I'm going to Dolly Billings' bridge. You won't be home to dinner this evening, of course? I won't expect you."

"Have a good time," I called as I started the bus.

"Ta, ta, old dear!" she cried from the balcony.

We were most congenial, Margie and I, even after eight years of married life. I won't pretend that we did much yearning and pining any more, but I'll say that we didn't fight. We had each other's disposition pretty well charted. If there was a cloud on our relations at all, it was Margie's lack of interest in my business. I didn't expect Margie to spell me in my work, like a delicatessen man's wife, but there's such a thing as reasonable interest in the source of the family income. It might be, for instance, after dinner, that I would read her out of the paper an interesting account of some deal, or it might be that I would dream at night of a good sales plan, and I would wake her up to tell her about it—well, this is what I'd hear, "Oh, give us a breeze!"

Margie had the social bug. She was always out in somebody else's house, bridging or teaing, and when she was home a mob landed in on us. Very nice people, all of them, but their talk gave me the Willies; I was caught home more than once. They asked me if I knew the Milligans who used to live in Jersey City when we lived there, and what new plays had I seen, and this and that, and then my head would begin to hum and I knew that I was about to get a stroke. So I generally pleaded I must have eaten something and I would have to lie down in the dark.

We lived in Brightwood; Lakeville-on-the-Lake is a couple of miles out on the cross-county boulevard. I wanted to be on the job bright and early, as I was building big hopes on this opening sale; it would mean a lot to the Cheevers Organism if it went over big. The location was choice, right on the shores of that picturesque old ice pond where they used to cut and store natural ice—nothing choicer in Westchester County. I had suggested the name to the owners, and some people thought it sounded like repetition, but you got to be specific nowadays when developers will call their development Lakeview or Interlaken, although the lakes they are hinting at may be three to five miles away. I don't hold with trickery on the public; it's been my principle and the principle of the Cheevers Organism to make every representation good 101 per cent, and when we talk home sites in Lakeview, Laketown or Lakeville, we mean On the Lake.

George Mindorf was there with his two field men; the Cheevers Organism at that time consisted of George, who was my sales manager, a force of two salesmen, the bookkeeper, who was also the stenographer, and myself, or five in all. A small force, but mighty enough to do most of the real-estate business in Brightwood, and when I say that, I'm shouting.

You know Brightwood, if you know Westchester. It's on the Bronx River Parkway between Tuckahoe and White Plains, with a station of its own, and only about seventeen miles out of Forty-second Street. Nobody with a wife and kiddies has any license to live anywhere but in Brightwood, not when he can get a dandy six-room proposition on a lot and a half for nine thousand nine hundred and ninety, with only a hundred and ninety down. When I say Brightwood I mean any of the local developments; the Cheevers Organism sells them all, so come right to general headquarters at our office in the station block. Pardon me for advertising—we were speaking of George Mindorf.

I was glad to see George. He was a good man, but an unreliable cuss, always going off on some mysterious business of his own. He thought he was pulling the wool over my eyes in great shape, and, of course, it is mighty hard to check a man's time in the real-estate business when he is a salesman, but George had me thinking. He was a good man, hard working, smart, nicely spoken, but he had this knack of vanishing into the unknown for three, four or five hours at a time, when he would come back with a cock-and-bull story of being out to get a listing and chasing the owner over the county in vain. He didn't drink and he wasn't a baseball or racing fan. He was a short stocky blond fellow about my own age, which was forty; he lived in Tuckahoe.

I said to him, "George, how is the battle shaping up?"

He said, "Who is supposed to whip, Mr. Cheevers?"

I said, "Blest if I know! I'm glad you reminded me of that."

He said, "Never mind, it will be the British this time anyway, only I was hoping that would be according to the records. It seems that the American Army is not going to show up, Mr. Cheevers."

"What!" I said. "And stand up all these people?" Some people had come already with soda pop and ice-cream cones, and I could see where we would have a good attendance.

But so it was. It seems that the company of regulars which was to take the part of the American Army had fought this battle of White Plains already that year as a real-estate stunt, and there had been not a few carping remarks, so the general in command had given strict instructions not to fight the battle of White Plains any more except after careful investigation that the U. S. Army wasn't being taken for private use without compensation. Well, that was a very narrow and prejudiced view to take, because after all what is the heart and soul of this nation which the U. S. Army is to protect and foster, but the American home?

I got the man on the wire who told me how to get the soldiers out to Lakeville-on-the-Lake for the afternoon, but all he had to say was: "That's tough, Charley." I bustled over to the Brightwood High School, where I had engaged the Brightwood H. S. Military Company to take the part of the British for the afternoon, and I arranged with the Regular Army sergeant who was the instructor to let the boys drill for the crowd. I had a good man already engaged to ballyhoo and explain to the crowd about the battle of White Plains and what it would mean to them and their kiddies to buy home sites on historical grounds.

The first section of Lakeville-on-the-Lake was already staked out and taped—a section of a hundred home sites—but I doubted if we would shove anything like that many without a battle. It is a pretty country in through there on its own merits—with the blue waters of Old Colony Lake covering seven acres, and the venerable gray ice houses going to ruins sideways for a flavor of antiquity, and the bosky woods and the new section with the grass clipped and looking as smart as paint. But still and all there has to be the fuse to detonate the enthusiasm of a crowd; they come out feeling quite negative, and they must be jumped out of themselves to get good results.

But I must say the crowd showed good spirit—what crowd there was; it was not such a large crowd. Perhaps there were sixty spectators. We papered the crowd right away, giving to each person a map of the property and a description of its principal advantages, and not forgetting to say a word for the battle of White Plains. Then, while the drill was going on of the Brightwood H. S. Military Company and our lecturer was giving forth, George and I and our two assistants worked through the crowd.

While the Drill Was Going On of the Brightwood H. S. Military Company and Our Lecturer Was Giving Forth, George and I and Our Two Assistants Worked Through the Crowd

Well, it was not so good. I will give you an idea. I went up against a very nice-looking gentleman who would seem to have a family in need of fresh air and sunshine, and I said to him, "Sir, it's wonderful what this country has come to since our forefathers fought and bled on these home sites. Look at that wonderful lake over there; it is a gem of ray serene. A home site on the shores of that lake and the sun setting through the trees—can you imagine anything else that would so fill the bill? But what is your own candid opinion of the future of this country, and more particularly, this historical neighborhood?"

He said, "Bologney. In the first place, there never was a battle here at all. I yield to no man in my respect for history, and I am in the market for a piece of a battleground any day in the week, but I do not want any phony battlefields. Do you know where I would live if I could afford to?"

"No," I said. "Where?"

"In Battle Meadow, the new development up near Scarsdale where some of the battle was really fought," he said, whipping out a map and pad of binders. "If you are in the market for a home site with history on it, can I interest you in looking at these? There's my car."

"Hop in it and go, you porch climber," I said, so mad I could clout him. "My name is Cheevers, and I'm not putting on this show for you to come down here and steal the business."

Well, he went off. I braced a lady next; a respectable female who, I judged, was a school-teacher and probably had a sister in the same line, and five or six thousand per year between them, and what could be nicer for two such dear old souls than their own English farmhouse in the country with their garden and chickens and a view of a lake? So I said to her, "Good afternoon, madam. Isn't it wonderful to contemplate nowadays that the battles are over and peace reigns and we can all settle down in a nice restricted community where the neighbors are interested in us, but not nosey; where there's a good woman's club to be, and yet tracing roots back to Colonial times and history. Isn't the lake beautiful?"

She said, "Pardon me, friend, but did you ever have lumbago?"

I said, wondering, "In my time."

She said, "And it was no treat. Whenever I hear a man who likes to live in low swampy places such as where there are lakes, I always wonder if he has lumbago. Where you want to live, my friend, is no such cranberry bog as this Lakeville-on-the-Lake, but high and dry in the mountains. Since you are interested in home sites, my friend," she said, pulling out maps and literature, "will you cast a designing eye on Sky Land Manors? There is my car."

Well, she was a lady, so what could I do? Anyway, when I looked the crowd over more carefully I saw we were up against it; I'll bet there weren't a dozen genuine prospects there. It was a conclave of real-estate agents; a bunch of sharks trying to eat one another up. I didn't see what we could do to them, since they outnumbered us about ten to one. I saw a worldly looking dame standing there, and I held her eye a moment, waiting for her to open on me and offer me lots, when I would give her a nasty call; and then I recognized her, and I went up to her and took her hand and said, "Well, well, Nannie Atwater!"

"Hello, Charley," she said, smiling all over. "It's Nannie Atwater again, sure enough, though I didn't know you knew."

"What do you mean, Nannie?" I said. "Have you been married?"

"I got my final decree only last week, with my maiden name back. I thought you knew—that I was married, I mean. How about you, Charley?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "Eight years, Nannie."

"And are you working at it, Charley?" she said.

"I'll say so."

"You were such a devil," she said. "Any children, Charley?"

"None. Tell me, Nannie, where are you living?"

"I have a perfectly darling little apartment down near Bronxville. One of those garden apartments, you know, with the country all around."

"That sounds like a hundred a month, Nannie," I said, looking at her black silk coat trimmed with karakul. Nannie Atwater was a checker in a restaurant at ten dollars a week when I had lost sight of her; but we used to live in the same block in Jersey City as children.

"A hundred and a quarter, Charley," she smiled. "The judge was a very nice man. But what do you care? You're not going to call."

"I certainly am, Nannie," I said.

"I shall love to meet Mrs. Cheevers," she said.

The day was Thursday. Nannie and I spent the afternoon together and I took her to dinner at Ye Olde Inn, a very historical roadhouse outside of White Plains. Nannie Atwater was a woman that a man would be proud to be seen with. She was tall and slender and very graceful, and was always master of the situation. She was surprised at the freedom I had to stay out, and remarked on it, leaning over the table her delicate face, pale as ivory, with slate-colored eyes below a wide low forehead and a band of blue-black hair; her lips were red and she smiled slowly, showing even white teeth. Pshaw, she was still only an old playmate to me.

"That's our arrangement, Margie's and mine," I explained. "It's the modern thing, Nannie. In the old days it used to be the accepted idea of marriage to tie a couple together, neck and heels, until death cut the rope, but that's all gone out. The modern idea is to respect the individuality—the personality, see? Each party to lead their own life, and to make a common and voluntary contribution. Well, Margie and I have not got quite to that yet, but we are feeling our way along and at present we are still using the vacation idea. Vacation from marriage, Nannie; if you had that safety valve your romance would never have gone on the rocks."

"And I would be still worrying about a man instead of having my dear little bachelor apartment in Bronxville!" she objected.

"Well, Nannie, you are reconciled to it," I said; "but all the same, it is not good for anyone to live alone. The greatest thing in the world, Nannie, is the home. But I was explaining how Margie and I do—we take Thursdays off. On Thursday I don't come home to dinner and I stay out that evening. I go visit my men friends, I go to a show, I go to a club or a card game, just like as if I was a bachelor. I'll tell you, I've come to understand and to prize my Thursdays off, and they're the reason, I feel, why Margie and I keep so congenial. We never have a fight any more, never."

"You're living just like two friends," she interpreted.

"Now you got it," I said.

"And what does Margie do on your Thursdays off?"

"Oh, like any other day," I said. "What do you mean?"

"You know, Charley," she said, touching my hand encouragingly, "I have met several people lately who had invented improvements on the barbarous state of old-fashioned matrimony, and they always turned out so well. The loveliest people. It just goes to show you what people can do when they're civilized and have refined ideas."

"I'd like to hear about them. People down in Bronxville? There's a fine class of people in Bronxville."

"No, I mean out in Reno," she said. "You know I went to Reno, Charley."

"Never mind," I said quickly. "Well, what did you think of the sale today?" And we got talking business. You'd be surprised what a masculine mind that girl had. I will admit that real estate is the most interesting subject in the world—I can talk it, eat it, sleep it—but some women don't seem to get it at all, and say, "How interesting!" Meaning they are bored stiff and wish you would go dumb. Margie was that sort, only she would not even throw a polite bluff, but would just cry, "Oh, give us a breeze!" I told Nannie about what plans I had, and probably expatiated a little and puffed. Well, show me the man that won't, when he's got a good-looking woman sitting opposite him and is all wrapped up in his discourse.

I put Nannie in the bus and took her down the Parkway at fifty miles, back to her Bronxville apartment. We made a date for the following Thursday afternoon to go to New York and take in a ball game. I wasn't cheating: Margie wouldn't care. It used to be that when a man got married he had to cut out all his women friends, but that's all gone out. We're civilized nowadays. Women are just people; you know what I mean?

The next morning I was counting the change in my trousers pocket, and looking out the window of the office I saw a new black-and-yellow sign across the way in front of a little house they had been building; on the sign it said King & Winkle. Here was a jolt; King & Winkle is one of the big Westchester real-estate firms, and putting a branch into Brightwood was a compliment to my judgment that I could just as well do without. "That means fight, George!" I said boldly. But I was talking to myself; George wasn't in yet. He came in like a strong wind through an open window, around half-past ten, and said he'd been waiting over in Yonkers to see a man who might be a live prospect for the Dilbetter property.

About a week later I ran into Sim O'Brien who used to be the Brightwood Ice Company and who was now Lakeville-on-the-Lake. He said to me, "How are they coming, Charley?"

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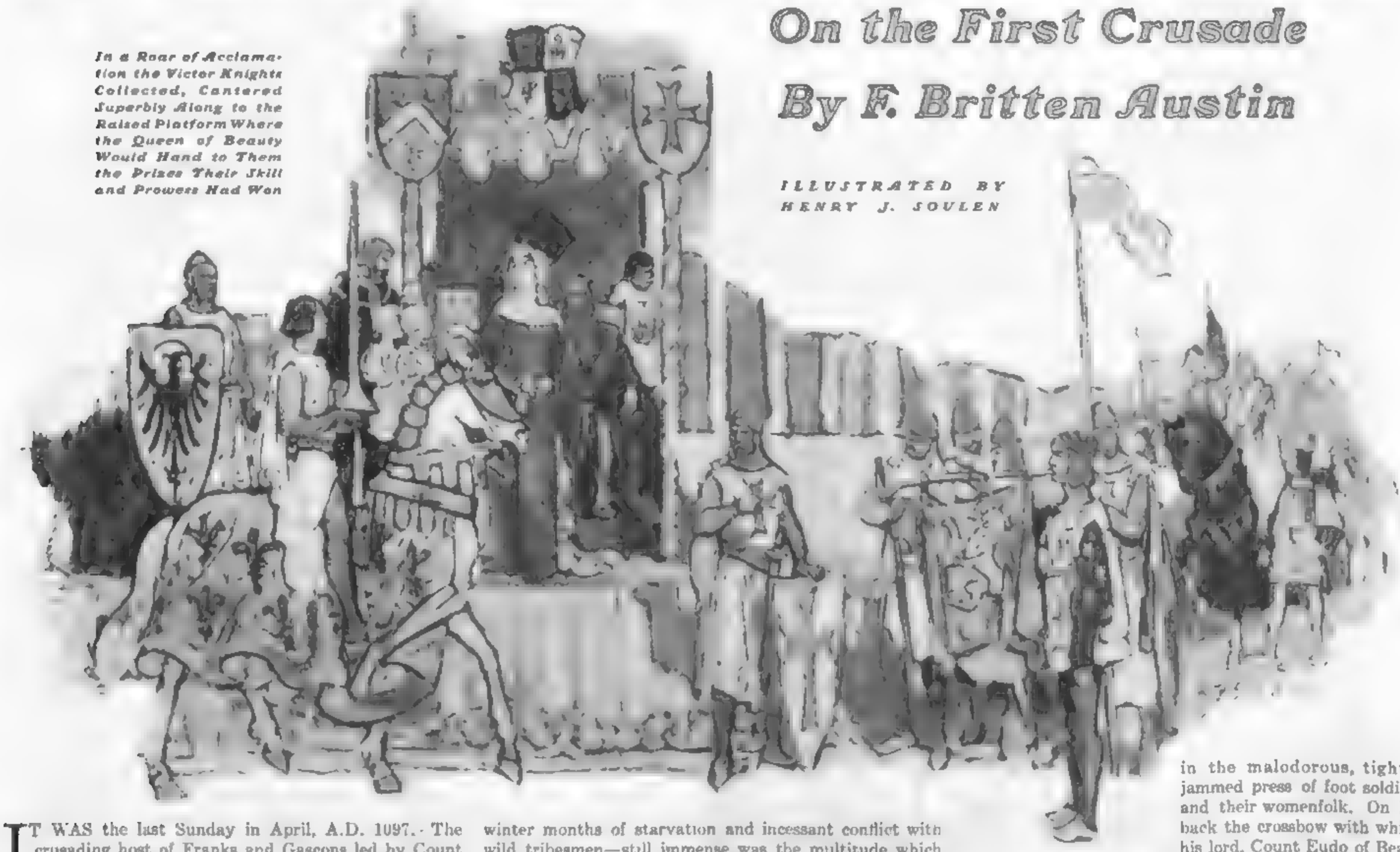
A SAGA OF THE SWORD

On the First Crusade

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



In a Roar of Acclamation the Victor Knights Collected, Cantered Superbly Along to the Raised Platform Where the Queen of Beauty Would Hand to Them the Prizes Their Skill and Prowess Had Won

IT WAS the last Sunday in April, A.D. 1097. The crusading host of Franks and Gascons led by Count Raymond of Toulouse, following long after that first tragic Crusade of the Poor brought by Peter the Hermit and already annihilated, preceded in succession during the immediately previous months by the hosts of Hugo de Vermandois, of Godfrey of Bouillon, of Bohemund of Tarentum, and of Robert of Flanders, had at last arrived under the many-towered walls of Constantinople, meeting place of the armies of God. Once more the vast camping ground between the hills and the Sea of Marmora had resounded to the fanatic shout, *"Deus lo vult! Deus lo vult!"*—"God wills it! God wills it!"

Cried first in spontaneously enthusiastic response to Pope Urban's passionate exhortation at Clermont in Auvergne eighteen months before, that shout had become the battle cry of the whole of Western Christendom, convulsed in a frenzy of pious self-dedication that was a social phenomenon without precedent. Who would not devote himself to the divinely commanded recovery of the Holy Sepulcher from the infidel, when for reward he was granted exemption from all taxes, all debts and the pursuit of justice, was assured of the complete remission of his sins and the certainty of Paradise? Once more, within his garden-surrounded palace, the Emperor Alexius, whose appeal to the Pope of Rome for assistance against the ever more formidable menace of Islam had resulted in this utterly unimagined invasion of his realm, had listened to the reverberating echoes of that shout, and had frowningly longed for the day when these hordes of dangerous fanatics should all be safely upon the Asiatic shore, blindly reconquering for the Empire of Byzantium its lost provinces of Asia Minor and Syria.

Having that morning fervently assisted at the solemn Mass of thanksgiving celebrated by Bishop Adhemar, appointed by the Pope as the Aaron of this divinely militant migration to which the Count of Toulouse should be the Moses, the host was now gathered again to witness the *pas d'armes*—not yet had the tournament developed into the elaborate three days' ritual of later times—which the tabard-adorned, trumpet-sounding heralds had proclaimed for the afternoon.

Despite the terrible losses it had suffered in its six months' march from Lyons, over the Alps, through North Italy, down the Dalmatian coast and thence through the mountains to Salonica and through Thrace—bitter winter months of starvation and incessant conflict with wild tribesmen—still immense was the multitude which crowded round the cleared circular space—not yet was it oval, and then oblong—in which its most renowned knightly champions would display their prowess and their skill.

It was a multitude composed of all classes of that barbaric feudal world. Under their respective banners, hundreds of great seigneurs, the proudly cross-emblazoned tunic over their chain-mail hauberks testifying to their unwonted unity, sat on horseback with the mailed knights who were their vassals, with the noble youthful squires and the boyish pages, the gayly liveried huntsmen and falconers—no lord was there who had not brought with him his hounds and hawks for the chase which was at once his privilege and his passion—who composed his *"mesnie"*—his household. With those seigneurs and those noble knights sat also the noble ladies, who, in surprising numbers, had accompanied their husbands and lovers to this glamorous Holy War that could not fail of easy triumph.

Away from them, in a vast turbulently shouting congregation of humble folk, stood the masses of foot soldiers—serfs for the most part, who had availed themselves of the almost miraculous release from the soil of the fief to which hitherto they had been bound from generation to generation; dedicate to heaven was every warrior of the cross, baseborn or noble, and thus logically freed from every earthly restraint.

The scornfully unconsidered infantry of these feudal armies where only a mailed and mounted chivalry was valued, bare-legged and ragged, a minority of them armed with crossbows, the majority weaponed only with short spears, axes or even sharpened staves, they followed their respective lords, who often enough had sold or pawned their estates to equip themselves and their liege men for this divinely commanded, Paradise-winning enterprise. With them also, in thousands, were the ragged hardship-haggard peasant women, whom no ordinance prohibited from sharing the perils and the next-world recompense of their men. By thousands, likewise, might be numbered the women in the vast host of noncombatant pilgrims—perhaps equaling that of the fighting forces—with scrip and staff begging a meritorious way to the Holy City under the protection of the armies of God.

Shouting with the rest in wild enthusiasm as pair after pair of mailed knights rode at each other with blunted lances, Colin the serf stood with his young wife Huguette in the malodorous, tightly jammed press of foot soldiers and their womenfolk. On his back the crossbow with which his lord, Count Eudo of Beaupré, had generously armed him—never for him would be those knightly weapons of sword or lance which none but them of noble birth might wield. Yet he followed with expert appreciation every vicissitude of those gallant jousts, of those contests where two mounted knights slashed at each other with blunted swords, each trying to strike the plume from the other's conical nasal-guarded helmet; could recognize, as all those around him could recognize, each combatant by the heraldic device—not yet so complicated as they would become—on his brightly painted shield.

Far was it from him to question the prerogatives of that superior race of the nobly born; he had but an awed admiration for the prowess which was expected of them, yelled in enthusiastic loyalty as his own seigneur, Count Eudo of Beaupré, came galloping, crouched behind his shield, to shock against his adversary. Anything but such loyalty was indeed unthinkable to the men of his world. From the highest downward, the whole of society was graded through similar loyalties between suzerain and liege vassal, and if the serf was left but little of the produce of the fields he tilled his lord made bare existence possible for him. Western Europe was divided into a multitude of self-supporting fiefs whose only relationship with one another was that of mutual war.

If within those fiefs the serfs plowed the seigneur's lands for him and paid him heavy dues, it was his duty in exchange to provide a fortified stronghold and a body of armed men ready to issue from it on the first alarm; to build around that stronghold the immense palisaded and subsequently stone-walled inclosure where the entire countryside, with its flocks and herds, might take refuge when a neighboring lord invaded them; to establish under those walls the market that could not have existed without his protection and his rigorously enforced justice. Around those walls, and made a burg by another encircling wall, grew up the little towns—germs of the great cities of later centuries—which, if the lord's wardship failed, were instantly, in that universal anarchy, pillaged and burned to the ground.

Burgess and serf alike, in those days when the king's effective authority did not extend beyond his own fief, looked gratefully to their seigneur as their sole protector; yet distant were the times when, conditions changing in a developing civilization, they would both revolt. The more

valiant and capable he was, the more they prospered. If the nobly born arrogantly assumed the sole privilege of bearing knightly arms, they also undertook the whole burden of military defense; the baseborn merchant or artisan could peacefully ply his trade, the peasant till his fields, in a security directly in proportion to their warlike efficiency. Unconsciously evolved under the pressure of necessity, like every social system, it was a division of society compelled by the anarchic barbarism of the period, and a genuine and mutual fidelity within the fief was essential to its functioning. Shared by all who came from that distant Frankish domain was the enthusiastic loyalty with which Colin, known to his fellow serfs as "*lo luttor*"—"the wrestler"—yelled his delight as his formidable seigneur unhorsed his adversary.

Amid the tumultuous plaudits that acclaimed him victor, the Count of Beaupré cantered toward the richly hung platform where the noble dame who presided over the tournament sat with the Count of Toulouse and the other great dignitaries of the host. From where Colin stood in the press, Huguette clinging to his arm lest she be separated from him in its surging excitement, that envied queen of beauty could just be seen, garbed in a robe of vivid green, a garland of flowers on her fair sun-glinting hair. At the opening of the tournament her name had been passed from mouth to mouth in the crowds—the Lady Yseult, beautiful as a saint of God, spouse of the lord of Estangroux, come recently by sea with his *mesnie* of vassals, his huntsmen and his falconers, to win Paradise in the deliverance of the Holy City from the divinely foredoomed infidel. Upon her first passage through the camp, men said, there had been great thronging about her and a strange silence of wonderment at her loveliness, abashing those who diced or quarreled or sat roaring drinking songs at the wine booths; while Count Raymond of Toulouse himself, meeting her as he rode to visit the emperor in Constantinople, had dismounted from his horse and taken her bridle, leading her with lowly homage to her tent.

Little, however, recked Colin the serf of the reported beauty of the Lady Yseult, as from time to time he looked into the happily smiling face of the woman who, ever at his side, had already, for love of him, endured so many perils. Not without a youthful peasant comeliness—she was scarcely more than a girl—was that weather-tanned face with its wide red mouth, its honest dark eyes, its surrounding loose luxuriance of dark brown hair. Very new had been their wedded love when the papal preacher had come to the market place of Beaupré, and Count Eudo himself had been the first to rush to take the cross amid the delirious shouts of "*Deus lo vult!*"

When Colin himself also dedicate, that thrillingly novel emblem large upon his ragged tunic, they had returned to their mud-and-thatch hovel, she had put her arms about him, had kissed him on the mouth, had—with the briefest of determinedly resolute speech in their uncouth word-chary dialect announced her intention of coming with him to that unimaginably remote land, had sworn that never would she be a burden to him, would ever be a faithful helpmate at his side. She had kept her pledge. Inarticulate to express his deeper emotions though he was, he loved her now almost more than he had done then. That close comradeship through all manner of danger and privation had bound their lives together in an instinctive identity of every thought and every feeling, of self-forgetting mutual solicitude, of mutual primitive passion in which all their sufferings were obliterated, so that it seemed to them that one without the other could not survive.

And they were happy. Were they not both certain of eventual Paradise amid the choirs of saints and angels? Would they not, as a preliminary scarcely less marvelous, surely find in that wondrous Holy Land some fields they could call their own—no longer serfs but free villein vassals of some great lord? Few in those fanatic armies of the Cross were without such mingled motives—semisuzerain seigneurs who dreamed of kingdoms and principalities, vassal knights who meant to become great seigneurs, former serfs who craved for the land which in Christendom they could at best only own in village communities, individual property inexorably denied to their servile status. Often Colin and Huguette talked of the serfs they themselves would own, of the annually increasing herds and flocks they would possess, of the richness of the harvests surely to be expected in that land of miracles. They talked in curt clumsy sentences, their naïvely simple souls having no skill in words.

Now, however, they gave themselves up to the immediate delights of the tournament, thrilling as the champions of chivalry hurtled against each other in a splintering of lances, a splitting of shields, a metal-resounding crash from an uprearing horse; laughing at the coarse shrewd jests, the absurd antics, of the red-wigged jongleurs; joining in the familiar choruses of the songs sung by the mendicant minstrels, in the noise-filled intervals between one contest and another. Who could not be happy under that brilliant blue sky, amid such general happiness?

The tourney ended. The magnificently tabarded heralds came into the great cleared circle, blew in unison a joyous call on their long trumpets. In a roar of acclamation the victor knights collected, cantered superbly along to the raised platform where the queen of beauty would hand to them the prizes—garlands, silken scarves, valuable embroidered gloves—their skill and prowess had won. She stood now, erect, a glitter of jewels on her vivid green robe, tall in her fair-haired loveliness. The crowd yelled in an intoxication of enthusiasm as one after another the knights placed themselves before her, saluted, doffed their helmets, and humbly received the guerdon she graciously leaned forward to present. Again the heralds sounded their trumpets. The distribution was finished, the tournament over.

The spectators dispersed, streamed back toward the vast palisaded camp where the splendid tents of the seigneurs stood in streets, and the crude huts and shelters of the humble folk were like those of a great migration. Amid a group of such humble folk of their acquaintance Colin and Huguette returned saunteringly over the dusty plain, jumping aside every now and then from the horse bells of some great lord. The most accompanied by a noble dame sidesaddle on her palfrey, escorted by their lance-bearing vassals, their young squires, their almost childish pages, those seigneurs cantered arrogantly through the baseborn mob on their way to quarters where ostentatiously lavish feasts awaited them. Some had already acquired strange-looking, turban-coifed, dark-skinned Arab servants from Constantinople, and the summoning cry of these exotic followers as they accompanied their masters on the indispensable chase—"*Talla-hone!*"—"Come hither!"—was to survive through nine centuries as the "*tafaut!*" of French and the "Tallyho!" of English huntsmen

Suddenly there was a wild shout, a burst of alarmed cries, from the campward-streaming multitude. It parted in a quick running aside of startled, fear-smitten men and women. Through the lane they left came hurtling, with outstretched neck and frenziedly galloping hoofs, a horse that bolted in some blind unreasoning animal panic. On its back, her fair hair loosed and tossed about her shoulders, her vivid green robe blowing out behind her, was—instantly recognizable—she who had been queen of beauty at the tournament, tugging desperately at bridle reins that no longer controlled this maddened brute with the bit between its teeth.

It thundered straight upon the group where Colin and Huguette walked with their companions, and, as all others had done, with a shout of alarm they rushed for safety. All except Colin. He could not have explained the impulse of mad daring with which, after one glance at the white face of the rider, he ran to place himself just to one side of the unswervingly straight path of that thundering horse.

The next moment, while a woman's voice shouted in warning, another woman's voice screamed, he had leaped at it, had snatched the bridle, was carried off his feet, dragged helplessly. Desperately he hung on, throwing all his weight onto that foam-flecked mouth, let go with one hand, thrust that free arm hard across and against the staring eyes of the animal. The horse stumbled, checked, stood tremblingly still as he himself, miraculously unharmed, once more planted his feet firmly upon the ground. Above him, on the saddle, a woman laughed hysterically. He glanced up at her while still he held the animal blindfold. Curious, never experienced, was the peculiar little shock that went through him, a shock that was partly awe. Never had he beheld such a vision of beauty. He gazed, fascinated, at that exquisitely featured face, those wonderful blue eyes. Surely the Holy Virgin herself must be even as this!

"Thou Hast More?" She Held Out Griping Skinny Fingers, Her Blue Eyes Like Those of a Mad Woman. "Give! Give!"

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A. E. F.

By MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT, U. S. A., RETIRED, WITH WESLEY WINANS STOUT

THE Lost Battalion, which never was lost, was relieved by an attack ten miles to the northeast of its trap in the Argonne Forest, after every attempt to succor it directly had failed.

Major Charles W. Whittlesey, commanding a mixed battalion of six companies of the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry, Company K of the Three Hundred and Seventh Infantry and Companies C and D of the Three Hundred and Sixth Machine Gun Battalion, all of the Seventy-seventh Division, was ordered to carry and hold certain positions in the forest. He did, with heavy losses, but the rest of the line of the Seventy-seventh failed to get up on his right and left. The enemy quickly filtered in behind him, strung new wire across the ravine through which he had advanced, and he was trapped. Having been ordered not only to take but to hold his position, he made no effort to fight his way back.

American Officers Directing Artillery Fire From the Top of Mount Sec a Few Hours After Its Capture From the Enemy

Originally a New York City National Army unit, the Seventy-seventh, or Liberty, Division, had been reënforced strongly by replacements from the Fortieth, or Sunshine, Division, composed of National Guard troops from California, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, trained at Camp Kearny, California. So the division was a blend of East and West in the Argonne.

A few days earlier the same battalion had been cut off less completely, when negro troops of the Ninety-second Division had fallen back more than two kilometers on September twenty-eighth, leaving a gap in the left flank of the Seventy-seventh Division into which the enemy poured, and the battalion was badly outflanked until October first, the day before its successful attack again left it surrounded. The enemy hemmed in Whittlesey so closely that the German artillery dared not fire on him, but they assailed him constantly with machine guns, rifles, trench mortars and grenades. Our troops had gone into action with only iron rations and went 100 hours without food and virtually without water, wetting their parched mouths with dew and nibbling on roots and leaves.

The Lost Battalion That Was Not Lost

INFANTRY carries rockets and flares for visual signaling at night and white cloth panels for day use. These latter are spread on the ground in code forms and carry to our airplanes such messages as: "Tell me what you see on my right," "First objective reached," "Report that I am ready to advance," and the like. Whittlesey also had four carrier pigeons with him. His last one—freed on October fourth—carried the message: "Men are suffering from hunger and exposure and the wounded are in very bad condition. Cannot support be sent at once?"

We knew, of course, where he was and how desperate his straits. Among other things, we tried to send him food by airplane, but the planes never succeeded in dropping the food packages in the little area in the hostile ring. Nine of the battalion, without asking permission, crept into No Man's Land in an effort to recover some of the food that had fallen short. Five were killed and the other four captured, one of whom, Private Growell R. Hollingshead, was blindfolded and forced to carry a note back to Whittlesey demanding the surrender of the battalion. The note was written in excellent English by Lieut. Heinrich Prinz of the Seventy-sixth German Infantry Reserve Division, who had lived in Seattle for six years before the war. Prinz commanded the detachment which got in behind Whittlesey and was suspected of having used his knowledge of English to start false orders going in our ranks. Several shouted orders never could be traced to the givers.

The German demand for surrender was most polite, something of a high-powered sales letter. Major Whittlesey did not answer it with a "Go to hell" defiance, such as the newspapers credited to him. He did much better; he ignored it. To use his own words: "No reply seemed necessary."

The German note had asked him to show a white flag if he meant to surrender. To prevent any possible misapprehension by the enemy, Whittlesey drew in his white panels, and thereby removed his last contact with our Army. He did this in the face of an ominous shortage of ammunition, a withering fire from the enemy and the greatest distress among his own men.

During this time I spent every hour I could at General Alexander's division headquarters in the forest, trying, with him, to devise a means of relief. The boche naturally knew that we would make desperate efforts to do this, and though we tried pressure everywhere, to right and left, day and night, the enemy balked us

A Captured German Observation and Machine-Gun Post, Citadel Hill, Grandpré. The Ladder and Platform Were So Expertly Camouflaged at the Time of the American Attack That They Were Not Seen Until Under Them

Opening the Way to Rescue

MEANWHILE, on October fourth, the second phase of the Meuse-Argonne battle had opened. The Army renewed its attack that day without artillery preparation and caught the German napping. On my corps front the First Division took Exermont, from which the Thirty-fifth's patrols had been driven several days before, and penetrated to Fleville on the Aire. The right brigade of the Twenty-eighth Division, commanded by General Dennis Nolan, who had asked to be relieved from staff duty at G. H. Q. to take a fighting command, reached the Aire just south of Fleville and held a line south to Apremont. A gap remained between the left of the First Division and the right of the Twenty-eighth in the Aire Valley. The next day we pushed another kilometer down the Aire. By October sixth our corps line ran from just south of Sommerance to Fleville, thence close along the base of the Argonne ridges to Chatel Chehery on the river's left bank, thence by the Chene Tondu height on the forest's eastern edge, and La Viergette in the forest, across the forest to the north of Binarville. The latter had been a flourishing village, of which not a stone remained. It had been knocked to pieces by the artillery in 1914 and the boche had removed débris, foundations and all, as paving material for his roads.

The advance of the First Division on October fifth on the right of the corps offered the first solution for the predicament of Whittlesey's battalion on the corps' left, for it permitted a flank attack on the Argonne between Apremont and Fleville

calculated to run the boche out of the forest. In other words, in resisting the attack of the Seventy-seventh Division in the forest, the enemy had permitted his own flank to become uncovered. I blocked out a memorandum at corps headquarters and transmitted it by telephone at once to army headquarters, recommending an immediate attack by the Eighty-second Division, our corps reserve, now commanded by General Duncan, in a northwest direction across the Aire River against Cornay and other ridges, in close connection with an attack by the right brigade of the Twenty-eighth against Hill 244 in front of them.

The object was not only to force the boche completely out of the forest, thereby relieving the Lost Battalion, but to protect the new line of the First Division, which was enfiladed, or cross-fired, from the eastern flank of the forest about Cornay. Admittedly, it was a risky move. The flank of our attacking force would be in the air, and subject to converging fires of all kinds, the enemy positions were steep and rugged cliffs dominating the valley from heights of as much as 300 feet, and the Aire was fordable only in spots which had to be found in a hurry. Army headquarters hesitated, but after General McAndrew, the army chief of staff, and General Connor, chief of operations, had talked it over with me at my headquarters, it was authorized. The French officers attached to my headquarters were unanimously opposed to it, and of my own staff, only the chief, Malin Craig, supported me.

I had a variety of reasons, among which was the fact that you can't fight a war on certainties. If it succeeded, excellent; if it failed, I would catch the devil; but that is a general officer's responsibility. Dangerous to us, the attack also would be dangerous to the enemy. And finally, the gallant stand and the suffering of Whittlesey and his men were worthy of bold action to relieve them, and I didn't wish the boche to have the credit for capturing an organization of the A. E. F., which, by the way, he never did.

The Argonne Cleared

FORTUNATELY one regiment of the Eighty-second, under Colonel Ely, had been in the valley of the Aire several days in support of the Twenty-eighth Division, and some guides, though not enough, were available for the river crossing. There was no time to bring up pontoons, and this regiment, for the most part, waded and swam the Aire the morning of the seventh in a heavy fog. At the same time Nolan's brigade of the Twenty-eighth stormed Hill 244. Had we been able to get all of one brigade of the Eighty-second across the Aire in the early morning of the seventh and backed it up with the other brigade, and had the division been as battle wise as, for instance, the First, not only should we have cut off all the German force in the forest and captured them but we probably could have seized Grandpré, the Bois de Loges and Champigneulle, all of which were lightly manned for defense until the enemy fell back out of the forest. These positions, all on high ground, with a mile-long and open slope without the least shelter leading down to the Aire, comprised the strongest short position I ever saw on the Western Front, and they cost us 4000 to 5000 men and a week of desperate fighting to take later. As only some six companies of one regiment of the One-Hundred and Sixty-fourth Brigade really got into action that day, it may be imagined what a well-coördinated attack by the whole brigade, as was ordered, would have accomplished.

Yet if the execution did not equal the conception, as it rarely does, it effected its immediate purposes. Outflanked in the forest, the Germans quit it on the run, the Lost Battalion was relieved, the First Division freed from a destructive flank fire from the forest, and the Argonne was put behind us permanently. Whittlesey had attacked with approximately 550 officers and men; only 194 walked out when they were relieved. In one company—A of the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry—three men only were not dead or did not have to be carried out on stretchers. There was bitter fighting around Cornay in this operation, the Germans counterattacking repeatedly to gain time to get out. The night of the seventh 100 men or so of the Eighty-second Division were captured in Cornay village. There was a determined rear-guard action on the eighth, but by the tenth, the Seventy-seventh Division had reached the south bank of the Aire, fronting Grandpré.

Thirty-Third Division Infantry in a Camouflaged Trench Along the Meuse River, Just Captured From the Germans

A Single-Handed Victory

WE NOW were well into territory which the enemy had held undisputed since 1914. On our left Gouraud's Fourth French Army had been confronted on September twenty-sixth with a wide belt of desolation, the scene of long and heavy previous fighting, and it was three days fighting its way clear of the old battlefields, thus falling behind our advance. In the first three days we had penetrated to an average depth of seven miles, but in the ensuing eleven days we made only two miles more. Gouraud was six miles forward on the fourth day, but on October ninth he was only a mile and a half farther along. The dominating height of Blanc Mont, in particular, was holding him up, and he asked for the loan of two American divisions. Though direly needed to replace our own exhausted troops in the Meuse-Argonne, our Army sent him the 50,000 men of General Lejeune's veteran Second Division and General W. R. Smith's Texas and Oklahoma division, the Thirty-sixth. The former carried Blanc Mont, the key point of the German position in the Champagne, in a bloody battle on October third and fourth, and one brigade of the Thirty-sixth took the place of an exhausted regiment of the Second in the ensuing sanguinary struggle for St.-Étienne. A general German retreat in the Champagne followed. The Thirty-sixth relieved the Second and advanced with Gouraud's army to the Aisne by October twelfth. The French, therefore, had contributed to the final outflanking of the Argonne Forest.

The Survivors of the Lost Battalion Photographed Near Apremont, October 29th, 1918. Above—Alvin C. York Standing on the Ground Where He Killed Twenty or More and Captured 132 Germans, Putting an Entire Enemy Machine-Gun Battalion Out of Action Virtually Single-Handed

It was during the attack of the Eighty-second Division just north of Chatel Chehery that Alvin C. York performed the extraordinary feat of killing and capturing, almost unaided, an entire German machine-gun battalion.

York came from the valley of Wolf River near the Tennessee-Kentucky line, where men still shoot as straight and stalk as craftily as their ancestors did, and it was his individual marksmanship and woodcraft that killed between 20 and 30 of the enemy, and brought in 132 prisoners, including a major and two

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CROOKED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XIX

ON Monday, though, the mere matter of the lease was not all Bertha had to occupy her. Sunday intervened, and she had all that day, all Sunday night as well, to think over the talk she'd had with Charley Maddox. She had won out, of course; she had made him give his consent to take the new apartment, the one that meant so much in her plans; but though she had, and though, too, she had other reasons for satisfaction, a feeling of uneasiness persisted in her mind.

It was as if in that brief colloquy she had somehow lost a little if not most of the control she'd always had over her husband. The feeling grew. His air had been as if he nursed some animus against her. One might almost have inferred from it, in fact, that he held her responsible for something or other that had happened to him. All day Sunday she debated it.

Charley Was Gazing at Her. "Thanks?" He Repeated. "Is That All, Bee, You Can Say?"

On Sunday she hardly saw Charley. In the morning when she awoke, to her astonishment he was gone, and it was not until late at night that he returned. "Where have you been?" she asked, and when Charley told her he again had gone over to Brooklyn, she smiled ashily. "Were you there all day?" she inquired, and Charley shook his head. "I went out on Long Island," he replied.

She did not ask where. Neither did she ask whom he had gone out on Long Island to see. Intuitively she sensed it was not the time to risk another dissension. She never had caught him in an untruth, she knew; but in spite of herself, and with the almost certain feeling before her that a misstep might cost still more of her influence over him, she could not restrain the impulse to put another question.

"And did that girl drive you out there?" she asked.

Charley Maddox swung around, his jaw set. "What girl?"

"The Baronov girl, Charley."

"She did not!" he said, and Bertha smiled.

"Who did?" she asked.

Charley gave her another searching look. "I took a train," he said.

Then, his tense, rigid figure all at once drooping, he made a gesture with his hands. Its helpless appeal did not escape her.

Though she didn't know why, she could have wept for him. He looked so young; he looked so troubled too. However, she hardly had experienced that first twinge of remorse when she shook again—fright. She wondered if in his chuckleheaded impulsiveness he had let himself get into trouble.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" snapped Charley.

"Don't speak to me like that! I won't have it!" Bertha said icily.

He shrugged irritably. "How do you want me to speak?"

"I won't have you raise your voice, for one thing," she returned. He could have been heard, in fact, by anyone in the hall or in the next apartment; though that was immaterial. "All I ask," continued Bertha, "is whether Harnett and Gershon have been trying to get you into trouble."

"They?" He laughed. "Don't worry."

But Bertha did not have to wait long for what she was satisfied was the reason. If he was in trouble it was within twenty-four hours that she learned the probable cause.

Monday. Promptly at ten Bertha rose. Dressing hurriedly, she had just made ready to go out when the telephone rang. "Yes? Who is it?" she asked, taking down the receiver.

She had slept well enough, considering. With her usual self-assured feeling of common sense, she'd decided frankly it was not her part to fret herself over things that were at the best merely vague, nothing tangible. She had so much to occupy her, besides; and brisk, again brightly herself, she smiled faintly as she identified the voice at the other end of the wire. "Is that you, dear?" asked the voice. It was Flora Beals.

"What is it, Flora?" asked Bertha.

"My, how formal you sound!" gurgled Mrs. Beals. She gave an ingratiating little laugh. "Isn't it wonderful—the news! I've just heard, you know. I happened to drop in at Bland & Leacock's this morning, and they told me about it just by chance."

Bland & Leacock were real-estate people. They were the agents for the apartment Bertha had in mind.

"Well?" she replied.

Mrs. Beals' voice rose to a newer enthusiasm. "You're going to decorate, of course. Such fun! I thought I'd ring up and talk to you about it, and Edna Sutton—she's a dear friend of mine, you know—the one who does interiors. Of course, she's frightfully busy just now with the Vanderloops' new ballroom and the Higgins house—the Stanley Higginses—but as I know her so well, maybe I can induce her to lend you a hand. Are you doing a period drawing-room, by any chance?"

Bertha's mouth tightened. "I haven't decided, Flora."

A brief pause. "But you're going to decorate, naturally?"

"Oh, yes."

"Extensively?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you then," said Flora indulgently, "you meet me somewhere at luncheon and I'll see if I can't get Edna to join us."

"Thanks, don't bother. I've made other arrangements," said Bertha, and she hung up the receiver in the midst of another of Flora's exclamations.

The little episode helped. If Flora Beals imagined she, Bertha, was just another new woman with new money to be spent, she had effectively squelched her, she reflected, and she was smiling as she went down to the street. Dispensing with a cab, Bertha drew her silver fox fur about her neck and shoulders and set out to walk. Bland & Leacock's was only a mile.

A thin layer of snow lay upon the streets. The sun was shining on it, and the air danced and sparkled. Invigorated by it, Bertha's eyes glowed, the color came into her cheeks. What a fool she was to let things bother her. The sensible thing to do when she had so much, and when everything had turned out so fortunately, was to take things as they were, not hunt about for trouble. What had been the trouble? She admitted to herself now that she didn't know, and brisking along, conscious of how well she looked in the new walking suit and the furs she had on, she was smiling when she reached Bland & Leacock's.

It took only a moment to arrange about the lease. The rent was eight thousand a year, but the agent thought the Fair Lane people—that was the name of the apartment—might shade it four hundred dollars a year for a three-year term.

"Very well, then," Bertha decided, "make the lease for three years."

If by any reason she might wish to take a more impressive apartment, she could, of course, release. The Fair Lane Apartments always were in demand. She still was smiling as she left the agents' office.

She had two other engagements before her that morning—a try-on at a dressmaker's and an appointment to inspect a new cabriolet with a special custom-made body one of the better automobile concerns was showing. By now, it seemed, Bertha had rather tired of the sports roadster Charley had given her, besides which she had divined rather soon that women whose husbands are of any importance are seldom seen driving any sort of car in town; though that is unimportant. Hurriedly she went through with the try-on at the dressmaker's; and as hurriedly she glanced over the new cabriolet with its shiny varnish, its glittering metal work, its smart wicker-painted body. The price the salesman mentioned rather

made her gasp; but murmuring "I'll have Mr. Maddox drop in and see if it's what we care to have," Bertha left the showroom.

She had, during the afternoon, two rather imperative engagements. A set of women she had met recently, one of them a member of the bridge club to which Flora Beals had introduced her, had suggested that she let her name be used on a committee that was arranging to sell tickets for a play given in behalf of one of the women's pet charities. A theater, with the play running in it, was taken for an evening, the tickets being sold at an advance; and if one took, say, one hundred tickets and either gave them to friends or turned them back to be sold again, the one hundred tickets entitled the subscriber to have her name go on the committee list with those of the other important women on it.

Bertha wasn't interested particularly in the charity involved. It was a home for habitual narcotics, known as Dawn Harbor. She was not especially interested, either, in the women involved—they or their unflagging work of getting the charity and its good works into the newspapers, their names included. She could not well refuse the invitation, however, her sponsor, a Mrs. Howlands, saying, "Your husband is Mr. Maddox, the financier, isn't he?"

Bertha had colored faintly. The time had been so brief that she hadn't realized he had become well known. She had accepted, however, realizing intuitively that she must keep abreast with her husband in his activities.

So much for that. The other engagement was, however, less significant. On Saturday she had received a message from Mrs. Hodge asking her to come there. She was ill and in bed, a trained nurse in attendance; and though Bertha suspected Mrs. Hodge merely wished to have her there as someone else into whose ear she could pour her wrongs, she had said yes. At two o'clock she would be at Mrs. Hodge's, and at three she must be at the committee meeting. This meant, if she was to have luncheon, that she must make haste.

The restaurant was, fortunately, just around the corner, between Madison and Park Avenues. Though the place was filled and there was a knot of patrons waiting for a table, she was equally fortunate in having the head waiter see her the moment she entered. "Impossible! You will have to wait your turn, ladies," he was saying to a knot of women by the door; but as the man caught her eye he brightened, at the same time crooking his finger at Bertha deferentially. "This way, Mrs. Maddox, if you please. Your table is waiting."

She hadn't, of course, engaged any table. It was merely that he distinguished her from among the others as a patron of importance and, her air indolent and indifferent, though inwardly she tingled, she crossed the room in the head waiter's wake.

The table, a small one for two, was in the corner. A man was rising leisurely from it as she approached. She knew the man, too, and for an instant she halted, hesitant. It was Fargo, the man she had met with the Reades that night at the night club, and she saw that Fargo had seen and recognized her too. She was at first disposed not to recognize him. She was conscious as well that there was an air of hesitancy, not to call it embarrassment, about him. Then his face brightened as if at a decision. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Maddox," Fargo said pleasantly.

There was no occasion now for Bertha to feel gauche, at a disadvantage. She nodded coolly. "Mr. Fargo, isn't it?"

Fargo was smiling. He was a tall, heavily built man, not unhandsome in a heavy way—a type of the Kitchener sort. "Nice to see you, Mrs. Maddox," he said; and then, his air altogether casual, he added, "I ran into your husband yesterday."

The head waiter had drawn out a chair for Bertha. Her face still wore on it the look of indolent indifference women who seem to feel sure of themselves learn to wear, and Fargo's remark, if really casual, seemed only to affect her casually. "You were out on Long Island then?" she said as she seated herself.

"Yes—for the day," he answered

Bertha smiled. She was taking off her gloves. "Quite a few people there, weren't there?"

"At the Congdons'?" He glanced at her a moment, a gleam that may have been ironic flitting through his eyes. Bertha, of course, never had heard of the Congdons, though she didn't show it. She merely nodded, and Fargo spoke again. "No, there were not many there. Just the Congdons, myself, your husband and Fanny Harcourt." As he said it, too, one fancied for a moment there was a faint pause when he came to the last name—Fanny Harcourt.

"Yes, I remember now," said Bertha. Command, control. Her eyes had not so much as even flickered. She laid down her gloves and leisurely settled the rings on her rosy, tapered fingers. "Won't you sit down?" she inquired, giving Fargo a dazzling, radiant smile.

Fargo did not so much as demur for form's sake. He did not even utter a perfunctory "Thanks." Drawing out the chair opposite Bertha, he seated himself, a faintly quizzical smile in his eyes. "May I smoke, Mrs. Maddox?" he asked, fishing a gold cigarette case from his pocket.

"Yes, indeed," Bertha agreed brightly; "and give me one, too, won't you?"

She glanced at the menu, then laid it down and looked up at the waiter. "*Consommé en tasse* Germaine, *froid*. *Alors une salade variée*. *C'est tout*, Germaine."

A faint suspicion of a grin appeared in Fargo's face. "You haven't lost your appetite?" he inquired.

Bertha laughed. "Banting," she said briefly.

Fargo blew out a cloud of smoke. "You don't look as if you needed that," he remarked.

Perhaps not. One grew old, nevertheless. One must stave it off as long as possible.

(Continued on Page 122)

And While She Stood Wondering and Outraged, She Heard Him Ring Up Her Bank and Ask if the Check and its Amount Was Valid

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18, 1927

Trees and Floods

OPINION is sharply divided as to the most practicable methods of flood control in the Mississippi Valley. Many grandiose projects have been devised to keep the waters of this great river basin within safe bounds. More than one of these plans is defective in that it concentrates on certain danger spots and fails to take proper account of districts bordering other reaches of the river.

It seems reasonable to believe that no very useful results will arise from current studies of flood control which do not comprehend the entire area of the river system. Solids may be dealt with locally; but not so with fluids. Every one of the hundreds of rivers, brooks, creeks, runs and rivulets whose waters find their way into the Mississippi has its own definite importance, measured precisely by the number of cubic feet of water which it discharges into the main stream. This condition of affairs has striking disadvantages as well as advantages. It means, for example, that preventive activities must be exercised over a formidable area; but it also means that there is an opportunity to cope with the waters in small units, to render them harmless by preventing their reënforcement of the rising river.

Much has been written about the deforestation of the Mississippi River basin as a contributing factor in disastrous floods. In some quarters there has been a disposition to pooh-pooh the idea and make light of it. It has been pointed out that the great flood which ran its devastating course back in the early 40's took place before much timber had been cut. This is not to be denied; but by the same token it is probable that the damage would have been worse had the same areas been as treeless as they are today.

In flood control every ton of water counts. Only a little more than a cubic yard is required to make two thousand pounds of incompressible fluid. Soft and yielding as it appears, it is a potential sledge hammer capable of mighty battering force. Every million of such water hammers which can be locally absorbed or evaporated lessens in proportionable degree the danger to all protective work. Trees, shrubbery, turf and vegetation of all sorts are Nature's own means for preventing the overfeeding of streams which lie at lower levels. No plan for flood control over a widespread area which leaves them out of account can be regarded as complete. Reforestation in itself is not a cure, but it might be a help; and in any event it is one of the pressing problems of the day.

There are certain natural balances which cannot be upset with impunity. Nature is long-suffering but inexorable, and in the end she always wins. Wise men play the game of civilization her way and make her their willing servant. They who thwart her become her slaves, subject to her moods and caprices.

Reforestation of the Mississippi basin is well worth while for its own sake, even though it should result in preventing no drop of water from flowing downstream to the danger line. The effects of the appalling waste of our native timber is each year felt more and more sharply in growing scarcity and in rising prices. If we are to maintain a native timber supply, there is only one way to do it, and that is by intelligent reforestation on a large scale and for the long pull. Perhaps the only beneficent effect traceable to the recent floods is the nation-wide publicity they have given to the need for extensive reforestation in most of the thirty states drained by the Mississippi River. It is to be hoped that each of them will give the matter thoughtful consideration and take such action as will best serve both ends—the better retention of local rainfall and the upbuilding of a more adequate timber supply.

Honors Even

THE legislature of the State of Michigan has to its credit an achievement which should command the respectful attention of every other commonwealth which is wrestling with problems involving crime and the administration of the criminal law.

Last February the state crime commission, appointed in 1926, after a year of study and investigation laid before the legislature an extraordinary report. Instead of following the example of New York and proposing sundry amendments for the modernization of the old criminal procedure, it was the sense of the commission that its best course was to wipe the slate clean and submit an entirely new code so drawn as to meet the needs of a new era.

Such a code was prepared and finally adopted. It is based upon current experience, careful study and the suggestions of a score of the soundest jurists in the country. Some of the new departures which it embodies, though striking, are not so drastic or extreme as to do violence to the feelings of right-thinking persons. Most of these provisions make for simplicity and for the elimination of technicalities. Others enlarge the powers of trial judges and enable juries to have judicial assistance in arriving at correct verdicts.

Some members of the Michigan bar thought the innovations went a little too far. The criminal element was unanimously opposed to many provisions of the new code. Certain criminal lawyers were hostile to it for obvious reasons. Nevertheless, both houses of the legislature had the good sense to take the report of their experts at its face value and to pass the code without any hamstringing amendments. Governor Fred W. Green, who loyally supported the commission, shares with his house and senate the credit for this highly important piece of constructive legislation.

In California, after a lively tussle, the legislature was prevailed upon to enact, without much mutilation, the admirable body of new laws sponsored by the Tuller commission. California and Michigan thus divide honors for being among the first to adopt virtually complete modern criminal codes at a single stroke.

According to one of the framers of the Michigan code, its main purpose is to place the entire responsibility for a criminal case in the hands of the trial judge and to give him powers sufficiently broad to discharge correctly his obligations both to the commonwealth and to the accused. This is an end well worth attaining, for if a trial judge has not the power or will not accept the responsibility for the conduct of a criminal case, there can be little hope for improved conditions in our courts.

The principal changes in procedure are concerned with the elimination of technicalities, the speeding up of the wheels of justice and recognition of the right of the court to comment on both the character of the witness and the testimony offered. The law governing probation is materially tightened; pleadings may be amended at any stage of the procedure; and insanity and alibi defenses are subjected to rigid limitations. Prosecutors are relieved of the obligation to employ antiquated and cumbersome forms of indictment and are required to use only such language as will fairly apprise the defendant of the crime charged.

Much thought and care have been devoted to the scale of penalties to be imposed for second and subsequent offenses. They are too intricate to recite in detail, but they appear to be admirably calculated to discourage habitual criminality, and they go so far as to provide life sentences for fourth offenders. The law of arrest has been considerably strengthened and the bail statutes have been made clear and explicit. Unfortunately, in Michigan a constitutional provision requires the granting of bail except in cases of treason and murder. For this reason it was impossible to adopt a clause denying bail to habitual offenders.

By the enactment of these codes Michigan and California have put themselves in the forefront of commonwealths which are making a sincere and intelligent effort to modernize and rationalize their criminal procedure.

Corkscrew Thinking

MISREPRESENTATION and misconception continue to be outstanding characteristics of the stubborn campaign for the cancellation of the war debts. Facts are twisted, prime considerations are ignored or brushed aside, and statements so misleading that they should not deceive a child are frequently employed to put the United States in the wrong and foster the belief that we have taken cruel advantage of our debtors.

A typical example of this variety of corkscrew thinking is found in the assertion of some critics, whose advantages have been such that they should know better, to the effect that no nation has a right to hold another nation in bondage for two generations. They refer, of course, to the sixty-two-year period over which the payment of some of these obligations is to be spread.

Seizing upon an example of the extraordinary liberality with which our debt commission conducted its negotiations, they seek to convey the idea that the debtor nation would be more kindly treated if the terms of payment were such that the entire obligation would be wiped out in fifteen or twenty or thirty years. In other words, the longer we are willing to wait for our money, the more rapacious and exacting we are. Nothing could be more absurd than this Alice-in-Wonderland mode of reasoning.

Long-term obligations and the advantages they afford to debtors are essentials of the modern financial system. Men and women of small means often spend a third of a lifetime paying for a house or a farm. States, counties and municipalities are glad to sell issues of bonds running for even longer periods, and railroads, in periods of low money rates, count it as a good stroke of business if they can float obligations which will not mature for fifty or seventy-five years. Certain British government obligations, not to mention certain corporate securities, have no stated maturity. Theoretically the borrowers may remain in "bondage" until the end of time and may go on paying interest century in and century out; and yet no wail is heard from the debtors. The British Government has so long been accustomed to this mode of borrowing that it occasions it no more concern than the climate or the Gulf Stream.

Viewing the matter from another angle, let us suppose that the debtor nations are entering upon a period of such great prosperity that they will be able to pay off their war obligations twenty years hence. Does anyone suppose that Congress or the Treasury Department would turn a deaf ear to proposals to make final payments in one-third of the stipulated time? Can anyone believe that we should not be glad to hand back our debtors' I O U's the very instant they are ready to complete settlement?

Every sane man knows that the sooner we are paid in full, the better pleased we shall be; for the "bondage" of the creditor and guarantor is just as real as that of the debtor.

Railroading—Then and Now

An Interview With F. D. Underwood

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

HE IS the last of the old guard; one of the few survivors of that gay era when railroaders came up hard-fisted from "the top of the rail," not soft-handed by way of flat-topped desks. He says so himself. "Fred Underwood of the Erie," as his friends and closest associates have been calling him for a quarter of a century, is a living link with the past; with the generation that built great railroads. He himself once built a sizable road—the Soo—1300 miles long from forty-two, "and I started out with a yellow table and a bunch of rubber bands and put it through to a finish" he will tell you. Yet that was but a detail of his life—one of its many milestones.

"The best fellow in the railroad business—Underwood is not the greatest operating man, not the greatest traffic getter, not the greatest financier, but he is the best fellow in the whole business." That is what the Street has been saying of him these twenty years and more. Underwood does not like that remark so well. Once when I thrust it at him, he turned quickly and said:

"Perhaps I am a poor railroad financier."

Then he told me of a day, not so many years ago, when heavy financial clouds were over the face of the land and the Erie, never rich, was almost at the end of its precarious resources. Underwood had gone to Morgan, had asked him for $5,000,000 and had been refused. Seemingly New York had no money for him. But the morning papers had brought news that Judge Gary, who had been on a trip to Japan, was on his way East once again.

Underwood took the train to Chicago and there he met the steel man. He got the $5,000,000 and Erie did not go into the hands of a receiver. The photograph of that check still hangs upon his office wall.

Perhaps he is not the greatest of operating men, nor the shrewdest or the most persistent of traffic getters, but his work on the Erie alone would seem to indicate something to the contrary. That sturdy freighter is a monument to his persistence and his ability. He found it, in 1901, almost literally, a streak of rust, the battered hulk of a worn-out railroad, for years a byword and a joke, and in the first twenty-five years of his administration he doubled its freight traffic; from 4,756,339,949 to 9,469,280,360 ton miles a year—99 per cent. Doubled the freight traffic, raised its annual revenues from $40,700,000 to $118,500,000, and at the same time cut down the freight-train mileage more than 11 per cent. Spent $174,000,000 in improvements—in some cases amounting to a total rebuilding of it—and found more than half of that great sum in the day-by-day earnings of the road. A man has to know Erie—yesterday and today—to appreciate just what that means.

But the Street still loves to talk of "Fred Underwood, the good fellow." So do the roundhouses up and down the 2500 miles of Erie lines.

No one loves "F. D. U." as do the men who have worked under him. Quick-tempered, whimsical, amusing, he is possessed of an amazing sense of fairness, to say nothing of great generosity. But fairness is about all that the railroader asks of his boss. Rewards have come quickly, ofttimes unexpectedly, to the men on the Erie. There is the story, for instance, of the car tinker who set the big boss' private car out on a siding and so made him lose an important engagement in

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Cop: "What's Going On Here?" "Nothing at All, Only the Comic Artist Who Made This Picture Got Tired of Drawing the Dentist's Chair, Busser, Cabinet, Nurse and the Interior of the Operating Room"

A Southern Silhouette

THREE black men plied three black hoes,
Far above flapped three black crows,
Three black horses munched their oats,
Down the field ran three black shotes.

—Arthur Guiterman.

All the Discomforts of Home

PRISONERS! Their prison was a strange one. There were no iron bars on the windows. They did not sit on cheap cots, with streams of light pouring in on them through small windows from the carefree world outside.

They did not grip the network of iron doors after the retreating footsteps of visitors. They were not confined in individual cells, but shared a room that was large and luxurious. There were easy-chairs, a piano, a phonograph and a radio. A table was liberally littered with current magazines. Untouched volumes nestled in a built-in bookcase next to the fire which permeated the room with a cozy glow. Flowers were in evidence.

Restlessly one of the strange company walked up and down the thick-carpeted room, stopping occasionally at the window to stare out stonily into the gleaming street. The others, who might have played cards with him or joined him in some similar pleasant pastime, evidently shared his mood, for they kept rather aloof, maintaining only a desultory conversation as they made a gesture of busying themselves with trivial concerns.

These people had committed no crime. The fact of the matter is they were spending an evening at home and having a very poor time of it. They were just an average family who had taken in every movie show in town and didn't know what to do with themselves tonight. *—Edmund J. Kiefer.*

Work and Play

GERTRUDE GRAY was a filing clerk;
She sat all day at a tray-filled table.
Shuffling cards was her only work,
Fast as her tired hands were able.

She longed for luxury, leisure, play,
A life of ease in a land of honey.

Director: "Have You Got Another Double? We'll Have to Shoot This Scene Over Again"

New York Boy: "Teacher, Hand Over a Good Report Card"

A message told her, one fine day,
An aunt had left her loads of money.

Gertrude sits in the club all day,
Playing bridge at a card-strewn table.
Shuffling cards is her only play,
Fast as her tired hands are able.

—Jerome B. Barry.

Grandma's Bathing Suit

THE sultry day. The sight of middle-aged contemporaries going to the beach in bathing costume, and getting away with it. The complacent consciousness of a more youthful face and figure than any of them. The wooing breeze. The repressed desire. The breaking down of inhibitions. The sudden resolve. The growing determination. The furtive journey to the attic. The exploration of the cedar chest. The retrieving of the daring prewar bathing suit. The retreat to the bedroom; the executive session. The mounting of a chair to get the southern exposure. The low moan of disenchantment. The grim resolve to recondition details and see the thing through. The fear that stockings look foolish. The conviction that legs look worse. The resumption of stockings. The grueling doubts about the skirt; the shortening. The horrid discovery of altered contours; the lengthening. The tight girdle. The unequivocal tautness. The missing sandals. The strange reluctance to ask daughter about them. The long, thoughtful pause. The final searching inspection

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Applicant for Position: "Yes, Sir, I Just Graduated From College." Executive: "Good! Ever Do Any Javelin Throwing? We Tried a Pole Vaulter and a Broad Jumper in Our Auditing Department, But They Didn't Make Good"

"Pop, What's a Love Nest?"
"I Haven't the Slightest Idea"

Why soup is the perfect one hot dish of the summer meal

IN THE summertime, naturally enough, your appetite ceases to enjoy many of the foods which are usually served hot at other times of the year. Cold meats, salads, iced foods and beverages now appear with regularity. So even more than ever it becomes important that your appetite and your digestion should have the benefit of a hot dish with the meal.

Indeed, a savory, hot, invigorating plate of soup is all the more appetizing and attractive at this time. It seems to taste better by very contrast with the rest of the menu. And those cold, inviting dishes you like so much in warm weather, take on added zest after a bracing soup has aroused and refreshed your appetite. For good soup stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and their freer activity promotes digestion

And Campbell's make the serving of soup so easy and convenient! It's a mere incidental in the preparation of the meal! You have only to add the water and let the soup simmer a few minutes before serving—a feature doubly welcome in warm weather.

At home, at the seashore or the mountains—wherever you spend these months—see that your pantry is liberally supplied with Campbell's Soups. And one of your chief standbys will be Campbell's Vegetable Soup, for it is so tempting and hearty and nourishing that it completely satisfies the summer appetite.

With its thirty-two different ingredients, it is substantial enough for many a luncheon or supper, with little else. As the one hot dish of the larger meal, its rich meat broth invigorates digestion and its generous food supplies real nutriment.

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XLI

IN MAY the various cattle outfits begin their cow-and-calf round-ups. Here and there over the leased lands of the reservation were small branding corrals; the herds were gathered near them and held, cows with calves were cut out and driven to the wide log jaws which led into them, the line of riders closed up solidly behind them, and to pitiful outcries and wailings the burning and ear cropping went on. The calf was roped from its mother's side, thrown, branded and released; the acrid odor of burning hair and flesh filled the air, and then the bewildered animals were turned loose, to retreat once more to coulee or protected valley, there to ponder on the inscrutable ways of mankind.

The spring had been late and the winter loss heavy. Potter's men, gathering together in the cook tent after dark for poker or conversation, were disgruntled. They had worked hard, but the calf crop was low. And their tallies showed other losses, not to be accounted for by the drought and the hard winter. Rumors of rustlers went around. The Bristols, to the north of them, claimed to have lost three thousand head out of their herd of forty thousand during the past year; but the old days of quick justice were over. The rustler moved his cattle by night and hid them during the daylight. When he got them far enough off he sweated on a new brand or reworked the old one, and if he was caught, there were always shyster lawyers to get him off.

"Not enough necktie parties," they said among themselves. "Nowadays, unless a fellow follows a hide to Chicago or Omaha, he's got a poor chance to prove anything."

Sitting on their heels, smoking their eternal cigarettes, they threshed out the matter. And Gus would listen and grin to himself, a mysterious smile that nobody noticed. Gus was helping the cook. He had not been quite the same since he lost his foot; he talked to himself at times, and the men found it dangerous to tease him.

"You and your rustlers!" he would say. "Couldn't winter your herd, so you blame it on somebody else!"

He was reported to have a knife and a revolver hidden in his bed roll.

Only for Tom did he show any affection. He would fill Tom's plate for him, his long body hanging between his crutches, his one trouser leg flapping loose at the bottom; fill it as full as he could.

"Come and get it, Tom, or I'll throw it away."

He had an inordinate pride when Tom's tallies showed that he had a good calf crop.

"He's a cowman, he is," he said. "While the rest of you buckaroos were sitting on your hind ends he was working."

"Oh, go and hire a hall!"

"It's the truth."

"Yes, and the devil's a Sunday-school teacher!"

Tom never heard any of these discussions.

He was gaunt and untidy those days; his clothing showed the wear and tear of the winter, his hair was long and unkempt. And he was taciturn in the extreme. He worked hard; his rope was always in his hand. He was the first out in the morning and the last in at night. He was a sort of trouble shooter for the outfit, in spite of his lameness. His leg was bothering him again. But he was not popular with the men. His brooding silences, and perhaps the fact that his cattle had wintered better than the rest, set him apart from them.

Sometimes when he limped into the cook tent conversation would suddenly cease, and he knew they had been talking about him and his affairs. He would glance around at them with a mocking smile, get his plate and sit down, and after a while they would find a safe topic and start again.

"Look at Me," He Said. "Do I Look Like Anything You Want to Waste Your Time On? I Do Not, and You Know It"

But he had had a good calf crop in spite of everything. Sixty-five calves now bore his brand, and were fattening and growing on the young spring grass. He had made good. If all went well he could pay Tulloss his interest that fall, maybe even reduce his loan somewhat. He played no poker during those days of the round-up. He had no money to lose, and no inclination anyhow.

He was still on round-up when Kay's telegram came:

Mother passed away quietly yesterday.
KAY.

He stood—it had been brought out with the mail for the outfit—and stared at it. It was like a voice from beyond the grave; she had been dead to him for a long time, and now, for a moment, she lived again. She was real. Even she remembered him.

That night, lying out in his bed with his face to the stars, he was sorely tempted. After all, she was still his wife, and she had said she would come if he sent for her. Suppose he demanded that she come back? That would force them into the open, at least. Then, if they tried to keep her, or she wanted to stay ——

But of course she wanted to stay. She had planned ahead to leave him, had written home and got money. It was not Clare who had parted them; she was through before that—weeks, maybe, before that.

At the end of the round-up he sent his reply, went back home and cleaned up the ranch house as best he could, and then went to Ursula. He looked rather better, although the story of the winter was written on his face for all to see, and his leg was very bad. He had had to split the front of his old boot. But Tulloss had not seen him for months, and he was startled.

"Looking kind of moth-eaten, Tom."

"I'm all right. At least I've pulled through, and that's saying something."

"So it is, Tom. I guess you know your business."

"It's a damned poor business, but it's all I know. Maybe the wheat fellows are right. After a winter like this last one ——"

"They've got their troubles too."

They worked over their accounts together, Tom with secret pride, the banker satisfied and rather thoughtful

It was not until they had finished that Mr. Tulloss leaned back in his chair—perhaps to feel the bullet reputed to be in his shoulder—and stretched out his legs.

"Tom," he said, "I want to know something. If you answer that squarely But first of all, where's Little Dog?"

"I haven't seen him. Maybe it's just as well. When things were bad last winter, if I'd happened on him I figured to put a bullet in him, agreement or no agreement."

"Why, if he hasn't given you any trouble?"

"He cut my dam last fall. All the water I had."

"When was that?"

"Before I sent my wife into town here."

"I see. Tom, don't you think that you owe me a little information on that matter?"

"I figure that's between me and her," he said stubbornly.

"Well, look at it this way: I loaned that money for two reasons; first because I thought you would make good, and second because I was fond of your wife. In my mind, it was a partnership arrangement. If you have dissolved that partnership I have a right to know."

"I'm ready to liquidate, if you are."

"Oh, don't be such a damned fool, Tom. She has left you, has she?"

Tom nodded sullenly. He could not speak.

"Why?"

"She'd been planning to go for some time. Then something happened, and she took the first train East."

"The something was the Hamel girl, I suppose?"

There was little that Jennie Tulloss did not know.

Tom nodded and got up. "There was nothing to it," he said somberly, "but she thought there was." He picked up his battered Stetson and rose. "I didn't come here to discuss my troubles," he said. "I'm not asking her back and she knows it. She wrote once, saying she would come if I did, but I hadn't done anything I was ashamed of. She was tired of me, that's all." He stood, fingering his hat. "I was just something for her to play around with for a while—that's all."

"You're sure of that, are you?"

"She'd been planning to go anyhow. She'd written for money before that happened. With what she left here and what she took with her, she must have had a thousand dollars or so."

"Is that so!" said Mr. Tulloss, suddenly cheerful. "Is that so, indeed! Well, my young buckaroo, you may be a good cowman, but you're a fool about women. That little girl of yours brought that check West with her when she came. Bessie Osborne gave it to her for emergencies. She brought it in here herself and offered it to me as security for your loan. And her grandmother's pearls too, by heck!"

Tom sat down. The self-righteousness which had upheld him all winter was suddenly knocked from under him, and his hands were trembling.

"You're sure of that, are you, Mr. Tulloss?"

"I'm telling you!"

There was a silence, broken by Mr. Tulloss. "You're in good shape now, Tom. We won't have another year like this last one for a long time. Why don't you go East and see her? Bring her back, Tom. She's lost her mother, and if I know Henry Dowling —— You've been an obstinate young fool long enough. Put your pride in your pocket, man, and go and get her."

"How do I know she wants to see me?"

(Continued on Page 36)

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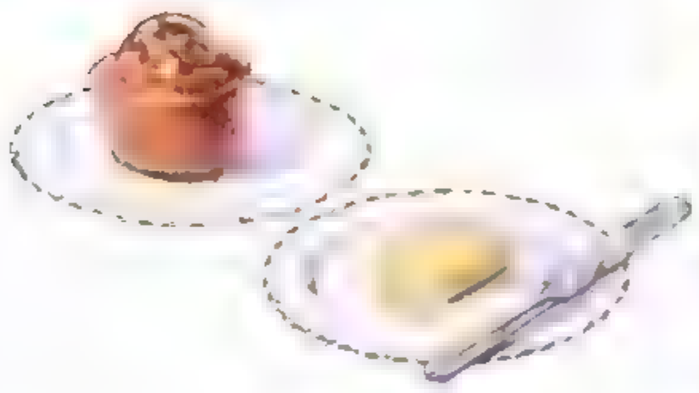
This butter goes with the Swift guarantee of quality to homes everywhere



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Cheese

Look for the name plainly printed on the Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Egg cartons.

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Well, there's such a thing as finding out," said the banker.

Tom sat very still. His leg was stretched out in front of him; it ached like a toothache, and it was badly swollen. It was a most disreputable leg indeed. He tried to smile.

"With that?" he said

"If it was my wife," Mr. Tulloss said rather tartly, "I'd go if I had to sit down and slide on the seat of my pants."

It is hardly likely, however, that he was thinking of Jennie.

"Go and see Dunham," he added, more practically. "He'll fix you up. And if it's a question of money ——"

"I can manage that." Tom got up. "I—you've been mighty good to me, Mr. Tulloss." He stood fingering his hat, after his old habit. "I'm not much good at talking, but ——"

He stopped. He had a horrible lump in his throat. He blinked wildly, turned and limped out.

He had recovered himself when he got to the street. It was a day of brilliant sunshine, like the one when he and Kay had come back to Ursula; the same heat, the same procession of cars from the back country, the same friendly greetings.

"Tom, you old son of a gun, what you doin' in town?"

"I figured on getting a haircut."

"Well, it's sure time!"

He moved up the street. His foot was very bad, his grin a trifle fixed, but he was supremely happy. The Indians had taken advantage of the good roads to come to town for their buying; in brilliant shawls and high moccasins, the squaws stared into the shop windows, sometimes with a bead-eyed baby looking over their shoulders. Tom thought he saw Weasel Tail's widow among them, but he was not sure. But what did it matter? Weasel Tail and Little Dog had faded to the background of his mind; the long hard winter was as though it had never been. Summer was here again; the trees were in full leaf, the little gardens in bloom, the creeks running bank full, the wide plains green and lush with grass. And Kay ——

He passed the Emporium without a glance or a thought, but in front of the new haberdashery on a corner he stopped. There was a complete outfit in the window, a suit of a violent blue, a straw hat, a pair of yellow shoes. He would see Dunham, and on the way back he would stop in and buy it. Time enough later to figure how to pay for it. Kay mustn't be ashamed of him. He limped on up the street.

Lily May was on the doctor's doorstep and the old doctor was inside. It took both of them, with Lily May looking on, to get his boot off, and when the old doctor had examined the leg, he straightened and glared at him.

"What the hell have you been doing to it? Are you trying to lose your leg, like Gus?"

"I knocked it some, a while back. Horse threw me against a post."

The doctor looked at his watch. "It's eleven o'clock," he said. "I'll operate at the hospital at 1:30. You'll get no lunch today, my handsome lad."

Nor did he.

He made no protest; accepted the operation and the delay in his hopes with that new stoicism of his, fixed Kay firmly in his mind as he went under the ether, made frantic efforts to reach her as she began to slip away —

"Tom, you young idiot! Hold him, somebody!"

—— and came out to find himself kissing the hand of a strange elderly nurse, to be saved from any embarrassment by being instantly deathly sick.

Recovery was harder for him. He was not ruined; save for a small amount of unthrifty stock, his cattle were on the range growing fat, filling out their lean flanks, their hollow backs. But the days were endless, the nights interminable. Life had become one long waiting for some fulfillment of which he hardly dared to think. He slept as much as he could to pass the time away, and he had needed sleep.

Sometimes the nurses brought him books and he tried to read them. Kay liked books, and books could learn—teach—a fellow a lot if he kept at them. But his eyes would close, the volume would drop on his chest. Occasionally, as he had in Jake's cabin, he dreamed that Kay herself was in the room or beside him in the bed. Once, indeed, he flung out his arm after his old fashion, and it touched something; but it was Clare, sitting beside him with a bunch of garden flowers in her hand.

He stared at her, still half asleep, and she bent over and kissed him.

"There!" she said. "I guess that didn't hurt you any!"

"Oh, for God's sake, quit it, Clare!"

She only laughed and laid her flowers on the bed.

"What's the use of acting like a spoiled child, Tom? You did me as much harm as I did you."

"I never did you any harm. You lied, that's all."

She only smiled. But she did not stay very long, and when she had gone he asked the nurse not to admit her again.

He had one or two visitors—Mr. Tulloss, Bill, Mrs. Mallory. Once even Gus came on his crutches and stood grinning his strange smile in the doorway. Gus was sure touched in the head.

"Reckon them Indians put a curse on you, Tom," he said, and disappeared, chuckling, as mysteriously as he had come.

Even Nellie Mallory came. She was growing up now, was self-conscious and delicately made up. But although she simpered and posed somewhat for Tom's benefit, the old infatuation was apparently gone. She was "going with" the new clerk at the drug store.

"What's he like, Nellie? Nice fellow?"

"He's the best dancer in town."

"That's the h—— That's a mighty poor recommendation for a husband, my child," he said paternally. "You better look him over before you close the deal."

But Nellie only smiled.

Mr. Tulloss' visit was only a trifle less mysterious than Gus'. He was, he said, going East. Jennie wanted some theaters and clothes, and he—well, he had a little business of his own to attend to.

"You hurry up and get well, Tom," he said. "Maybe I'll see you there. You never can tell." Then he went away.

(Continued on Page 59)

"He's Plumb Crazy," Said the Sheriff. "Not Talkin' Any, I'Understand. Just Ridin' and Lookin' Round"

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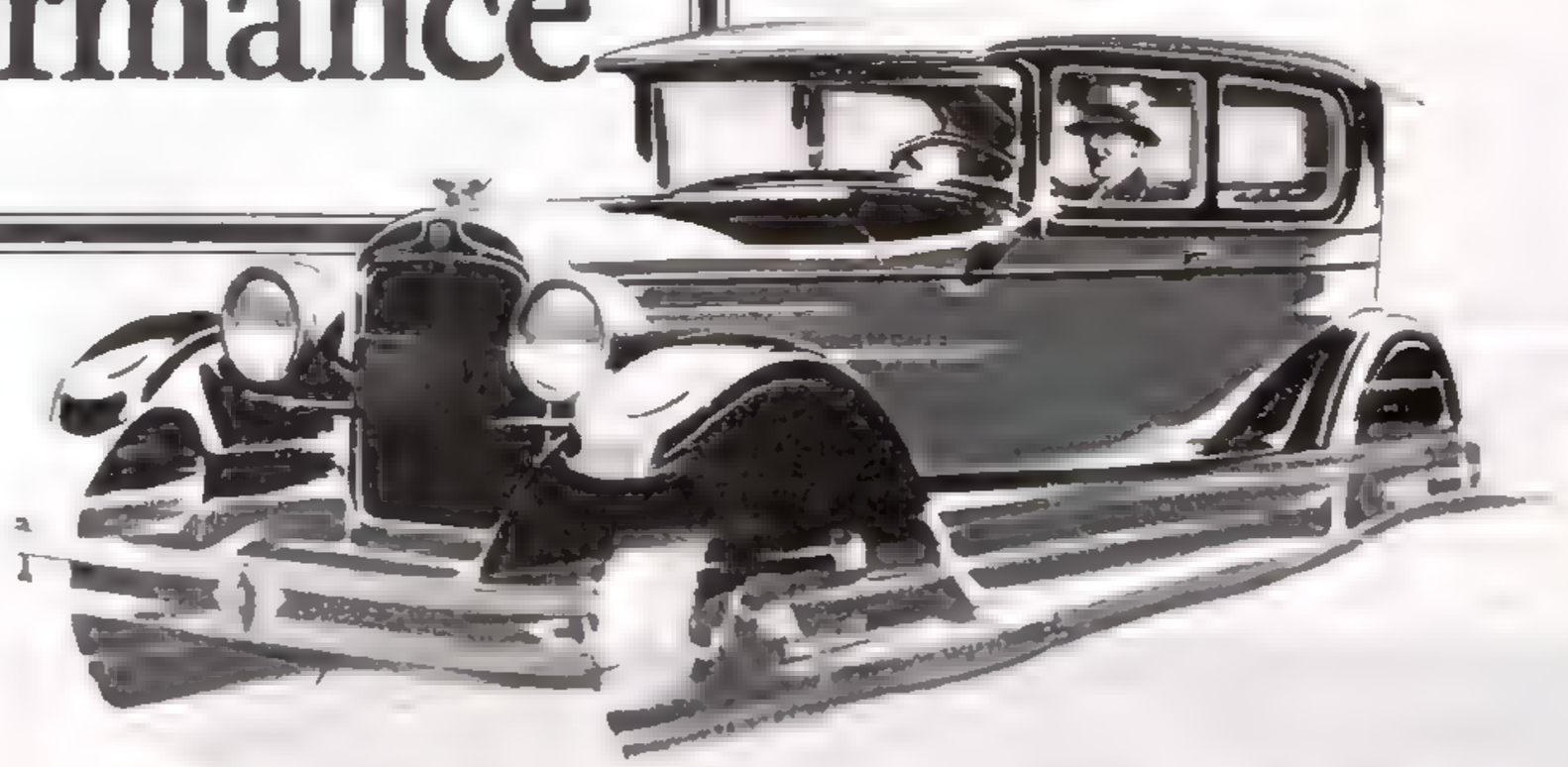

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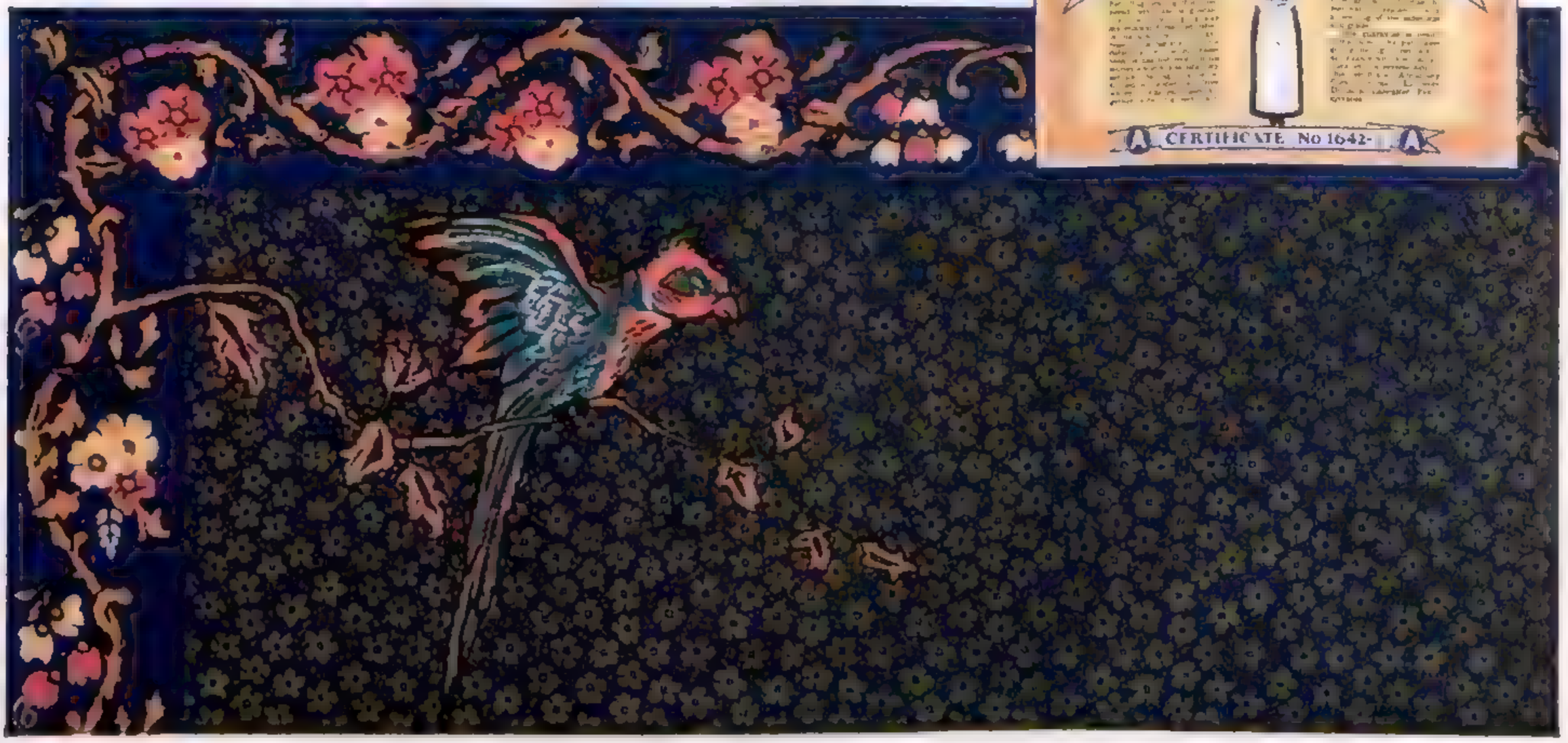

CLEANING UP

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

By JOHN GOLDEN
In Collaboration With Viola Brothers Shore

IT IS a distinct step upward from writing songs to getting the order to write the whole score of a musical comedy, but the second step has its roots in the first. Nearly every composer of today who has commissions to do musical shows, has them because at some time in his earlier career he turned out a song hit, on the strength of which some manager gave him a chance. That was what happened to me. It came to the attention of a certain progressive young manager that I had written a hit or two. And thus it was that Charles Bancroft Dillingham came into my life. As the young partner of the famous manager, Charles Frohman, he engaged me to put in a number or two to help bolster up a play, called The Hoyden, Frohman had bought for Elsie Janis.

I don't believe I ever met a more lovable man than Charles Dillingham, and certainly none with a quainter sense of humor. I remember that at the Empire Theater there was for years a certain colored man, a pet of Mr. Frohman's, and every time Dillingham and I came out that darky would ask for a pass. He was so persistent that one day Dillingham took out a pad and wrote: "Pass—two good seats in Central Park. C. B. D."

Charles Frohman, who built the Empire Theater, was a quiet, introspective, nongregarious person who preferred not to exchange needless conversation with the people around him.

Once on his arrival at the Cecil Hotel in London he sent for a waiter. "I am going to stay here for two weeks," said Frohman. "I will be dressed and ready for my breakfast every morning at eight o'clock. I want somebody to bring into my room two soft-boiled eggs, a small strip of bacon, a pot of coffee and some toast. You don't even have to say good morning. As to comments on the weather, I can see whether it is raining or snowing. What I want is my breakfast. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter; and every morning for two weeks he entered that room at eight o'clock, and to Frohman's delight and surprise there was no sound from him. Frohman sailed away with the picture each one of us carries somewhere in his heart—of the perfect waiter—filled with the fat, smiling face of Max Boppler.

Frohman and Dillingham had a place at White Plains where I spent some of the most enjoyable week-ends of my life. I must admit I don't know to this day why Frohman had every window in his room iron-barred like a prison. Perhaps he was afraid a waiter might come in and tell him it looked like rain. He referred many times to the incomparable Boppler, whom no other servant could hope to rival.

Finally came Frohman's birthday, and at eight o'clock there was a tap on the door and in came a tray with two boiled eggs, a strip of bacon, a pot of coffee and some thin toast, topped by the fat, smiling face of Max Boppler. Frohman was completely mystified, until through the door came Dillingham's voice: "Many happy returns. How do you like your birthday present?" Which shows the lengths to which Dillingham would go to carry out an idea which appealed to his sense of humor. He had sent all the way to London for Max Boppler to give his friend and partner a real surprise and a laugh.

Buying Plays by the Bushel

BUT to return to The Hoyden. Elsie Janis was just emerging from the child-phenomenon stage into a young lady mimic of great ability, and Frohman had decided she was ready to be starred. And I want to say here that Elsie Janis' future success was assured. Not only had she a fine talent but she was one of the most indefatigable workers I ever encountered.

During rehearsals, in addition to untiring work in her own part, whenever anybody else was rehearsing you would find her in some dark corner of the wings, going over the other fellow's steps and the other fellow's song, or mimicking his walk and patter.

I don't suppose any manager ever lived who bought more plays or bought them more quickly than Charles Frohman. He simply went abroad and bought up anything; and though his productions included many of what were doubtless the best plays ever offered by an American manager, it sometimes seemed as though the only measure he used in acquiring them was a bushel measure. He bought them at wholesale, and later, if there was no story there, he would hire someone to rewrite them. The authors of The Hoyden had met him in London and told him they had a play called The Hoyden. "Hoyden?" said Frohman. "Tomboy? Romping? Perfect for Elsie Janis!" So, with no knowledge of the play beyond its name, the great Charles Frohman had bought it.

PHOTO BY ARNOLD GENTHE, N. Y. C.
Mrs. E. Clarence Jones, Formerly Mrs. Henry Blossom

Julia Sanderson

Fred Latham, that famous and most competent stage director, was sent to London to see the authors and bring back the script. It was on the steamer returning home that he read the play for the first time and realized that there was very little play there.

It was then I was called in. Henry Blossom, one of the best musical-book writers that America has ever developed and one of the best pals a man ever had, was to work with me on the lyrics and book. Here and there, as he found spaces, I was to write a lyric and fit it in. As we went along, the original lyrics were supplanted one by one, until, before long, we had rewritten the entire show. There was nothing left of the English composers' music or lyrics and very little of the original book.

Once while we were working on the show I sat at the piano in a kidding mood.

"Now this," I said to Blossom, thumping away at all the hackneyed lines that came to my fingers, "is the sort of thing it would be easy to do, if we were the sort of people who would do this sort of thing."

And I began to improvise, or rather recall, the properly trite words to fit:

I'm growing fond of you ——

I thumped, and went on easily:

Of everything you do,
Your talk,
Your walk,
Your style,
Your smil-
Ing eyes of blue;
I'm growing fond of you,
And if you'll just be true,
I'll be ever ready,
Straight and steady,
True to you.

When I had finished I turned to Blossom expecting a laugh. I got it.

"That's great," he said. "We'll put it in the show."

I looked at him aghast. "You're not serious?" I said.

"Of course I'm serious," he replied. "I tell you, it's a knock-out."

"Don't be an idiot," I rejoined warmly.

Growing Fond of My Song

IN THE middle of the ensuing argument, Dillingham poked his head in the door. "Make Golden play you the swell tune he just finished," said Blossom. "Play it for Dillingham, John. Let him give you the answer."

Reluctantly, I allowed myself to be persuaded to sit down and thump out the tinniest noise that ever panned out of Tin Pan Alley.

Dillingham was enthralled. "For Miss Janis, of course," he said. "That will be the hit of the play."

I thought he was crazy. I was so ashamed of that number that I really tried to keep it out of the show. And when Miss Janis and Dillingham and Blossom all insisted on using it, I insisted that the publisher keep my name off the copies of the sheet music. I suppose that in addition to my shame there was the fear that all the composers from whom I had lifted a line apiece would rise up and collect damages.

On the opening night of The Hoyden, in Buffalo, I sat in the box with poor Dillingham, who knew nothing at all about music or songs or hits, while Miss Janis sang I'm Growing Fond of You. As she finished, the entire house applauded. She sang the chorus again. They demanded more encores. Finally they began to whistle the tune, and before I knew what had happened the house had taken on the aspect of a riot.

Dillingham planted a resounding whack on my back. "I guess I don't know a song hit when I hear it!" he gloated. Bewildered, I looked out over the house. For the first time in my life I heard a gallery stamping, whistling and calling for one of my songs. For the first time in my life I was enjoying the sensation of having knocked them cold with a hit. My pulses began to hammer. Infected with the riotous enthusiasm about me I, too, caught fire.

Suddenly, like an avalanche of snow, came the thought, "My name isn't even on it!" I don't believe I ever took any trip so fast as the one I made to the publishers, with orders to have my name put in big type all over the next issue of this spectacular original song hit which I had composed—the product of my brain and heart, with the great title I'm Growing Fond of You.

(Continued on Page 80)

Quality

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CHICAGO SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 5)

You will find that practically the same names appear on all of them."

The Assembly balls, of course, follow the traditions of the Philadelphia and Boston assemblies. The board of governors chooses the new members who are invited to join each year, and the governors are apt to approximate the ruling committees of the other clubs.

There is no place where clubs play a more important part in social life than they do in Chicago. In New York, membership in certain clubs is desirable for the socially ambitious because society is so huge and unwieldy that it is necessary to identify people by groups. In Chicago, however, this is not at all the case; there the clubs are an end in themselves, not a means to an end.

"No city has a country club so accessible to the city as this one is, for instance," said an old Chicagoan the other day, sitting on the veranda of the Saddle and Cycle Club, looking out at the gray waters of Lake Michigan. "We can motor out here from town in a few minutes and swim or sail in the summer, or play tennis or practice putting. It's a delightful place to lunch or dine or dance, and you are always sure of seeing some of your friends here. What place in New York could you find to compare with it? If you want to get away from town, there, it takes three times as long as it does to come out here."

In the Midst of Skyscrapers

There is always, in the loyal Chicagoan's praise of his city, a comparison with New York, just as the visitor from New York invariably says at his first glance that he doesn't like Chicago because it bears no likeness to the Knickerbocker city. In the matter of clubs the Chicagoan wins the contest.

Not long ago an Eastern banker was in Chicago on business and complained bitterly of the lack of smart restaurants and amusing places to dine.

"But don't you think the Casino is more attractive than any place you go in New York?" someone asked. "We'd much rather go there than to a hotel or a public restaurant. The food is excellent, the surroundings are charming and you don't run the risk of being jammed in next to people you don't know and don't care to know."

It was then disclosed that the visitor had never heard of this club, for although on his previous trips to Chicago he had encountered many men who were prominent in the business world, they had not been of the Seven Hundred which the old resident described as comprising society. After he had seen it, however, he admitted its fine points. The clubhouse itself is a one-storied building of faded pink stucco, located most conveniently for its North Side members in the center of towering hotels and apartment houses. In the spring, when the tennis courts are in use and the tea tables are set out on the terrace beneath gay awnings, it seems a veritable oasis. All during the year, except for a brief period in the hottest part of the summer, the club is used for luncheons, dinners, teas and dances, and it furnishes a delightful solution of the problem of entertaining in this transition period when so many Chicagoans have been forced to sell their town houses because of the encroachment of business upon residential neighborhoods and have moved temporarily into apartments or hotels while deciding where to live with any degree of permanence in a city of such rapid growth.

The Casino was founded about thirteen years ago and owes much of its success to the efforts of two women. One of them has genius for decoration, although she does not do it professionally, and due to her skill and taste the interior of the club is not only beautiful but is extremely comfortable. The table decorations have great distinction, and there is such a variety of them stowed in the steward's pantry that one who plans a dinner there has difficulty in choosing just which candelabra and flowers of crystal or jade will adorn his table.

To the other member, who has been president of the club ever since its beginning, are due the astonishingly excellent cuisine and the perfection of detail which give the place such smartness. For although she is a person of many interests, and not only prominent in society but an outstanding figure in charitable enterprises, she finds time to give personal attention to even the most minute details. Beyond that, however, she has created, because of her own personality, an atmosphere which is the exact opposite of the barren correctness one feels in so many perfectly appointed clubs.

A Clubby Town

The membership of the Casino is individual; husbands and wives and sons and daughters must join separately. And except in the case of parties of more than fifty guests, no resident who is not a member may be entertained there. In the early days of the club some of the husbands were skeptical about its desirability and refused to join.

"But that didn't last long," said one of the most vivacious of the charter members. "Someone gave a wonderful party there one night and I went, but my husband couldn't go because he hadn't joined. I came home and told him about it. The next day he rushed down and put in his application. Several of his friends were there doing the same thing. Now they've all capitulated and think it's a grand place."

When the Chicago branch of the Racquet Club was opened a few years ago the same woman who had decorated the Casino was asked to design the rooms for the Woman's Annex, to which wives of members belong. At first there was a certain amount of opposition on the part of the men to having women members, even though their entrance is entirely separate and there is no connection between the two parts, nor are either the men or women allowed to use the clubrooms of the other. But not long ago the women were scolded because they weren't availing themselves of the membership privileges with sufficient enthusiasm, and were warned that unless they used more often the delightful rooms set apart for their benefit, their membership would be revoked and the men would take over the entire clubhouse.

Shore Acres is perhaps the most fashionable of the country clubs where there is mixed membership; only men may belong to Old Elm, which is very small. Onwentsia draws its membership from Chicago inner society, particularly those innumerable families who live the year around in one of the beautiful suburbs on the North Shore. These suburbs are more accessible than those of New York, and forty minutes after the business man leaves his office in the Loop district he can be at his house in the country, if he goes by train. He will not have to enter either a Subway or a taxicab, and although there are no club cars of the kind the New York commuter enjoys, the ride itself is much shorter.

"In addition to the clubs to which society with a capital S belongs, there are more country clubs near Chicago than there are in the vicinity of any other city in the United States," one of the younger business men declared. "Most of them are golf clubs. But in the summer there are sailing and swimming, and lots of people declare that Chicago is the world's greatest summer resort and Southerners and people from the West throng here. Then we have all manner of clubs in town for both men and women. There are so many circles within circles in the way of acquaintanceship and interests in a place of this size that every little group goes out and forms itself into a club. Just look at that building, for instance!"

He indicated an imposing structure which has won the admiration of everyone because of the enterprising women who planned it and floated a bond issue in order to erect it. It houses the Illinois Women's Athletic Club, which contains a beautiful swimming pool on the roof and, many stories below, in the basement, a putting green in charge of a golf instructor. In between there are huge assembly rooms, with ceilings so high that even the Queen of Rumania was impressed by their dignity, a library, card rooms, a vast dining room, several small private dining rooms, exquisitely decorated, in which members may entertain, and a great number of bedrooms which are leased by the month or year. At the moment, the lower floors are rented for shops and offices, but the club retains its right to take over this space should it be needed.

"And they started it on a shoestring!" the young man went on. "I don't believe there's anything to equal it in America. It isn't a fashionable club—though a few of its members may be, and the young woman who did much of its decorating certainly is—but it shows, in its way, just as the Casino does in another, what Chicago women can do. I understand that the group in New York which desires to build up something on the same order has asked its able president to go East and advise them about its organization."

When She Went Into the Waiting Room to Greet Them, She Saw to Her Astonishment That the Three Women Were Sitting Entirely Apart From One Another

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

DOROTHY GULLIVER

One of Universal's Beautiful Junior Stars

Universal is unusually rich in short subjects for the coming season. By "short subjects" I mean one and two-reel comedies and dramas which add sparkle to a theatre's program. For instance:

"The Collegians"—comedies of college life starring GEORGE LEWIS and DOROTHY GULLIVER, one of the most beautiful of the junior stars. These were written by Carl Laemmle Jr., and have proved so popular that we are making a new series for the coming season.

"The Gumps"—adapted from Sid Smith's cartoons in the daily American newspapers. They are better than ever for the season to come.

"The Newlyweds and Their Baby," from the cartoons by George McManus. "Snookums," the wonderful little two-year-old, has become a veritable box-office attraction. If you haven't seen him, you ought to.

"Buster Brown" and his dog "Tige," from the cartoons by R. F. Outcault. Buster himself is mighty good, but the dog is a marvel. See the next presentation in your neighborhood and write me your opinion.

"Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit," a corking cartoon novelty by Winkler. These are animated cartoons and in my estimation will prove immensely popular.

And there is always International News Reel to provide real life thrills and drama from the day's news—twice each week, every week in the year.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Nothing could present a more complete contrast to this big, efficient club, with its several thousand members whose needs are attended to in almost a wholesale way, than the Fortnightly. Its active membership is limited to three hundred women; it is housed in a dignified Georgian residence; and having started in a day when culture was considered more necessary to a lady's enjoyment of leisure than Turkish baths or learning to dive backward, it still presents a program in which literature and music are regarded seriously, and travel and international politics may be discussed. In type of membership, this club corresponds with the Chilton in Boston and the Colony in New York, although it is much smaller than either of these.

The Friday Club, which meets on alternate Friday mornings for discussion and lectures, and whose members stay to luncheon—usually going on to a symphony concert in the afternoon—meets in the same clubhouse and draws its membership from approximately the same group.

There is the Arts Club, which is beautifully housed, and all manner of other organizations dotted about the city to meet the demands of modern women.

Side by side with the perfection of the club, the old-fashioned household is disappearing. Which is cause and which is effect will be answered according to the personal prejudice of the observer. There still remain a certain number of private houses, some of which are charmingly modern and others delightfully old-fashioned; there are also spacious apartments which are much more homelike than anything to be found in the city of Manhattan. But unfortunately the tendency is more and more toward smaller flats or suites in hotels. This does not for a moment diminish the hospitable instincts of Chicagoans—and in no place are these instincts stronger or more generously expressed—because they can always entertain well at one of their clubs.

"We do this partly because of the servant problem," someone explained. "Not just the ordinary one—though that was bad enough—but in our case it was complicated by the fact that we travel so much. For instance, in the old days, when I had a house, if I wanted to go to Europe for the summer there was always the question of what to do with the house and the servants during all that time. As it is now, my lease in the apartment hotel is up in May, so I can go abroad, and when I come back in the fall I can get either the same rooms or others like them."

Going Abroad to See Americans

Other people who live in the same way in the winter do so, just as the residents of Long Island may, because their real home is in the country. Almost all affluent Chicagoans have places near Lake Forest. Some of them have splendid estates and others live more simply, and the result is a community of unusual beauty. Most of the colony live there for at least six months of the year and come into town only in November, when engagements for dinners and dances and theaters begin to fill their book.

A great many Chicagoans go to distant summer resorts, however. Depending upon their individual tastes, they may choose Newport or Watch Hill or an Adirondack camp or the coast of California or Massachusetts. One can find them at Deauville or the Lido or Biarritz. In the winter they travel again—to Florida, Nassau, Aiken, White Sulphur, and occasionally to the Riviera.

"But this you can be sure of," said a man whose face was still brown from the sun of Palm Beach: "Wherever you find one Chicagoan, no matter whether it's out on the Gobi Desert, you're sure to find a whole nest of them. It's just as certain as it is to follow one bee and discover a swarm. You know, we like to think we're cosmopolitan because head waiters the world around call us by name, and our wives have charge accounts up and down the Rue de la Paix and our own measurements are kept by the best Bond Street tailors. But as a matter of fact, I wonder if we are really cosmopolitan. Or does this constant sticking together and doing everything in groups prove we're innately provincial?"

The answers to this query were diverse and heated. Everyone admitted, however, under his cross-examination, that when they went away, even when they went to Europe, it was always with the idea of seeing daily some of the friends whom they saw daily when at home.

"I admit it frankly," said one of the most popular men in Chicago. "I like going abroad well enough, but I don't go in order to study the customs and manners of the Basques. I go to have a good time with my friends—to play golf with them at St.-Jean-de-Luz and dance with their wives at Biarritz. Why not? I have a much better time with the Cook County boys than I'd have with a lot of Frenchmen."

No One to Play With

He went on to say that when he took a vacation he wanted a complete change of scene rather than of people. "Chicago is no place to play in," he maintained. "It's fine to work here, and I'd rather live here than in any other place in the world; but if you want a holiday you have to go away."

"The pursuits of leisure have not been developed very highly," one of his friends agreed; "in fact that's why we've recently lost one of our best young men—his family have helped make Chicago, as you know, and I think that he himself likes it. But he was brought up to enjoy the sort of thing Englishmen enjoy in the way of recreation—polo and hunting, and so on—and I believe it's chiefly for that reason that he's moved to New York. There was no one here for him to play with."

It seems to be true that few people in the Prairie City make a profession of idleness. One feels as if a chart of their daily lives would show incessant motion; not, however, the short jerky nervous motion of the New Yorker, but a swifter, surer and more satisfyingly coördinated movement. This is especially evident in the daily routine of the women. They are always busy, always going from a committee meeting to a political rally, to a smart luncheon, to a charity fête, to a tea in honor of a foreign celebrity, then out again to dinner and to play bridge or to dance. But the expressions of their faces are not hectic; they have time to choose lovely and becoming clothes; they are not always consulting their watches and rushing off before a party is over. They go to concerts and the opera, read the latest books, take keen interest in the excellent new school their sons are attending, and, in short, to use the Westerner's encomium, they are complete women.

Their activities start the year they come out; in fact the debutante is a very busy young person, and no amount of entertaining is going to save her from taking her place in the feminine contingent of workers. A very pretty girl who is generally conceded to be among the most popular of this year's crop came into her mother's drawing-room the other day at teatime to find several of her youthful admirers waiting for her.

"When are we going to see you?" they asked in chorus. "You're never visible."

"Oh, you don't go to the right places," she answered. "Come down and lunch at the restaurant we're running for the Lying-In Hospital and I'll wait on you."

The two coming-out parties of this Dresden-like debutante followed the course often taken by daughters of the socially prominent. The first one was a garden party held at her parents' country house in Lake Forest early in the autumn. To this affair six or seven hundred of her family's friends were invited; some of the same list were included in the ball which they gave later on at a hotel after they had moved into their charming town house for the winter. Approximately a thousand invitations were issued for this affair, which was one of the most brilliant of the season.

The formal season for the Chicago debutante is necessarily briefer than that of their contemporaries in Boston, New York or Washington. This is due to the fact that many of the eligible young men go East to schools and colleges and are only available during the holidays.

"But why don't you invite the undergraduates at Chicago University and Northwestern?" inquired a young Bostonian who was lunching with the mother of a next year's debutante. "At home we draw upon Harvard for our dancing men. Why don't you do the same?"

"For some reason a good many of the sons of our friends go to Yale or Princeton or Harvard—by far the greatest number to Yale. Therefore most of our entertaining for the debs and the subdebs must be done when our own boys are at home for their vacation."

In spite of the condensation which this factor produces, it does not produce the same degree of overlapping in which it would result in most cities, because the number of debutantes in Chicago is surprisingly small. This year, for instance, there were only forty-one on the list that is considered official. In New York, where the total population is not quite twice the size of that of Chicago, there are five times as many debutantes, just as there are five times as many families listed in the Social Register. There can be no question that Chicago has, in proportion to its size, the smallest society of any city. Washington, for instance, has the same number of debutantes, yet the number of all its inhabitants is only one-sixth of that of Chicago; in Boston, where society is very large, there are more than four times the number of debutantes that the Windy City authorizes, and the city itself is only one-fourth the size.

"This would mean that Boston society was proportionately sixteen times as large," declared an amateur statistician. "Don't tell me we're not exclusive in Chicago!"

Midwestern Indifference

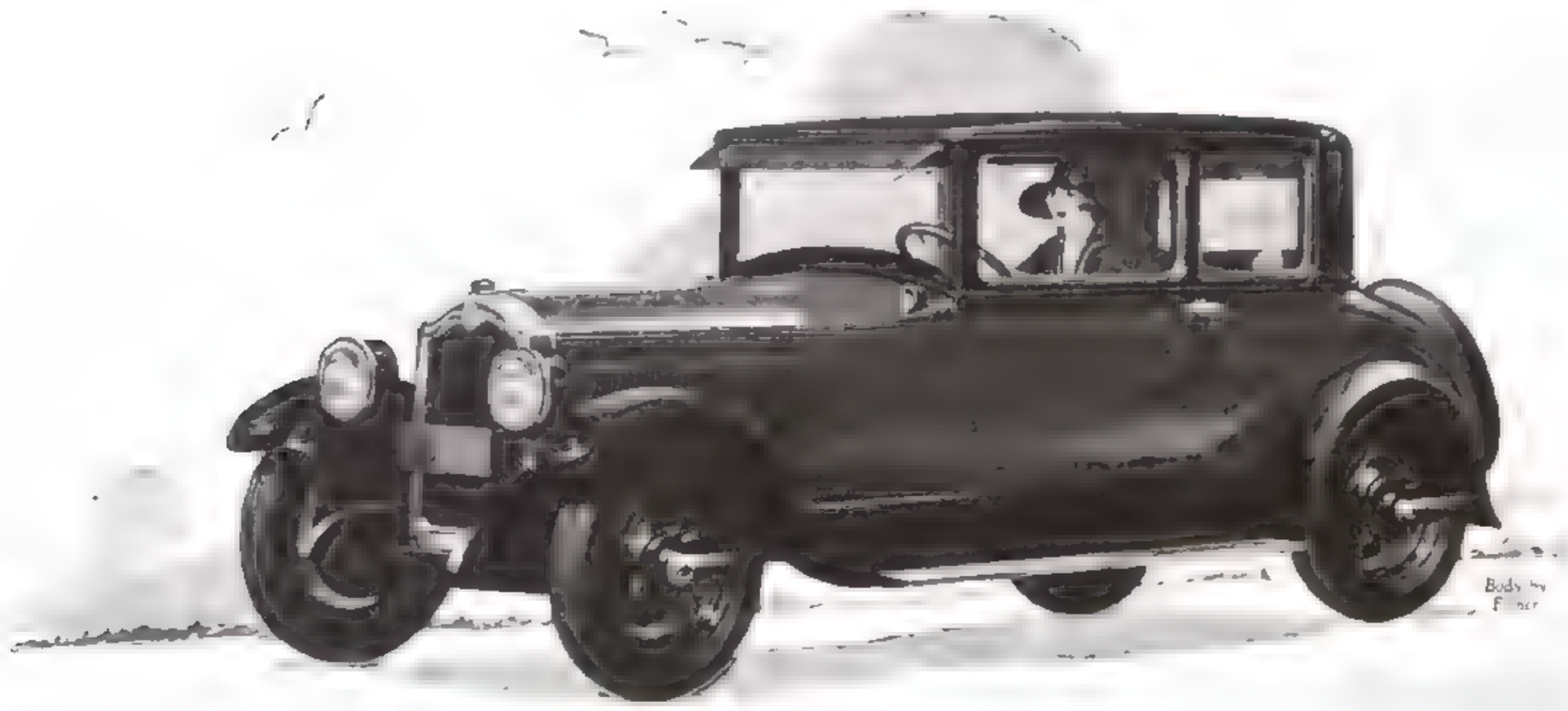
There is, however, another element which enters into this fact, which lies at the root of many of Chicago's social characteristics. This is the indifference with which great numbers of its population watch the gyrations of that iridescent balloon called society.

"In most places society is a state of being more obvious to those outside it than to those who are securely within its walls," said someone who knows well many cities of the world. "But in Chicago it is the reverse. To be sure, everyone who reads the Sunday newspapers knows that certain names stand for certain things in the fashionable world. But, by and large, I believe there is less striving here on the part of those outside to get into society than in any other place, large or small, that I have ever seen."

He went on to say that anyone who wants to understand Chicago must realize first of all that the city lies in the very center of the Middle West.

"Eastern people never forget that fact when they want to be unkind in their comparisons," he said. "But what they do fail to see is how much it has contributed to our strength. It has made us vigorous, imaginative, ready to build land when we want land instead of water, ready to plan the finest boulevards the world has ever known, to see coming into existence skyscrapers which make a sky line of great and vibrant beauty." He paused. "Well, I suppose I talk like a town booster; we all do that; we can't help it. Chicago epitomizes the American spirit in that sense—and in many others, as a matter of fact. But what I meant to say seriously was that it seems to me we are younger, nearer the pioneering spirit, and more forward-looking than any people in an Eastern community could possibly be. And this affects society, too, for you'd be surprised to learn how many of our finest citizens—men of money and ability and keen interest in the future of their

(Continued on Page 44)



Everything a motor car can offer

Beauty

Trim, graceful lines; charming proportions; rich Duco colorings; restful, tasteful interiors; upholsteries fine in appearance and in quality; the coachcraft of Fisher —Buick combines them all in a car of rare and unusual beauty.

Performance

Buick's six-cylinder Valve-in-Head Engine is *vibrationless beyond belief* at any speed. It has power to take you anywhere, speed that eats up miles, and flexibility that makes driving amazingly easy, even in the thickest traffic.

Comfort

Ample wheelbase and Cantilever Springs; specially constructed seat cushions, properly tilted at the most inviting angle; roomy, convenient seating arrangements —Buick builds comfort for driver and passengers into every car.

Economy

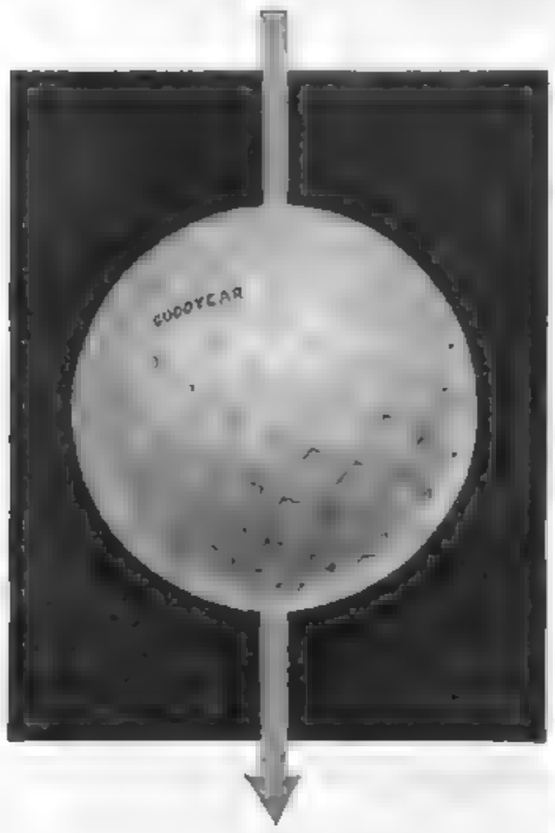
Low fuel costs with the efficient Buick engine; only four oil changes a year with the Vacuum Ventilator; increased tire mileage with Balanced Wheels—these are examples of Buick economy. But Buick's justly famous dependability and long life provide the greatest economy of all.

Value

Because Buick uses the earnings of leadership to further enrich Buick quality; because Buick constantly strives to improve and refine its product; because Buick gives everything a motor car can offer—in greater measure, at moderate cost—Buick is today the greatest value automobile dollars can buy.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

An extra-tough cover for an extra-good ball



Just to make a long ball, an accurate ball, a good-looking ball, didn't satisfy Goodyear.

So, out of many years' experience in compounding rubber, Goodyear developed an extra-tough cover for a new ball.

This *new* Goodyear Ball has the sweet "click" you like to hear. It flies far and true because the All-Weather Mesh is scientifically designed to give better and truer flight than any other mesh. It displays a *most remarkable resistance* to cutting and scuffing.

It costs only 75c. Ask your professional for it.

The new Goodyear—All-Weather or dimple marking—only 75c. The Goodyear Glide, 50c.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOODYEAR TIRES

GOODYEAR

© 1927, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 42)

city—hardly know there is such a thing as the Assembly, and wouldn't be bothered going to it if they received ten invitations."

This same indifference is shown in the launching of a daughter. In New York there are countless people of otherwise sensible tendencies who will expend not only large sums of money but endless amounts of energy and resort to intrigues and plots worthy of Machiavelli himself in order that their daughters may become successful debutantes. They will obtain the help of women of established position to maneuver the girl, when small, into the fashionable schools and dancing classes; they will entertain constantly during her subdeb years, and when she is at last eighteen they may even employ a discreet publicity agent who will let the unenlightened world learn about her beauty and popularity.

In Chicago, they regard a campaign of this sort as a sign of effeteness heralding decay.

The Younger Married Set

"It's revolting!" declared a man of great fortune whose daughter has refused to make a formal debut. "Do you suppose I'd submit my girl to any such tomfoolery? She didn't want us to give a ball for her because her mother's been an invalid for many years, and we've gradually stopped going out much. Not that we ever cared for what you might call society. My girl went East to boarding school when she was quite young and made most of her friends there. But if I wanted to act like these New York people, I suppose I could go to a half dozen men with whom I'm associated in business and tell them they had to get their wives to help me out in giving her a big show. I'd rather be shot!"

He expressed quite accurately the attitude of the typical Chicagoan. Of course there are exceptions; these are sometimes men who have never been interested in social position for themselves, but who look ahead and realize that their children will soon be old enough to come home from school and take whatever place is open to them in the community. As a result of this thought, they may endeavor to join some of the fashionable clubs and they are apt to try for the Assembly.

The Assembly does not invite debutantes to its balls, but it includes a few whom it considers eligible the year after they have come out. Naturally, the daughters of men who are already members are given first place. In regard to others, whose families do not belong, the board of governors usually consults girls who are well established and whose judgment is good, to ask them whether they think the other debutantes qualify. Often the other girls will have gone to the same boarding school and sometimes they will have become intimate friends there, even though at home they were not. If a girl is known to have distinguished herself at school, and is a successful debutante, she is apt to be put on the Assembly lists automatically, regardless of whether her parents are on it.

"We really are democratic," said one of the governors. "Money can't buy an invitation. That's been tried, too, and has failed. So far as possible, we judge each individual on his or her own merits."

The Twelfth Night Ball, which was formerly called the Butchers' and Bakers', keeps the names of its invitation committee secret so that pressure cannot be brought to bear upon the members by people desiring to be included in its list. According to the upholder of the democratic theory, however, this eagerness for invitations is due not primarily to the smartness of the occasion but rather to the fact that it is a fancy-dress party which is known to be the most amusing affair of the season.

Girls are not invited to this ball, nor to the Bachelors' and Benedicts' dances, the first year they come out. One finds in comparing Chicago with other cities that more emphasis is placed upon the social activities of the younger married people than upon those of the debutante, with the exception of the crowded season at Christmastime.

The local branch of the Junior League does excellent work along charitable and civic lines, and thereby prepares its youthful members for the strenuous days when they will take their places on the hospital boards and organizations for public welfare which fill such an important place in the program of the average woman of the so-called leisure class. For one of the things that distinguish the women of Chicago from the majority of those of equal position and wealth in New York is that in the Prairie City they do not make a deliberate choice between serious work on the one hand and following a social career on the other.

When the stranger at a dance asks who the charming woman in gold lace is, he will probably be surprised to be told that she is the head of the splendidly efficient Woman's Exchange. Only after that will he learn that she is also one of the most popular women of her set and considered by many people one of the most beautiful.

Society Fashioned to Conditions

In the midst of a heated political contest, the visitor goes to tea with one of the women who is most prominently identified with it. She is making seven scheduled speeches a day and a telephone request comes in from headquarters asking her to crowd in more that evening. She is also working strenuously for the maternity-hospital campaign that week; through some astounding combination of character and ability, she manages to write fiction of real distinction. Yet the miraculous accomplishment to outside eyes is that she sits with every appearance of leisure behind the tea table in her charming drawing-room and talks with delightful gayety on every topic which might be of interest to her half dozen guests, but cannot be drawn out to speak of her own accomplishments except with the lightest touch.

She smiled when someone spoke of Chicago society. "I wonder if such a thing really exists," she said, although any outsider would tell you promptly that it does and that she and her family play an important part in it. "We dine and dance and lunch together, but surely we don't struggle over it the way people do in other places."

It is in this comparative lack of effort that lies much of the charm of Chicago social life. There are circles within circles, as in every other community; there are the inevitable cliques and intrigues and open feuds, and the less innocuous concealed enmities. There are people who are proud of having a very small list of acquaintances; there are others who refuse to identify themselves with one set for fear of narrowing their interests. Some of the smart world are sensationally rich, others are comfortably poor. But they all have one splendid thing in common—they are willing to treat the traditions of the past as they treated the waters of Lake Michigan when they built land on it to suit their growing needs. In the same way they are building their own society to suit their own peculiar conditions. In the process they will come in for a great deal of criticism not only from the outside world but from those of their own number who find the new pattern too vigorous and bold.

Content to be Itself

"Do you know what club a Chicagoan has to belong to if he wants to find another with whom to while away an idle afternoon?" one of this group asked. "The answer is the Travelers', in Paris."

But the typical citizen is not at all disturbed by this. "We may lose a few men who have retired from business and who could be useful to the city because of that fact," he will answer. "But, by and large, we're willing to have them go. Our city wasn't built up by men who wondered what they could do to kill time in the afternoons. Why, our grandfathers would turn over in their graves if they heard a man talk like that! We're pretty close to the pioneer out here. I guess that's what makes us like a frontier town in many ways. We are provincial. It's quite true. We like our own city best."

But if this is a test of provincialism, then the Parisian and the Roman and the Londoner must take their places beside the Chicagoan, because to each of these his own city is incomparably finer than any other. The man from Illinois may have even a slight advantage over the others in that he travels a great deal more, and when he chooses not to be a citizen of the world he does so with greater first-hand knowledge. Yet with all his traveling, he introduces nothing in the way of foreign customs and manners into his native city.

"One of the things I like best about this place," said a European lecturer who happened to be there recently, "is that no one has said even once to me, 'Don't you think such and such a thing is very English?' Or 'Don't you think we're really cosmopolitan?' In Boston or Philadelphia they are always telling you how much like England they are; in New York they are proud of being ultra-cosmopolitan. But Chicago seems content with being itself. It's the most American of all your cities. For that reason I like it. Many people don't. But on the whole they are people who don't like America."

Mrs. Justwed: "What Will We Do With All These Wedding Presents?" "Let's Open a Ten-Cent Store"

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 9

The new dangers of "Light"—"Medium"—"Heavy"

CHANGE! Change! Change! In the past few years automobile design has changed radically. Driving conditions too. The frequent starting, stopping and acceleration in crowded streets put a new load on your engine. The sustained faster driving over improved roads adds to the burden on your lubrication.

Needed: A new lubricating margin of safety. A greater margin of safety than you can possibly get by asking merely for "light"—"medium"—or "heavy" oil.

The following experience proves that conclusively.

Some months ago an automotive engineer tried this: He went from garage to garage. He asked for "light," "medium," and "heavy" oil in turn.

"Medium" Oil. Seven oil samples secured. All well-known brands. Viscosity was measured at 104° F. Results: A viscosity range of from 148" to 495"! (This indicates a "body" ranging all the way from "light" to "heavy.")

"Heavy" Oil. Six samples secured. All well-known brands. Viscosity range —312" to 935"! (Some of these would pass as "light" oils and some would be classed as "extra heavy.")

Equally striking variability in viscosity was shown in the samples secured of "light" and "extra-heavy" oils. In other respects, too, these oils differed widely. *Too* widely. Dangerous differences existed in their actual lubricating value.

The continuous changes in car design have only served to emphasize that danger.

* *

Today nearly everyone wants a high-speed engine. Operating temperatures have increased. Improved highways invite faster average travel. These changes put an added strain on your oil. They call for *improved lubrication*.

The margin of safety in Gargoyle Mobiloil has steadily increased to meet these present-day motoring demands.

Don't run the risk of merely asking for "light"—"medium"—or "heavy" oil.

If you want a genuine engineering margin of safety in your lubrication, here is the one sure way to get it: Look up the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended for *your* car in the Mobiloil Chart.

Then always ask for it by the full name—Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil Arctic, Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "B," Mobiloil "BB," Mobiloil "C," Mobiloil "CC."

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see at your dealer's the complete Chart and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	..	..	..	..	..	..
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	..
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	..	..	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	..	..	..	..	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Page	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	..	..	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	..

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

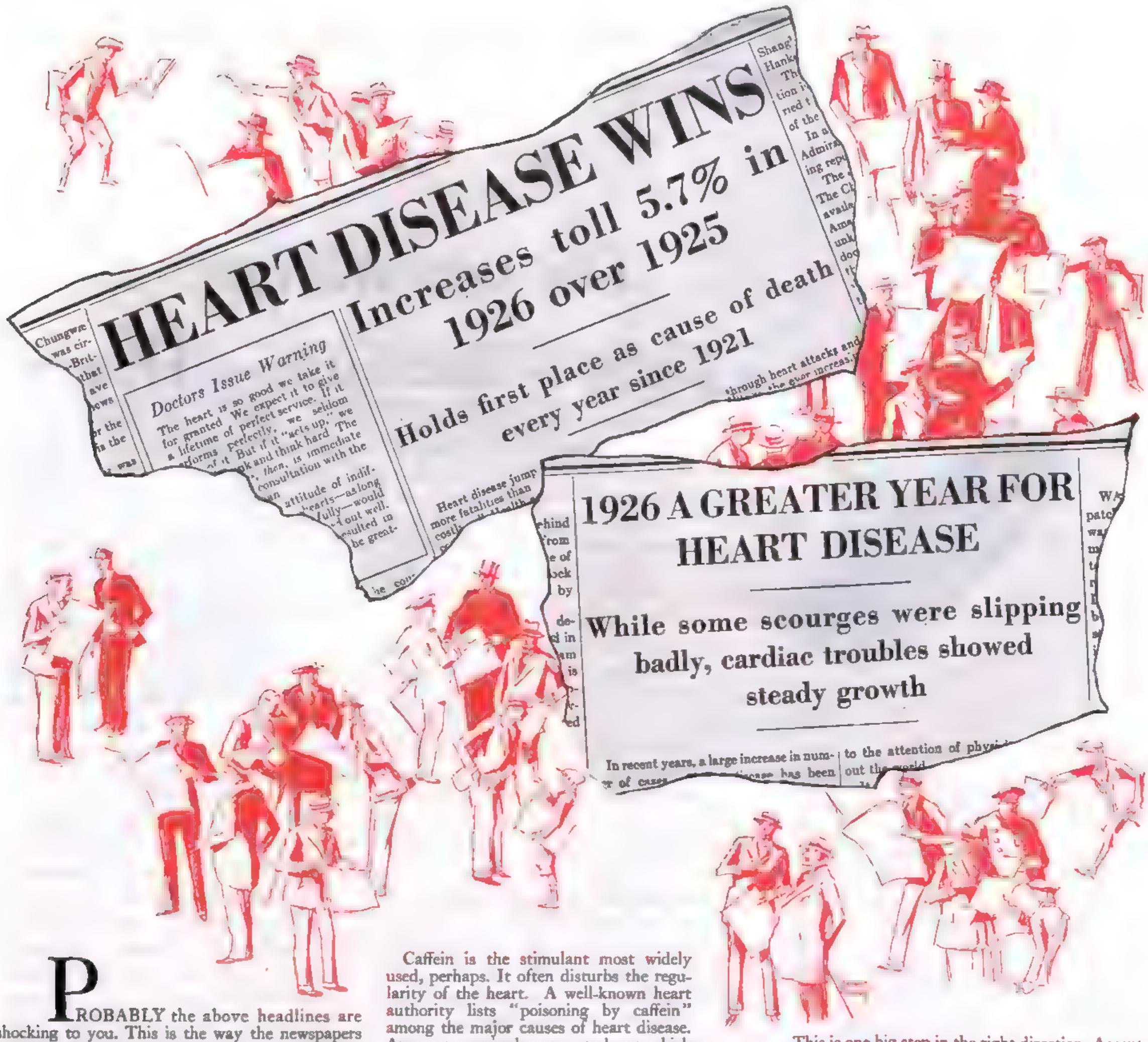
Make the chart your guide

The fair retail price for Mobiloil from bulk is 30c a quart. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country


HEART DISEASE WINS
Increases toll 5.7% in 1926 over 1925
Holds first place as cause of death every year since 1921
Doctors Issue Warning
The heart is so good we take it for granted. We expect it to give a lifetime of perfect service. If it performs perfectly, we seldom think of it. But if it "acts up," we rest and think hard. The next thing, is immediate consultation with the
attitude of indif-
hearts—as long
fully—would
out well.
sulted in
be great.
Heart disease jump
more fatalities than
1926 A GREATER YEAR FOR HEART DISEASE
While some scourges were slipping badly, cardiac troubles showed steady growth
In recent years, a large increase in num-
to the attention of

PROBABLY the above headlines are shocking to you. This is the way the newspapers would have handled the subject if the increase in heart disease were something to be proud of—like an increase in crops or in building.

But no newspapers boasted about heart disease making a new record. Perhaps, if they had, their shocking bad taste would have brought to this menace more of the attention it deserves.

For heart disease killed additional thousands last year.

Tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria—such diseases are decreasing. But heart disease forges ahead. What makes the difference?

Contagious diseases—those which we "catch" from others—are being controlled and beaten by physicians and health departments. But we don't "catch" heart disease. Sometimes it is the sequel to infection, but often we give it to ourselves—by wrong living. Health departments can't protect us.

Our lives are too hectic. We go the limit, then carry on by using stimulants. Our hearts won't stand it. That is being proved daily.

Caffein is the stimulant most widely used, perhaps. It often disturbs the regularity of the heart. A well-known heart authority lists "poisoning by caffein" among the major causes of heart disease. As one recognized cause—and one which can readily be avoided—the use of caffein deserves the thought of everyone who hopes to live long, usefully, and happily.

Most of us like a hot drink at mealtime. Many have learned that they can have all the desirable qualities of such a drink—warmth, flavor—without exposing themselves to caffein. They drink Postum. They like it—just as *you* would probably like it if you gave it a fair test.

Whole wheat and bran—these two make Postum. Wholesome materials. *Delicious* materials. They are skillfully blended, and roasted. Postum brings a flavor that is distinctive. It is rich, full-bodied, satisfying. *And it doesn't contain a trace of caffein or any other artificial stimulant.*

Make this test: Use Postum as your mealtime drink for thirty days. Learn to prepare it so that it suits *your* taste—as you learned to prepare other beverages. Experience the relief from drug stimulation. Notice how much better you sleep. *Then* decide.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

This is one big step in the right direction. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want to send you one week's supply of Postum, free, as a start on the 30-day test. I'll include my personal directions for preparing it so it is most delicious.

"If you would rather start the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—S. E. P. 6-18-27

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *Check which you*

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐ *prefer*

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 27)

lieutenants, with 28 machine guns. It was a commentary on our Army that the sergeant who commanded York's platoon was Harry M. Parsons, a former New York vaudeville actor, while the sergeant commanding the two squads, and whom York succeeded when the former was wounded, was Bernard Early, an Irish-born American of New Haven, Connecticut.

The Three Hundred and Twenty-eighth Infantry of the Eighty-second Division set off at six o'clock of the morning of October eighth for the Decauville railroad, two kilometers west, which it took before night, but as the troops dropped down from Hill 223 into a valley several hundred yards wide, they encountered vicious machine-gun fire from the hills ahead and from either flank. York was one of a support platoon of the second battalion on the extreme left of the attack, and his sergeant, ordered to advance and cover that flank, detached acting Sergeant Early and fifteen men and ordered them to put the machine guns on that flank out of action.

The morning mists had lifted and the two squads of Americans, plainly visible to the boche, drew their fire, but all sixteen made their way unwounded to the rear of the gun positions, climbed the hill under the cover of the brush and stumbled into an old trench. The enemy evidently had dismissed the little party from their minds as it passed out of sight; the German Maxims could be heard on the other side of the hill, still spitting at the Americans in the valley. York and the fifteen others followed the trench, then spread out into skirmish order, their bayonets fixed. Suddenly they came upon battalion field headquarters of the enemy. Three officers were studying a map beside a small stream and a number of German enlisted men lay at ease on the ground.

A Red Cross Outpost Refreshment Station at Cheppy, Meuse, October 10, 1918

An Educated Trigger Finger

The Americans fired one volley, at which the whole group leaped to their feet, arms in the air, and cried surrender. Some of the machine-gun crews, however, at as little distance as thirty yards, discovered the plight of their comrades and reversed their guns quickly. The prisoners threw themselves on the ground at a shouted command. Sergeant Early and eight of his men failed to drop with the prisoners; he and two others were wounded, and six were killed. The other seven Americans anticipated the fusillade; York hugged the earth behind a tree, the bullet-riddled bodies of Privates Wareing and Dymowski on either side of him.

Taking command, York called to the other six unwounded Americans to guard their prisoners—a formidable task in itself—while he engaged the machine gunners single-handed. The storm of machine-gun bullets clipped the bushes like hedge shears, but the gunners dared not lower their fire farther for fear of hitting the prisoners just ahead of York on the ground. Coolly the Tennessean lay there, fired every time a head showed, shouted "Come down!" at each report, and at such range he never missed. When he had killed a dozen a boche popped out of a fox hole, hurled a grenade at York and was killed for his pains, the grenade wounding one of the prisoners. Finally a lieutenant and seven men charged York. Discarding his rifle, he dropped them in a row with his service pistol, one bullet to each German.

Such deadly economy and accuracy of fire now led the German major, who spoke English, to crawl forward and offer to order the surrender of all the gun positions. York accepted and the prisoners were increased to ninety. It was a tricky position. York was outnumbered more than ten to one, there were other unsurrendered German machine-gun positions at a little distance and fresh enemy troops might arrive at any moment. As York studied his situation the German major suggested a route back to the American lines. York promptly took the opposite direction, put the major ahead of him with an automatic in the small of his back, the two lieutenants on either side, and set out with his party, Early and the other wounded Americans bringing up in the rear.

"How many men have you?" asked the major, supposing other Americans were close at hand.

"I got a-plenty," York told him.

In a hundred yards they were challenged; they had flushed another machine-gun position. The crew was disarmed and added to the party. Other such additions were made en route, sometimes on demand, sometimes after a brief, sharp fight.

It took woodsmanship of no less an order to get his prisoners back to the American lines, but York delivered them. Lieutenant Joseph A. Woods, York's battalion adjutant, seeing them coming, thought he was being attacked and gathered scouts and runners to put up a fight, before he noticed that the Germans were disarmed. He then went forward to meet York.

The Tennessean saluted with military precision and said, "Corporal York reports with prisoners, sir."

"How many prisoners have you, corporal?" Woods asked.

"Honest, lieutenant, I don't know," was the reply.

"Take them back down the valley to Chatel Chehery, where you will find regimental headquarters, and I will count them as they go by," the lieutenant instructed. Woods tallied 132. En route to Chatel Chehery a boche lookout on Cornay Ridge spotted the party, gave the range to his artillery, and York had to break his group into a run to get away.

Sardonically York had been second elder in the mountain sect of the Church of Christ and Christian Union that interpreted the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," literally. Although his pastor and all the congregation opposed his answering the draft call, and though his mother was dependent on his support—a valid claim for exemption—he reported promptly at Camp Gordon, Georgia. His conscience continued to trouble him, however, until the captain of his company, Edward C. B. Danforth, of Augusta, Georgia, and the major of the battalion, G. Edward Buxton, of Providence, Rhode Island, appreciating the sincerity of York's doubts, proved the righteousness of the American cause to the mountaineer's satisfaction by outquoting him on Scripture.

York was the guest of honor at a banquet of the Tennessee Society of New York after his return, sitting on one side of the toastmaster, while his division general, George B. Duncan, sat on the other. When York was called on he said a dozen words of thanks and sat down. The diners clamored for his own account of the exploit that won him the Congressional Medal of Honor, and General Duncan leaned over to encourage him, saying, "You are among your friends, sergeant; tell them about it just as you would tell me."

"I will do anything the general orders me to do," said York, "but that is one of the things I want to forget," and refusing $50,000 to appear in a moving-picture reconstruction of his feat, and another $50,000 to tell about it on the lecture platform, he went home to Wolf River as quickly as the War Department permitted him, to open a school for the better education of his people. He has spoken often since then in behalf of his school, but never of his unparalleled feat of arms.

Successor to Pershing

On the army's right, across the Meuse, General Claudel's French Seventeenth Corps had only demonstrated since the opening of the battle, but on October tenth, reënforced by General Morton's Twenty-ninth Division and General Bell's Thirty-third Division, it attacked. The Thirty-third took Sivry-sur-Meuse and the Twenty-ninth stormed and took the Bois Haumont, the Bois de la Grande Montagne and the Bois de Wavrille. More than 3000 prisoners, including many Austrians, were captured. The advance deprived the enemy of several observation points, but its main purpose was to extend our American fighting front and to keep as many German troops in that vicinity as possible. The First American Army now had forced Ludendorff to put thirty-one divisions into line against us, with nine in reserve.

My headquarters had been transferred to old French dugouts at a place called Florimont, on a hillside near the great road leading down the Aire Valley. French dugouts put on no such airs as the German counterpart. These were merely holes in the hillsides, populated, as Malin Craig described it, by rats as big as pack mules and as savage as tigers.

On the evening of October tenth General Pershing came to see me here and

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told me he was going to appoint me to the command of the First Army in succession to himself, with rank of Lieutenant General, and that he was creating a Second American Army, with headquarters at Toul, the command of which was to go to General Bullard, with similar rank. The commanding general said that night that if we and our Allies could keep up the gait the war would be ended before the close of the year, the first prophecy of this nature that I encountered from high command.

He said he would send General Dickman up from the Fourth Corps to take command of the First Corps. My promotion meant my giving up my corps staff and leaving the men with whom I had been associated so long and so pleasantly, but they sank every other consideration in their pleasure at my advancement, to which they had contributed so enormously.

The afternoon of the eleventh, while I was waiting on General Dickman's arrival, General Pershing telephoned to say that he wished to make some changes in corps commands; General Bullard was moving up and he had other uses for General Cameron. He asked me to recommend men for the two vacancies. It was a tough assignment, and I asked for an hour in which to think it over. At the end of the hour I called him and said I could think of only three men of whose fitness I was certain: Summerall, Harbord and McAndrew.

General Pershing replied that General Harbord was indispensable in the Service of Supplies, and that he could not possibly part with his army chief of staff, General McAndrew. "The pickings seem to be rather slim, don't they?" he remarked. He eventually gave the command of the Fifth Corps to Summerall, that of the Third Corps to General John L. Hines, both of whom justified that confidence brilliantly.

That evening General Dickman arrived to relieve me, and the morning of the twelfth, with my personal aide, Major P. L. Stackpole, I drove to Souilly, army headquarters. I had dinner there with General Pershing, General Drum and other staff officers on the commanding general's special train of sleeping cars, dining car and flat cars to carry his automobiles. At dinner General Pershing said that Marshal Foch was asking him why we were not advancing as fast as the French and British. The forty German divisions we had drawn into our front explained why we were not moving faster and why, in part, the French and British were moving. Our Allies and the enemy both knew the answer well enough, and I was indignant.

The Honor of the Army

Many rumors about the American operation in the Meuse-Argonne were circulated in Paris and London at the time, and still are given credence by the uninformed. I can answer them best, I think, by citing the opinions of two soldiers, one American, the other British. Writing in the new volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, Col. Arthur Latham Conger, U. S. A., says of this phase of the Meuse-Argonne battle:

> But the disappointment in the hopes for a clean break through the German army in this its most strongly fortified and from now on most stubbornly defended sector, hopes which had been created by the striking success of the first day's attack, gave rise to exaggerated rumors of blundering in troop leadership at the front and of supply mismanagement in the rear, rumors which finally so affected the French Government as to lead it and Foch to urge the substitution of a French commander and staff for the further conduct of Operation B. (Meuse-Argonne.) This was refused by Gen. Pershing on the ground that the honor of the American army was involved in this attack, and that, whether it finally fail or finally succeed, it must be carried through to the end as an American operation under an American commander and staff. . . .
>
> West of the Argonne the attack of the IV French Army (Operation C) also begun on Sep. 26, had not been successful in making any appreciable advance, and Pershing was called on to loan some of his all-too-few veteran divisions to attack the keypoint of the German Champagne position, Blanc Mont. He complied with this request, and all the more willingly, since it was the failure of the French attack west of the Argonne which made the position of the American troops in the forest itself so trying. . . .
>
> On the German side there was no lack of appreciation by either the opposing army commander or General Headquarters as to the threat which the American attack constituted. Von der Marwitz declared to his army, on October 1, after the first break through his lines: " . . . The heaviest part of the task will thus fall on the V Army . . . in the coming weeks, and the safety of the Fatherland will be in its hands. It is on the firm resistance of the Verdun front that depends the fate of a great part of the Western Front, perhaps even of our nation. . . ."

Hindenburg added on this subject in his memoirs:

> It was plain that this situation could not last. Our armies were too weak and too tired. Moreover, the pressure which the American masses were putting upon our most sensitive point in the region of the Meuse was too strong.

I know nothing of the truth of the report that the French asked General Pershing to turn over the battle to a French commander and staff. He said nothing of it that night at Souilly, or later, and I never heard the story until long after the war, and then only by hearsay.

The Valor of Ignorance

Maj. Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, formerly director of military operations of the British General Staff, and usually regarded as the first military historian of the time, writing in English, speaks generously, but justly, I think, of the same situation in his book, The Last Four Months. He says:

> There has been a great deal of talk of the breakdown of the American administrative services, and unquestionably things did go wrong; but the critics are apt to overlook the conditions under which the battle was joined. It was a question of attempting to force a decision by a great combined attack on the main German defensive positions at the end of September or of deferring a decisive attack until the following Spring. It probably is true that no French or British staff would, after a long experience of previous failure, have advised an attack on the Meuse-Argonne front until elaborate improvements and extensions of the roads and railroads behind the front of attack had been carried out, and until equally elaborate preparations for prolonging these roads and railways into the territory to be captured from the Germans had been completed.
>
> It probably is equally true that French and British soldiers, after the bitter lessons of the past, would not have attacked with any confidence unless they had ocular evidence that everything had been done beforehand to help them forward. There are times and occasions in war when the valor of ignorance has its advantages. With greater experience, the American infantry would have learned to overcome the German machine guns with less loss of life, and the services of supply would have worked more smoothly. Had the American army waited to gain that experience, the war certainly would have been prolonged by at least six months, and the cost in life would certainly have been far greater than it was.
>
> Pershing must have taken all these factors into consideration when he threw in his vote for fighting the great battle which began September 26th. He decided that the vigor and valor of his troops would more than counterbalance their lack of battle experience, and he was justified in the result. From September twenty-sixth, until the Kriemhilde system finally was broken, by making the fullest use of his man power, he continuously menaced the Metz-Mézières railway and forced Ludendorff to employ more than forty divisions in an ineffectual effort to stem his advance. The American attack, therefore, formed an essential part of Foch's plan, and had it not been successful it is almost certain that the Germans would have been able to withdraw in fairly good order to the Meuse, and that we should not have forced them to sign an armistice on November 11th.

The defects of the American operation in this battle were such as were humanly inescapable in a not yet fully seasoned army thrown, on a few weeks' notice, against a first-class enemy at his most vital, and therefore, most furiously defended front, in order to carry out a general strategic plan. We made our mistakes, but, given the conditions, acquitted ourselves most honorably, in my judgment. Before the battle ended, the army was seasoned and beginning to function with that coördinated

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smoothness that comes only from battle experience.

At Souilly I found that an attack had been ordered for October fourteenth, by the Third and Fifth Corps, with the First Corps participating, and I asked to be permitted to defer taking command until that operation had been carried out. I spent those three days visiting the Third and Fifth Corps and the Seventeenth French Corps, learning what I could while the battle was in progress, and in particular informing myself as to the temper of the troops and their commanders. The result of the three days of fighting was that we broke into the main Kriemhilde positions for the first time, the Fifth Corps hammering through at Côte Dame Marie and the Romagne heights, the First Corps, crossing the Aire, capturing St. Juvin on the main road north of the Aire, and entering the stony Ravine aux Pierres. The Third Corps made little progress and our losses were heavy.

On October fifteenth Marshal Foch requested the loan of two more First Army divisions to assist the Sixth French and Belgian Armies near Ypres. We sent General Johnston's Ninety-first and General Farnsworth's Thirty-seventh, and never recovered either. The end of the war found them fighting in Flanders.

I took command of the First Army on the sixteenth. It then consisted of seventeen American and four French divisions, with the usual army and corps artillery, aviation and other troops—a total of more than 1,000,000 men. I was reminded of Grant's emotions at the Battle of the Wilderness. That, for the time, tremendous struggle took him back to his first fight, Palo Alto, in the Mexican War and enforced a lesson in relativity. "As I looked at that long line of battle consisting of 3000 men," he said of Palo Alto, "I felt that General Taylor had such a fearful responsibility resting upon him that I wondered how he ever had the nerve to assume it; and when, after the fight, the losses were found to be 60 killed, wounded and missing, I was horror-stricken. When the news reached the States the windows in every home were illuminated and the victory was largely instrumental in making General Taylor President of the United States."

The Vanishing Doughboys

I found on my inspection of the army that, due to the hard and bitter fighting which had been continuous since September twenty-sixth; day and night, some evidences of discouragement were beginning to appear among both men and officers, the most conspicuous evidence of which was the great number of stragglers, estimated as high as 100,000. The weather was cold, with continuous rains, the men were without adequate shelter and the difficulties of supply were disheartening. There was serious need for rest and reorganization. Such endless hammering in bad weather was a terrific strain on young troops, and a loss of cohesion and a general letting down of morale were appearing. Divisions were so reduced in strength from casualties and strays that we had to call for replacements from newly arrived divisions. It was essential, first of all, to gather up the army as a team and round up the stragglers that our full weight might be felt in one concerted blow.

There was a lull of two weeks in the major operation while we tightened up. My staff and I traveled constantly among the troops, making every effort to profit by past mistakes and to encourage the fighting spirit of the army for the impending attack on the enemy's main positions, and never was response more immediate or effective

We established stragglers' posts on all the roads, tightened the military policing of back areas and sent out officers with patrols to search the woods and dugouts, and thousands of strays and hideaways poured in.

It is characteristic of the American soldier to scatter the moment he breaks ranks. Like Kipling's British soldier, he is out for to admire and for to see, and his curiosity demands to know what the other side of any given hill looks like. In the old Army, long before the war, I have marched a company thirty miles on a hot day over dusty roads without a straggler, seen them stagger into camp, certain that they could not move another step, and then had every man jack except the cooks vanish the moment camp was made. Old soldiers or rookies, in a wilderness or a settled country, it always is the same. I remember it in Georgia, Texas and Minnesota in peace, and I saw it again in France in war.

The A. W. O. L. Fraternity

Too, the Meuse-Argonne was a battle fought under lowering, misty skies in a country so rough and tangled that men without a natural instinct of direction were astray the moment they lost sight of their nearest neighbor. It was a battle pursued more by ear and sense of touch than with the eye. Troops moved by the dead reckoning of pocket compasses, as ships in fog. Having gone astray through no fault of their own, the men were not always unduly concerned about how soon they got back to their commands; the most brief escape from discipline is sweet. There were others in numbers who were thirty-third-degree brothers in the ancient order of A. W. O. L., men who had shirked every possible duty from the day they first reported at camp. Our armies—every army—always has had them. When I was a young lieutenant on the plains we still called them by their Civil War name: Coffee coolers, or coffee boilers. They do not change, and a description of the 1861–65 type to be found in Morris Schaff's great book, The Battle of the Wilderness, will serve as well today:

"A real adept skulker or coffee boiler is a most interesting specimen," Schaff wrote, "and how well I remember the coolness with which he and his companion—for they go in pairs—would rise from their little fires on being discovered, and ask most innocently, 'Lieutenant, can you tell me where the Umsteenth Regiment is?' And the answer, I am sorry to say, was too often: 'Yes, right up there at the front, you damned rascal, as you well know!' Of course, they would make a show of moving, but they were back at their little fire as soon as you were out of sight. Not only the skulkers, but many a good soldier whose heart was gone, made his way to the trains at Chancellorsville after Hancock's repulse."

Soldier nature, being human nature, is a pretty constant factor under given conditions. The Union Army lost nearly four times as many men by desertion from 1861 to 1865 as were killed on the field. Actual desertion was negligible in the A. E. F. up to the Armistice, in no small part because the Atlantic Ocean discouraged it, but there were other and more gratifying reasons: It was a better army, better led and better backed at home. In the early years, especially, of the Civil War it often took either a natural soldier or a born crusader to survive the demoralization of the incompetence, confusion and injustices of the North's whole military policy. In the late war the equal liability of all males of military age to defend their country brought into the army a more representative body of citizens and fostered a much higher average of self-discipline. The fact that we were representing the United States before the critical eyes of Europe, and in competition with European soldiers, was an additional check on and inspiration to all of us. And the infinitely more intelligent, competent and unvacillating military policy of the Government, for all our unpreparedness, had its inevitably helpful effect on officers and men.

War provokes more muddled thinking than any human activity I know of. Like our school histories that always have exaggerated our own prowess and ignored or misrepresented the enemy's achievements, the patriot has a way of remembering only what is heroic and noble of wars and soldiers. It is the habit of the pacifist, contrarily, to deny any saving virtue to either. As a professional soldier I occupy the middle ground of realism. I have a normal human hatred of war, but I know that it can be just and inevitable and that it never can be avoided by pretending not to see it. I have spent my life with soldiers, like them, understand them and am not happy away from them; but I see them, officers and men, as human beings, not archangels with flaming swords. I am under no patriotic illusion that one good American can whip any ten foreigners. I know, on the contrary, that one well-trained, well-led foreigner is much more likely to whip ten good but untrained Americans. I know the glorious deeds of American arms; I know, also, although I did not learn it in my school histories, that an untrained American army of 5400 men ran away, at Bladensburg, in 1814, from 1500 British regulars with a loss of only eight killed and eleven wounded, and did not stop until they were fifteen miles the other side of Washington, which they were supposed to defend. It took three days to reassemble them, during which time the British methodically burned our national capital and returned unmolested to their ships. Of this battle, General Armstrong, our commanding officer, reported bitterly that "without all doubt the determining cause of our disasters is to be found in the love of life," as humiliating and biting a confession as a general ever penned. I know that McDowell had a perfect plan of battle at the first Bull Run, but that he made the mistake of assuming that he had an army instead of a well-intentioned mob; that when his mob dissolved, it was his one battalion of regulars that covered his routed retreat.

A Cross Section of America

On the other hand, I know that the pacifist is strangely blind. If the cause be just, war is more noble than peace, and the most criminal war has about it some moral grandeur by virtue of the heroic self-sacrifice it demands; that war is the scene of endless deeds of self-immolation so transcendent that in spite of its horrors and crimes at its worst, it stirs a moral enthusiasm more passionate than peace may hope to. It is the sphere, someone has said, in which a disinterested enthusiasm has most scope, in which performance is most measured by strict obligation, in which mercenary motives sway least.

The A. E. F. was a cross section of our cosmopolitan population, with like proportions of the good, indifferent and bad, with the qualification that war often transforms men for the better. The good citizen always makes a good soldier, and the great mass of our army were young, physically fit, courageous, alert and intelligent—as splendid soldiering material as the world ever has produced. The weak and the bad sometimes make good soldiers. The weak often are bolstered up by the morale of the mass, and by discipline. As for the bad, a distinction should be made between the lawless and the vicious. A man who is bad in civil life may find a better personal adjustment in war; he may be hard-boiled—a brawler and a petty tyrant in camp—and yet a man to lean upon in a fight. The hopelessly vicious, fortunately, are few in any group of men. In these latter classes were men who caused us much trouble, left their commands, wandered over the country, posing as heroes and exploiting the hospitality of the French people, and making a general nuisance of themselves.

Yet, curiously, I never encountered a case of civil crime by an American soldier in France until after the Armistice. This is in striking contrast with the conduct of this class of men in previous wars. In the Peninsular Campaign of the Napoleonic Wars deserters from both sides organized for general pillage until both Wellington and

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the French had to detach troops to send against them in a concerted effort to exterminate them. With the let-down in discipline and morale after November eleventh there was an epidemic of thievery by renegade soldiers in the rear areas, to which the A. E. F. contributed its quota.

The phase—the fifth of the battle—which we were entering as I took command of the First Army was restricted to local operations to obtain a suitable jump-off for a powerful general attack scheduled for October twenty-eighth. While local in a relative sense, the fighting was desperate on the front of General Dickman's First Corps, which, with Gouraud's army, had been given the task of clearing the enemy out of Grandpré, and from the Loges Wood and the southern part of the Bourgogne Wood, both extensions of the Argonne Forest. When the Seventy-seventh Division got in front of Grandpré in the advance to the Aire, General Alexander had sent strong patrols into the town, but they were driven out. The Seventy-eighth then relieved the wearied Seventy-seventh, and for ten days and ten nights McRae's division hammered and thrust at Grandpré and Loges Wood, positions we could have carried perfunctorily on October seventh had that earlier attack worked as planned. The difficulties were enormous. The enemy's positions were most formidable, and as the attack was a direct threat of outflanking his strong line on the north side of the Aisne River, Von der Marwitz threw the most and best of his army against Dickman's corps, correspondingly weakening his line in front of the Third and Fifth Corps. After extraordinary efforts the Seventy-eighth took Grandpré and the high ground overlooking the town in the Talma Farm and Bourgogne Wood regions, giving us a practicable line for the general attack.

This sustained effort on the left of our army had convinced the enemy that our main thrust was to come here and that we were out to make a junction with Gouraud's army north of the Bourgogne and Loges Woods, and Champigneulle, thereby turning his flank on the Aisne. Consequently he weakened his forces still further against the Third and Fifth Corps and got set for us.

A Visit to General Gouraud

When the original orders for the October twenty-eighth attack were issued we found that this very thing was contemplated. The orders called for the First Corps to drive due north as the spearhead of the army, the other corps following in echelon movement.

To those of us at First Army headquarters who knew from observation the excessive strength of these positions, how the German was waiting for us just here and had weakened his lines elsewhere in the assurance that he had guessed our minds, such an attack seemed doubtful of success, certain to entail frightful losses, and dubious strategy generally. One of the least of the difficulties was that an advance here would expose us to converging artillery fire

We were so certain at First Army headquarters that the plan was a mistake that we drew up an alternate program and forwarded it to G. H. Q., suggesting instead an attack by the Third and Fifth Corps against the center of the German line between St. Georges and Aincreville, where it had been most weakened, pinching out the two woods without the necessity of attacking them at all, the First Corps not to move the first day, except to protect the left flank of the Fifth Corps. G. H. Q. gave its approval.

It was now October twenty-fifth, seventeen days before the Armistice. Our army front had been greatly improved and the army morale was as high again, I believe, as it had been in September when the battle opened. Divisions had been filled up, supplies replenished, the artillery all was in proper support positions, and the roads enormously bettered after unceasing work by the engineers and the Ninety-second negro division. We still were pressed for time, however, for the changed plan of attack necessitated preliminary local gains on the Third and Fifth Corps fronts, for which only two days remained.

The Second Division had come back to us from General Gouraud's army, but the French had kept its artillery brigade, to the division's disgust. I concluded on the twenty-fifth to visit the distinguished soldier, partly to request the return of the artillery, partly to return his visit of September, but principally to make sure that we would attack together and with proper liaison on the twenty-eighth. General Drum, my aide, and I drove to Sommepy in the Champagne, found General Gouraud there, and my first question was: "When will the Fourth Army be ready?"

Instead of replying he asked when we would attack. When I told him that my orders specified the morning of the twenty-eighth he threw up his hands despairingly, exclaiming, "I can't possibly move before November second. The army simply can't be made ready an hour earlier."

Ludendorff Resigns

I was secretly delighted, though I said nothing, for the three days of grace would be invaluable to us in rooting out enemy machine-gun positions in front of the Third and Fifth Corps, and otherwise tightening the machine. I suggested to the general that, though it was most desirable that we attack together, if the First American Army should move at 5:30 A. M. of November first, and his army on the following morning, sufficient concert of action would be insured. He agreed.

I then asked for the return of the Second Division's artillery, pointing out that the division could not perform up to its standard without its guns. His chief of staff, who was present, made some protest, but after a moment's hesitation Gouraud said he would dispatch the artillery immediately, marching it back, for which ample time remained.

We made plans for the proper liaison of the two armies, and I left convinced that we would work together nicely. As I went I reiterated that I would attack at 5:30 of the first. Morally certain that a simultaneous attack by Gouraud's army could be arranged I drove direct to First Army headquarters, where General Pershing still was, and at a conference that evening I recited my talk with Gouraud and dwelt on the necessity of the two armies striking together. He readily assented, and saw Marshal Foch the following day, as a result of which the battle orders were changed to November first and the Fourth French Army was directed to attack simultaneously.

When the orders had been issued I called my corps commanders and their chiefs of staff to Souilly twice, to go over every detail of the attack. It always is possible to misinterpret a written order, either as to what is expected of you or of your neighbor. I insisted of General Summerall and General Hines that their Fifth and Third Corps should drive through the German center to the neighborhood of Buzancy and the high ground of the Bois de Barricourt ridge before dark of the first day, as this would forestall any possible counterattack in force from these advantageous positions, and at the same time would put the defenders of the Loges and Bourgogne Woods in imminent peril of being cut off. The opposing German general had demonstrated against the British at Cambrai the year before that he could boomerang the most formidable attack, given the least leeway. There was some doubt at G. H. Q. of the success of the attack, but in the face of the forty days' bitter resistance of the enemy we were so confident at First Army headquarters that we would break through as planned that at the second of the two conferences of corps commanders we issued detailed orders for the pursuit after the break through was made.

This confidence was grounded in no small measure on a general survey of conditions on all fronts. Up to mid-October Ludendorff evidently was fairly confident of his ability to make a slow and orderly retreat to a line extending from Antwerp along the right bank of the Meuse to Metz. But such a retreat depended upon the Kriemhilde positions and the line of the River Selle holding. Between October seventeenth and twenty-third, a combined British and French attack, with the American Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions participating and given the formidable task of carrying the railroad and heights south of Le Cateau, made a breach thirty-five miles wide and six miles deep in Ludendorff's strong rallying line on the Selle, which was the connecting link between the Scheldt and the line south of the Oise. Some 20,000 prisoners and 475 guns were taken. During the same period the First American Army had made further breaches in the Kriemhilde positions and critically exhausted the enemy's defensive power here, although we had pulled in German reserves to such an extent that it had eased the progress of the British and French notably.

Confronted with the necessity of withdrawing three times the number of men and many times the material across the 155-mile line from Metz to Liège which Germany had thrown across that line in 1914, with the morale of the German people breaking fast, and all of Germany's allies vanquished or tottering, Ludendorff resigned on October twenty-sixth, and this time his resignation was accepted. There still were formidable fortifications behind the German armies and strong natural barriers between the Allied armies and German soil, but with the will to resist sinking hourly Ludendorff knew that no barrier, artificial or natural, would hold.

Keeping Up With the Germans

The American-French attack of November first was highly successful and resulted in a great break in the hostile front exactly as planned. I had caught Von der Marwitz as I expected to—braced for the attack on his right. His weakened center broke before the Fifth and Third Corps and these corps drove through to the Barricourt ridge, as ordered, overrunning his entire defensive system on this front to a depth of seven miles, and beyond his artillery lines. The attack was preceded by a short but finely systematized artillery bombardment. Gouraud's army extended its hold on the heights of the east bank of the Aisne opposite Vouziers.

Our First Corps, as I have said, was ordered to threaten furiously, but not to fight the first day, except to protect the Fifth Corps' left flank, but our men were so eager that part of the corps got out of hand and the demonstration developed into a real attack on Champigneulle. It was magnificent but it was not war, for it played into the enemy's hands and led to deplorable waste of life. Having expected an attack just here, the German was more than prepared to stop any such spontaneous combustion as this. At seven o'clock that night General Pershing telephoned from his train, which was near at hand, congratulating the army, but remarking that our left—the First Corps—seemed to be held up. I replied that there would be no enemy in front of that corps the next day, as the advance in the center would force the German to go north, and to go fast. In fact Von der Marwitz had either to deliver a quick, powerful and successful counterattack, or to withdraw immediately north of the line Buzancy-Boult-aux-Bois, and we already held the only ground from which he could launch a counterattack with any prospect of success.

I made a point to get to First Corps headquarters by the early morning of the second, and I found them depressed at their failure to get in on the Big Parade of the day before. I told General Dickman his opportunity to catch up with the procession would come that day. As foreseen, he found

The *new* Dixie
as dainty as glass or porcelain
· yet, but a cent apiece ·

. . . especially made for use in the home, to avoid the trouble of washing and polishing glasses, and to save the expense of broken tumblers and goblets.

A lovely, glass-sized cup—graceful yet sturdy—whose delicately glazed surface gives it the appearance of dainty china. Its grace finely emphasized by the charming Adam decoration.

This Dixie, indeed, will win the instant approval of guests at afternoon or evening entertainments, at the bridge or tea table, at the dance, on outings or when motoring.

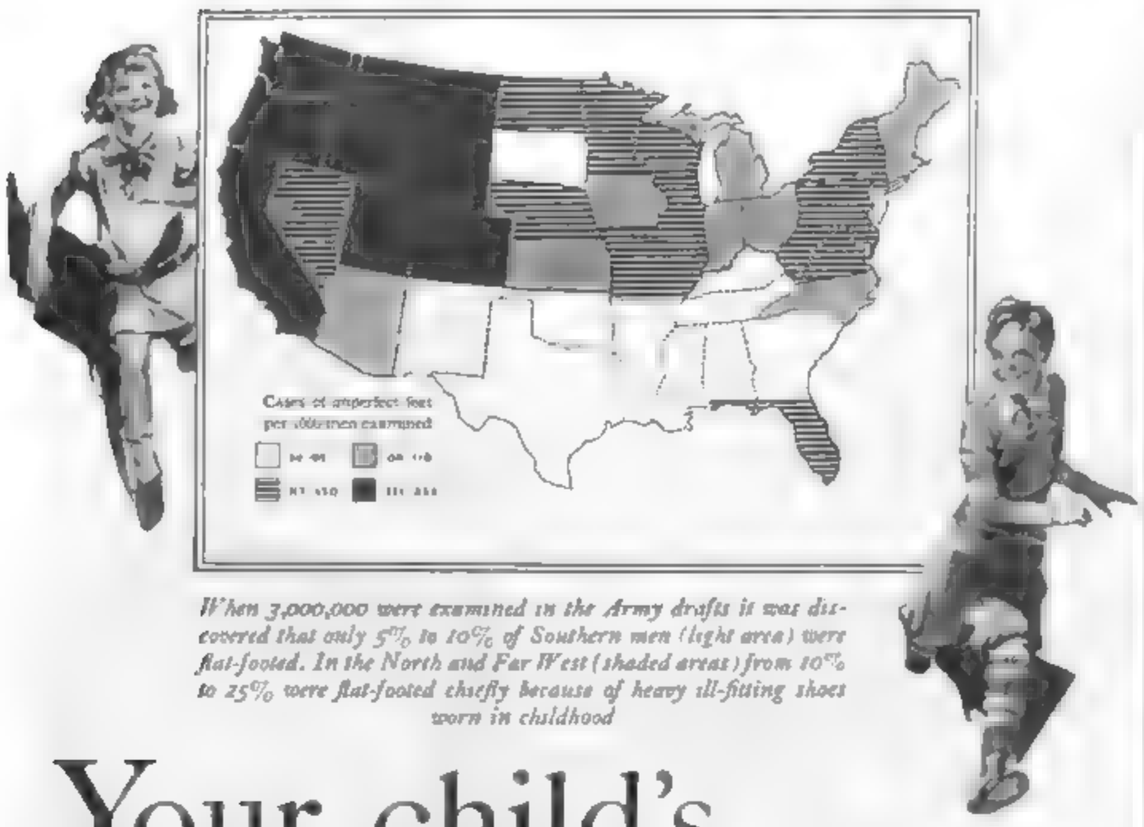
They may also be had with snug fitting covers to carry salads, jellies and desserts. So trifling is their cost that after use they are simply thrown away.

Buy these new Dixies in convenient 10c and 25c packages at stationery, drug, grocery or department stores.

If your dealer happens to be without them, please give us his name and address, and we shall see that you are supplied promptly.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc
Easton, Pa
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

Nowadays they eat and drink from Individual DIXIES



When 3,000,000 were examined in the Army drafts it was discovered that only 5% to 10% of Southern men (light area) were flat-footed. In the North and Far West (shaded areas) from 10% to 25% were flat-footed chiefly because of heavy ill-fitting shoes worn in childhood

Your child's future foot health

This map may point the way . . .

DURING the War over 3,000,000 American men passed through the hands of doctors—the greatest physical examination this country has ever known.

And over 300,000 were found to have serious foot defects! In some states where the men when children had worn heavy, ill-fitting shoes, as high as one-fourth of all examined were suffering from flatfoot. In other states where children normally go barefooted or in light, well-ventilated shoes only one-twentieth to one-tenth of the men examined had important foot trouble.

Because of what they learned in this test specialists today even more than ever recommend that children wear lightweight, well-ventilated shoes. That's why so many specialists endorse Keds.

Keds bring barefoot freedom without barefoot risks. Hookworm, tetanus, infections have all but banished "going barefoot." Its dangers outweigh its advantages. Keds give all freedom to foot muscles and still protect feet from barefoot ills.

And Keds soles wear and wear—often cutting dollars from your summer bill for shoes.

Keds uppers of stout canvas support the feet against strains in tennis, hiking, everyday wear. Special Feltex inner soles keep feet cool in Keds.

Keep the children in Keds as much as possible. A dozen different models at prices ranging from $1.25 to $4.50. Be sure you get genuine Keds. Keds are made only by the **United States Rubber Company**

THE "SPORTSTER"

A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model—built for the hardest wear. Comes in white with black trim or brown with gray trim. Gray corrugated soles

THE "MOCCASIN" TYPE

A Keds model with vulcanized crepe rubber sole. Attractive, snug-fitting, comfortable—and built for hard wear.

They are not **Keds**

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

unless the name *Keds is on the shoe*

the enemy decamped that morning, and by putting part of his infantry into motor trucks, he regained contact with the enemy that day and beat the French Fourth Army into the agreed junction at Boult-aux-Bois that evening, driving hostile rear guards north along the Bar River ahead of him.

The advance was continued generally this day and through the third and fourth, when the Third and Fifth Corps drove the enemy across the Meuse. Had I had two divisions of American cavalry the morning of the second, Von der Marwitz never would have got across the river, and how I prayed for that finely trained cavalry division at San Antonio which transport difficulties had kept in Texas, chafing at the bit. The French cavalry are horsemen only. American regular cavalry is highly mobile infantry as well; it can fight and pursue on horse, but it is as much at home on foot with the rifle as the infantry.

The German was leaving on the run, throwing his packs away in his haste, and trying to hold us with rear-guard machine-gun detachments. Between the Meuse and the Bar Rivers his army was particularly disorganized, but we could not follow fast enough to take full advantage of his straits. With American cavalry I believe I could have captured all the enemy on the front of the First Corps, and so deviled the others, fleeing to the eastward, that no considerable organization would have escaped across the Meuse. At this stage the boche was quitting, once you got in his rear.

In this closing battle we had an American army in the full sense of the word for the first time in the war. For the first time we were on our own. In the past, French artillery, aviation and other technical troops had made up our deficiencies. Always before we had been under the necessity of taking over a new front, with its manifold installations. Here we were at home on the front of the attack, and Americans manned the communications, the telegraph lines, water supply, ammunition and supply dumps, and virtually all the services, while other Americans planned the battle and others fought it. And for the first time the army functioned surely and smoothly as a unit. It was nineteen months since we declared war, sixteen and a little more since our First Division debarked in France. That was good time, and I hope the American people may remember it when someone next speaks of 1,000,000 free-born Americans leaping to arms overnight; remember, too, that we had bought most of our materials from our Allies and that the British had transported much of our army because we lacked the ships.

On Familiar Ground

The First Army had begun its attack on September twenty-sixth due northward, and by now had performed a right-angle turn to the east, so that it wound up the war on an approximately north-and-south line. The success of such a ninety-degree change of direction in battle is the most effective possible answer to the charge that our staff and supply services failed to perform adequately. Only absolute excellence of both made such a maneuver possible.

This sharp change of the army's direction demanded exceptional protection for our outer, or left flank. Gouraud's French Army failed to keep abreast again, having in front of it heavy masses of the enemy retreating from the Brunhild section of the Hindenburg line along the Aisne River, which Gouraud had outflanked. We had planned to move our First Corps from the left of our line to the Meuse in support of an attack opening against the river line, but Gouraud's inability to get up forced us to keep the First Corps where it was and to order it ahead. This led to the corps driving the enemy through Sedan, although Sedan was at that time out of our sector, and thereby hangs a tale that never has been told, to my knowledge.

As the scene of the humiliating disaster to French arms in 1870, Sedan was a portentous symbol to the French, and it had a peculiar significance to the Ninth French Army Corps on our left. This corps had been driven from Sedan in the first great German advance of 1914, and now it was headed straight back.

Because the French and the Germans make the best maps in the world, and because the Franco-Prussian was the last war between major European powers prior to this one, every officer of our regular army had studied that war, and graduates of the War College and the Leavenworth schools knew it by heart. Although I never had set foot in Europe until 1917, I, for example, found myself fighting in country as familiar to me as the Eastern Pennsylvania where I was born and reared, chance throwing the bulk of our forces into a region through which the German had advanced in 1870. Maps have had a special fascination for me from my cadet days and I have studied them and the making of them so long that a good one to my eye is a panoramic photograph of the region.

A General Captured

After Paris, Sedan was the best-known, almost the only familiar geographical name in France to the average American officer. It happened, too, to be a division point on the all-important railroad for which we were driving. This, with the sentimental emphasis the French put upon this intrinsically unimportant town, spread through our new army, until Sedan became a sort of fetish. "On to Sedan" replaced "On to Berlin" as a shibboleth, and even the cooks talked knowingly of Sedan. Actually the town had no military value, being in the Meuse Valley and commanded by the heights to the south. It was not necessary to carry the town in order to cut the great railroad. The magic name, Sedan, drove the First Corps the faster, and the night of the eighth, the Rainbow Division captured those heights, blasted the railroad apart with its artillery and caught the enemy with all four tracks blocked with long trains of supplies of every description which he was trying to save. Partly because of the scarcity of locomotives and partly because of the rapidity of our advance—the Rainbow Division was twenty-one miles ahead of the line of attack of November first—this enormous mass of material fell into our hands and those of the French.

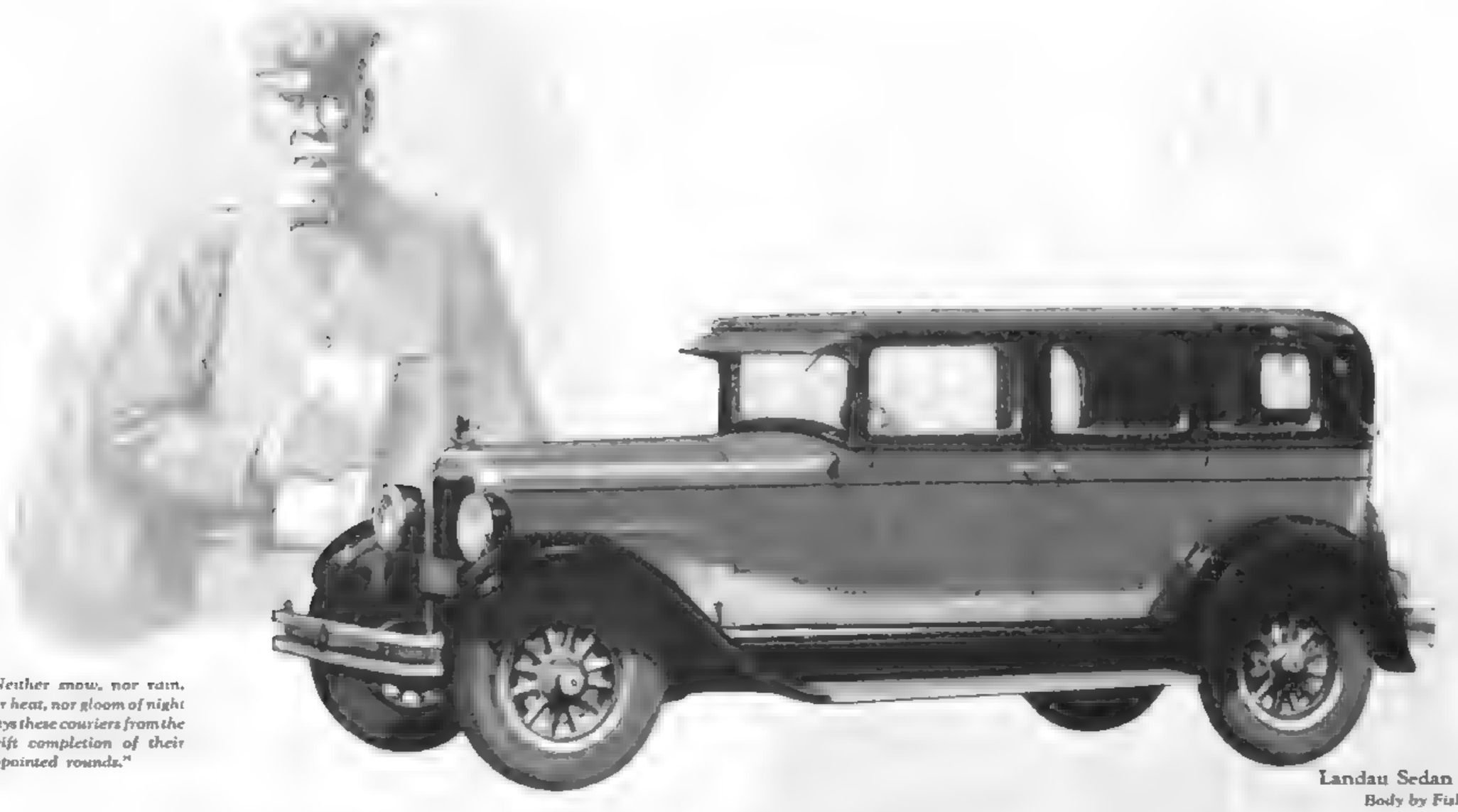
The German evacuated the town as soon as the Rainbow Division carried the river heights, but the Rainbow, by orders, made no attempt to enter the deserted town. The German artillery commanded it quite as well as ours, at the moment, and we were waiving this sentimental adventure to the French, who were entitled to it, while preparing to withdraw our First Corps as soon as the French got up.

The veteran First Division was in support of the Fifth Corps to the immediate right of the First Corps. Brigadier General Frank Parker recently had taken over the division command, and one of its former commanders, Major General Charles P. Summerall, had the corps to which the division was attached.

Through some misunderstanding of an order of General Drum's, complicated by the Sedan hysteria, and possibly by General Summerall's pride in his old division, General Parker's natural desire to keep it to its old mark, and the perpetual eagerness of the division itself to be always in the vanguard of the fighting, Parker marched the division in seven columns—handling 25,000 men like a battalion—right through the First Army Corps upon Sedan. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.'s regiment crossed the Bar River, advanced on Sedan from the southwest and was almost in the town when recalled.

Douglas MacArthur, then commanding the Rainbow Division, affected a peculiar cap, not unlike that of a German officer. He and some of his staff were grouped about a map this night on the division front when some elements of the First Division burst through and captured him and

(Continued on Page 58)



"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Landau Sedan $1295
Body by Fisher

"unflagging performance and uncommon long life—these Oakland qualities do not change with the changing trends of motordom."

You may be intrigued by the arresting beauty of Oakland-Fisher bodies or stirred by the car's spirit and dash when you drive. But once you become an Oakland owner, you will discover an even deeper source of satisfaction . . . . . *unflagging performance and uncommon long life . . . . . These are Oakland qualities that do not change with the changing trends of motordom*—for they result from the super-precision methods of construction that are now the sternest Oakland tradition.

Touring, $1025; Sport Phaeton, $1095; Sedan, $1095; Landau Coupe, $1125; Sport Roadster, $1175; 4-Door Sedan, $1195; Landau Sedan, $1295. The New and Finer Pontiac Six, $775 to $975. Pontiac De Luxe Delivery—Chassis, $585; Screen, $760; Panel, $770. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS ~ ~ WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

This "small-bubble" lather *softens every whisker*

Penetrates down deep to the base of each hair—makes it soft right where razor works

THERE is this difference between ordinary lathers and Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather — the Colgate bubbles are smaller — they penetrate deep down to the base of every hair.

"Small-bubble" lather works this way: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each separate hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

FREE
A WEEK'S SHAVES

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men — the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.

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Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 54)

his party under the impression that they had bagged a German division command.

My first tip that the First Division was not in the rear of the Fifth Corps, where it was supposed to be, came from the French, who began telephoning complaints that organizations of that division had appeared on their front and were getting in their way. We insisted at first that they must be mistaken in their identification; but assured that they were not, I started for First Corps and Fifth Corps headquarters as fast as I could travel. This was the only occasion in the war when I lost my temper completely. I had been holding this fine division back to be used when we crossed the Meuse, when we might have needed them very badly. Having met with no opposition, they had not lost a man, but the long march over and back had exhausted them for the time being. Moreover, the movement had thrown the First Corps front and the adjoining French front into such confusion that had the enemy chosen to counterattack in force at the moment a catastrophe might have resulted.

First Corps headquarters was buzzing like a hornet's nest when I arrived, and as the first victim to hand, I was the sufferer. Although this was my own old corps, they were inclined to hold me personally responsible for the First Division's "atrocity," as they termed it. MacArthur had taken his "capture" as something of a joke, but not First Corps headquarters. I had been furious myself, but I recovered my temper in soothing the indignation of General Dickman and his staff. As matters turned out, by good luck the eccentric movement had no evil results. The German was in no mood for counterattack, and Parker's division was fit again the next day and available for use. Certainly the division had shown marching ability of the highest order in getting over and back as it did.

We shifted our left several times to make room for Gouraud's army as it came up, and it was the French who actually marched into Sedan later. The town had been unoccupied since the Rainbow Division had reached the heights that commanded it.

Von Gündell and the other German delegates already had crossed the lines to sue for an armistice, but we knew nothing of this. The enemy patently was approaching a catastrophe, but he was backing away from us, fighting as he withdrew, and we prepared a new battle.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by General Liggett and Mr. Stout. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

MOUNTAIN FEVER

(Continued from Page 9)

comfortable, and very practical for loads of moderate bulk and weight. Anything over about sixty pounds in weight constitutes a horrible load to pack in any case, and is not worth the physical agonies involved, excepting for short distances or in cases of dire necessity.

As to the matter of bedding, sleeping bags are very desirable in high altitudes, and if one can be found which is not too bulky, and at the same time very warm, it is a priceless possession indeed. Usually, however, a high-grade woolen double blanket offers sufficient protection on the slopes of the mountain, plus a heavy sweater, socks and wool toque for night wear. During the long dry months of summer a tent is rarely required. During twenty summers' experience on the mountain I have been caught out in rainy, stormy weather on but four occasions, and these occurred in three instances near the end of the season. It is useless, therefore, to burden oneself with the extra weight and bulk of a tent—a poncho will make a good lean-to in an emergency.

Almost any type of comfortable old clothes will suffice for short trips of this kind. I usually wear lightweight long woolen underclothes, service-khaki knickers, two pairs of heavy woolen socks, spiral putties, a broad-brimmed felt hat and a Northwest logger's shirt. This last garment is one of those evolutions born of practical necessity, which amount closely to genius. For all-around outdoor use in the north temperate zone, I can think of nothing to equal its practical utility.

The Wilderness Pantry

Made of the finest wool, it dons like a short coat and is worn outside the trousers. The sleeves, on top, are of two thicknesses, as are the shoulders, front and back for some distance below the neck. The chest carries capacious pockets. It is light, very warm and practically waterproof. It never becomes cold and clammy after hours of soaking rain, and can even then be comfortably slept in. It is the standard garment and comfort of the Northwest logger, and if known it would have a country-wide vogue among sportsmen, hunters and campers.

The food supplies, or grub, for a backpacking mountain trip must necessarily be limited to those of the most simple and imperishable sort. Butter, eggs and fresh meat are, of course, impossible to carry, and canned goods—save for one or two items as an emergency ration—are too heavy. The staples consist of bacon in the flitch, flour for flapjacks, mush or oatmeal, pea soup if you can get it, sugar, condensed milk, salt, pilot bread and tea; also some dried peaches or apricots, a pound or two of chipped beef and some hard chocolate.

The above may not make up an attractive table d'hôte, but they constitute a nutritious and filling one. Coffee is taboo. Its weight and bulk make it a luxury. Strong tea is more stimulating and refreshing, and a few ounces will suffice for a couple of men for a week. It is the standard beverage on all serious expeditions into the wilderness.

Rivers of Ice

The cooking utensils should also be of the simplest type—frying pan with folding handle, a set of three oval tin pots nesting one within the other, and individual tin plates, cups and cutlery. These, with a short-handled ax and a thick piece of dry, pitch-saturated fir, a hole in the ground for a small fire, and we soon can prepare a meal for four hungry men. The piece of pitch-wood is a life-saver when the rain is dripping down and dry wood as rare as gold nuggets, and indeed saves a deal of trouble and delay on all occasions. When it can be found, dead Alaska cedar makes the best firewood of this high subalpine zone, but all too often one must make shift to burn hemlock—a very poor firewood.

Thus equipped, a party of three or four congenial souls is adequately prepared to slip away from civilization for a week or more of roughing it in the lonely grandeur and solitudes of the unspoiled wilderness on the north and west slopes of the mountain. Let us consider some of the outstanding features of alpine topography over which they must make their way.

To my mind the glaciers are the most fascinating regions on the mountain. Like the arms of a monstrous starfish, they radiate in all directions from the central body of the great volcano. Eleven of them are virtual ice rivers, or moving glaciers of the type of the famous Mer de Glace, and between these extend numerous interglaciers, or stationary ice fields, of the type found in Glacier National Park and on a few peaks of the High Sierras in California. South of the Selkirk Mountains and the Canadian Rockies in Canada, the peak of the mountain offers the sole region in North America where great moving ice

(Continued on Page 58)

The new PAIGE "8"

-with Two High Speeds

merits a demonstration and your thoughtful consideration

THOSE who are contemplating the purchase of a fine motor car should withhold selection until they have driven this new Paige.

Many of these, after enjoying this experience, will doubtless find themselves accepting its wholly new performance as a standard by which to judge other cars.

This will not be due to the price of this Paige, for most of its purchasers are men and women who are not primarily interested in its reasonable price.

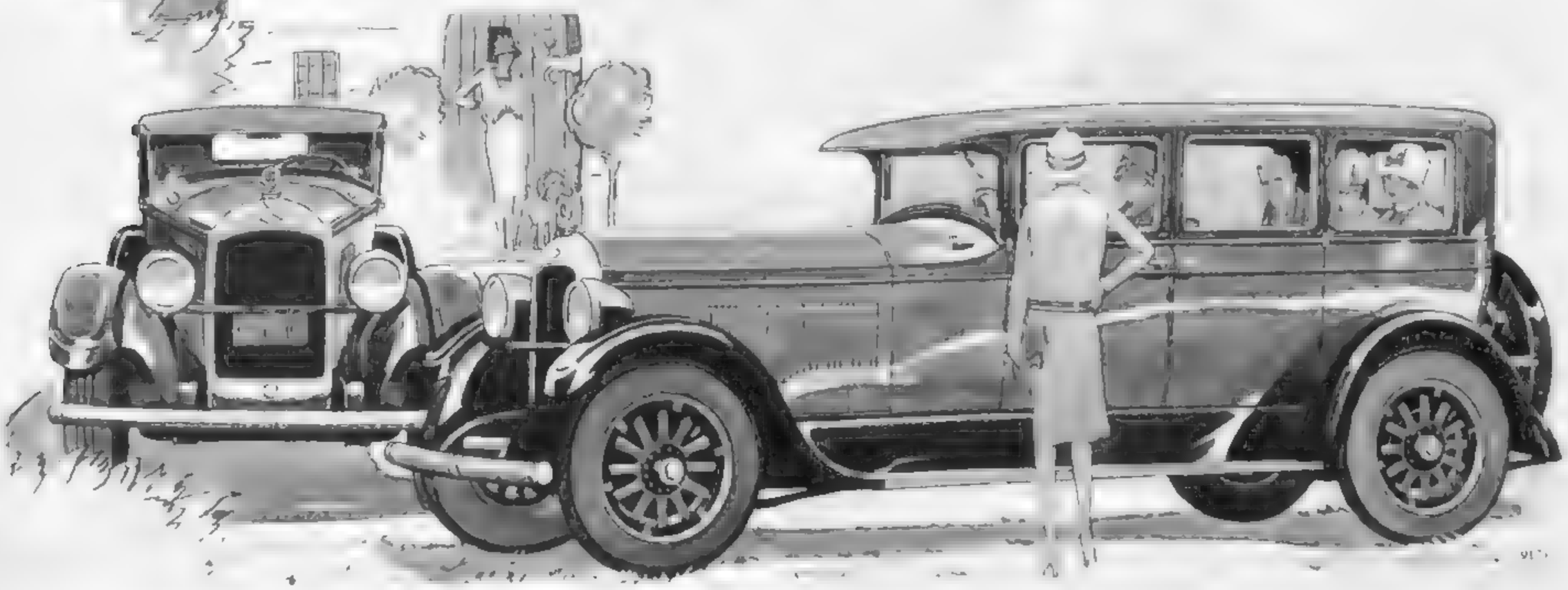
Rather, it will come from the very definite conviction that this car so quickly establishes in the minds of all who drive it, a conviction difficult to implant by words, that it possesses silence, smoothness, luxury and safety of an uncommonly high order, and of a wholly new type.

Much of the difference in this car's performance lies in the purely mathematical fact that at high speeds its engine revolves much more slowly than engines normally do, due to its Warner Hi-Flex 4-speed transmission.

This new engineering accomplishment produces greater silence at all speeds, resulting in unusual gasoline economy. Because the engine makes fewer revolutions, it lasts longer, requires less attention, less frequent overhauling.

Third speed is another high speed, and delivers greatly improved acceleration, both in traffic and on steep hills.

You are invited to visit a Paige showroom and drive a new Paige "8" at your convenience. There will be no obligation to buy.



for Sound Sleep Every Night

and new-found energy all day long

Now a new Swiss food-drink—that brings long, restful sleep in a natural way

We offer you a 3-day test

No more wakeful nerves at night. No more logy mornings. No more afternoon let-downs.

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to give you sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

The 3-day test we offer here will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, it is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the Great War it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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"I took Ovaltine because I kept petty and was tired and groggy when I got up in the morning. I take Ovaltine every night—sleep fine and feel 100% in the morning."

John Connors,
New York City, N. Y.

"I took Ovaltine for nervousness and sleeplessness and found I was improved beyond expectation. My sleeplessness was cured."

J. H. Wright,
Griffin, Arkansas.

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37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City *State*

(In package of a person)

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 56)

bodies may be seen. Elsewhere on high mountains south of the Canadian line only remnants now exist of the extensive glaciation which once sculptured their surfaces.

In their descent from the amphitheaters, or cirques, high upon the slopes of the peak—or, as occasionally happens, from the summit plateau itself—the major glaciers have scoured out deep troughlike canyons sometimes from 2000 to 3000 feet deep, separated by long ridges running downward far into the forested zone. Turbulent rivers of milky water, carrying in fine suspension a heavy load of rock flour, thunder forth from ice caves beneath the snouts of the glaciers and dash down over their bowlder-strewn beds to deposit their sediments in Puget Sound, some forty miles away, with the exception of the rivers from the Cowlitz and Ohanapecosh glaciers, which find their way at last into the Columbia.

The crossing of these glacial rivers and canyons offers thrilling adventures, and it is usually better to select a route as high on the mountain as possible in order to avoid the dense brush of the lower slopes and the foaming rapids at the bottom of the canyons. The glaciers themselves taper to snouts or low walls of dirty ice at elevations ranging from about 3400 to 5000 feet above sea level, from which point they slope upward in long sinuous curves over the sky line to their snowy sources from three to five miles beyond.

Waist Deep in Nothingness

Viewed thus from below their snouts, they give the appearance of huge mounds of broken, reddish slag spotted here and there with dirty gray exposures where the underlying ice has shed its mantle of rock débris and coarse sand. This rock-covered zone is known as the terminal moraine, and it extends far up the glacier—often to well above the 6000-foot level, where it gradually dwindles away in long fingers of medial and lateral moraine into the transversely crevassed areas of clear hard ice and *séracs*.

The crossing of this shattered, hummocky surface of the terminal moraine is usually one of the first tasks confronting the mountaineer, and it constitutes no mean introduction to the more sensational problems above. A sea, frozen suddenly during a storm, and covered with a thin layer of sand and rocks of every size and shape, will give a very accurate picture of an average moraine on the great glaciers. The surface of the ice beneath the rocks is melting slowly under the heat of the summer sun and the whole mass of stones is in a constant state of delicately adjusted equilibrium, from rocks the size of an egg to huge slab-sided masses weighing tons which a touch is often sufficient to dislodge. Travel over such a surface, particularly when loaded down beneath a heavy pack, is of a limb-risking sort indeed, demanding the utmost care and agility. Moraine work is a necessary part of mountain climbing, but it is by no means a popular one.

Once above this atrociously fatiguing and unpleasant scramble—it is always much preferable to climb along the flanking ridges where such are practical—the climber emerges upon the fascinating and beautiful reaches of clear ice. Where just as on a river there are areas of smoothly flowing, unruffled water, so upon a glacier one may walk at ease here and there over plains of hard white ice, furrowed by tiny streams of water, chiseling miniature canyons and disappearing at intervals down narrow blue-green shafts with sonorous rumblings. Under the inconceivable pressure the ice is rumpled, dense and flinty hard. Here and there long cracks appear where the mass has yielded, some of them barely perceptible, like cracks in plate glass, some gaping for an inch or more in width, and others yawning open several feet or more in the center and narrowing at either end—their black, sinister depths lurking for the unwary foot.

Drop a stone into one of these crevasses and listen to the receding reverberations while ants crawl along your spine! The rope affords a great comfort when treading gingerly along a narrow wall between two such hungry chasms, each step planted firmly and deliberately and the gentle tug of the cord about the waist revealing a friend behind watching hawklike for the first sign of a slip. Or again, when in trudging carelessly over a bit of smooth snow your foot suddenly plunges through into nothing and for a sickening moment you flounder helplessly waist deep above unknown depths, until the quick response of the next man in line drags you backward by the rope onto terra firma.

One or two such plunges as this, coupled with the knowledge of the ice which experience alone affords, and you will learn to sound carefully with the staff in questionable snow; but in any case you will never be without the rope, and your party will walk in line, not abreast, each man keeping his attention on the man ahead.

Sometimes—and usually late in the season—a glacier may be so badly crevassed that it is nearly if not quite impossible to cross it. Careful inspection, however, will often reveal a general route through the maze of cracks, but the details may tax the climber's nerve and skill to the utmost.

Often it seems to be utterly impossible to advance or retreat through the icy labyrinth, and a wave of panic terror surges over one for which there is no better remedy than a good rest and smoke. But in the mountains, as elsewhere, perseverance and a cool, calm scrutiny will solve nearly any difficulty, and there is an indescribable exaltation and moral tonic in the successful passage of a *mauvais pas*. It constitutes one of the subtle soul-satisfying rewards of hard endeavor on the ice, of which the climber alone can appreciate the meaning.

Above this zone of bare ice and thickly strewn crevasses, the glacier rises steeply in broad rolling billows of the purest white, broken here and there with huge crevasses and *Bergschrunds*. This is the region of the high *névé* in the zone of heaviest winter snowfall, where the glacier is in transition from densely packed snow to ice. When the topography of the mountain permits, this zone may extend up to the edges of the summit plateau itself, draping the peak in ice and snow from foot to crest. In all but three instances, however, the major glaciers have their source in horseshoe cirques, or catch basins, at heights from about 10,000 to 12,500 feet. Avalanches of ice and rock thunder down from the terraced heights flanking these cirques, the larger ones sweeping far down the glacier. These places are forbidden land to the mountaineer, for they incur hazards over which man has no control. Such positions are always unjustifiable.

Parks on the Mountainside

The ridges dividing the glaciers may constitute either a narrow and broken crest—as is the case frequently on the west side—or again they may form a wide, rolling upland, sculptured profoundly by the more extensive interglacier ice fields of former ages. The irregular timber line thrusts forth its isolated, warped and wind-blown sentinels upon the heather-covered slopes below the snow line. Below the timber line lies the exquisitely lovely area of the alpine parks, with their vivid green meadows spangled with flowers and dotted with spirelike groves of subalpine fir, hemlock and Alaska cedar; and lower still commences the dense and continuous mantle of the coniferous forests of the Pacific Northwest.

Many of these parks are flanked on their sides and rear by ranges of rugged, saw-toothed mountains through which the glaciers and glacial rivers have cut narrow valleys, so that the climber need by no means confine his activities to the dominating peak. These minor rock summits, rising high and sheer above the green parks,

(Continued on Page 60)

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(Continued from Page 58)

afford many thrilling climbs and never-to-be-forgotten panoramas of glacier and forest. Unfortunately the character of the rocks on the mountain itself is unsuitable and, indeed, highly dangerous for steep ascents. The cone is a combination lava and cinder mass, and its rocks are too loosely assembled and prone to avalanches for the climber to trust himself to them when they lie at a hand-and-foot angle. On the mountain therefore there is no such thing possible as a rock climb as it is understood in the Alps. But upon the lesser surrounding peaks of nonvolcanic nature one may indulge himself to the utmost in this exciting pastime.

In this connection I recall a rock climb of a few years ago up the north face of Goat Mountain, an isolated summit 6030 feet high in the southwest corner of the Rainier National Park. The peak is a long knifelike ridge extending almost due north and south, of striking appearance, and as its southern end rises directly above the National Park Highway, it is consequently well known and has been climbed a number of times. So far as I am aware, however, it had never previously been climbed from the north end, where the cliffs rise almost sheer for about 1500 feet above Lake George, the second largest lake in the park.

Tragedy in the Mountains

In the fall of 1922, two of us had packed into the lake, ostensibly to have some fly fishing for the Eastern brook trout which had been said to abound in those deep cold waters. Being climbing cranks, however, we had taken along our staves and rope in a vague, half-formed idea that we might need them; and the water, as I have remarked, being very cold, the brush along the shore of the lake thick, and with no visible means of getting out on its clear surface where the trout were rising, our attention naturally became diverted. In this mood the frowning heights of Goat Mountain became a challenge which could not be denied. And so, on the following morning after our arrival, we leaned the fly rods against a convenient tree trunk and set forth to see what could be done about it.

For the first 200 or 300 feet above the lake we had merely an annoying grapple with thick brush on the steep slope. The brush soon gave way to a talus slope of loose rock, at the head of which we paused to get our bearings. Above our heads now rose a series of rock terraces leading to the foot of a tremendous cliff which seemed almost to overhang the lake. Other cliffs of formidable appearance curved around to the left in a semicircle and plunged precipitously to the valley of the Fork of the Nisqually River, 1200 feet below Lake George. A little to our left, however, the wall was broken by a narrow crack, or rock chimney, and we decided to attempt the climb at that point.

The ascent of the rock terraces offered no difficulties. The surface was firm and crossed by numerous transverse ledges on which we perched securely, the leader gathering in the slack of the rope as the man behind ascended to his niche. My companion, Davis, was quite unused to this work, and so it fell upon me to take the lead and assist him with the rope. However, he developed a faultless head and did not seem to require any assistance.

Rock climbing is almost entirely a matter of head, or freedom from giddiness and a tendency to boil over in perilous places. To some it comes naturally, while others acquire it only through experience and a tremendous effort of the will. The majority of men, I believe, are good potential climbers, but there are a few who are quite hopeless. It has nothing essentially to do with courage as we understand it in the ordinary walks of life. It arises more probably from some physical deficiency which renders an airy perch a horror and a nightmare, for I have occasionally seen such people grovel upon the ground in an ecstasy of terror in places where no real hazard existed to life or limb.

Then, too, there are occasions on which a serious accident or tragedy will utterly unnerve the remnant of a climbing party—such as, for example, the tragic and celebrated case of the first ascent of the Matterhorn by Whymper and six others. They had made the ascent in safety, and were descending the perilous snow slope just below the summit when the second man in line slipped and knocked the leader off his feet.

The third and fourth men were caught napping and whirled away before they had time to brace themselves. Whymper and the two Taugwalder guides, father and son, held firm, but the rope broke midway between Lord Francis Douglas and the elder Taugwalder. For a few terrible seconds—an eternity of horror—they watched their lost companions disappear one by one in a whirl of snow dust over the edge of the rooflike slope below to fall 4000 feet onto the Matterhorn glacier! Whymper states that for the next few hours he thought that every moment would be his last. Their nerve was completely shattered, and time and again the elder Taugwalder turned to him with ashen face and repeated, "I cannot!" Nevertheless, they did.

Out of the Chimney

After a time we reached the foot of the chimney. It was excessively steep, and choked at intervals with enormous bowlders over which I found it exceedingly difficult to clamber. Moreover, some of them looked dangerously loose, and it was not long before I doubted very much the wisdom of being penned there helplessly below such deadfalls.

This feeling, indeed, kept growing until at last that chimney gave us the horrors, and we began to seek desperately for a means of escape from it.

Some distance above I descried a narrow ledge which led out to our right around the face of the cliff flanking the chimney. Ordinarily I would have thought twice before considering it, but under the circumstances it was a deliverance. We reached it, and while Davis remained in the chimney, I worked out slowly and carefully along this ledge to reconnoiter. Turning a difficult corner, from which it seemed I could drop a stone into the sapphire depths of Lake George, glistening in its green forest setting far below, the ledge dwindled away to no more than a crack. Directly above, however, there were some slim holds for hand and toe, and a few feet farther on tiny fir trees clung to the face of the precipice, their little trunks and branches as tough and strong as rubber.

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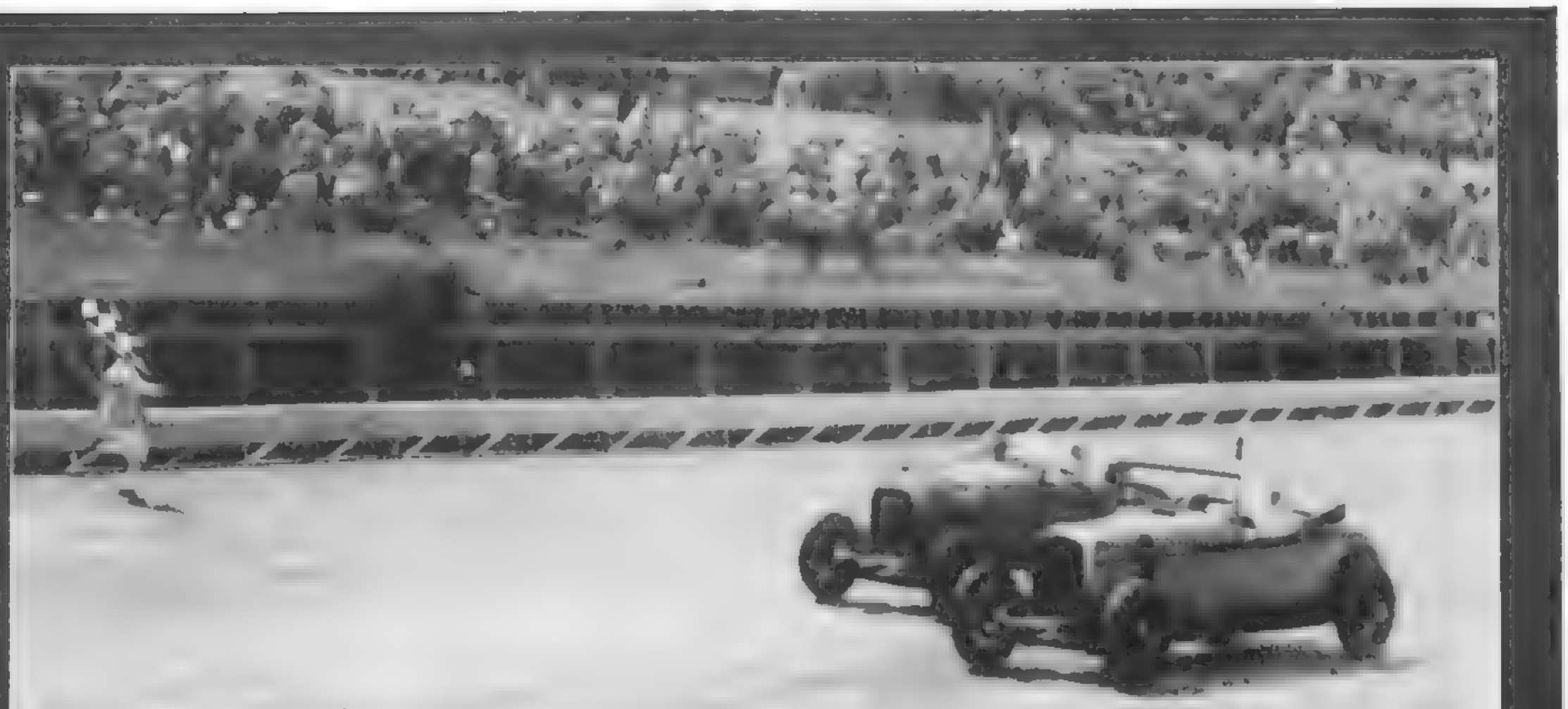

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(Continued from Page 60)

I climbed to the full 100-foot length of the rope, and anchoring myself firmly behind one of the trees, called on Davis to follow. In a few moments he was at my side, and firmly placed, while I ascended for another 100 feet. We repeated this process several times, the little trees greatly assisting us, and emerged at last upon a steep slope of heather just below the final pinnacle at the north end of the Goat Mountain ridge.

A few minutes more of rapid scrambling and the summit was underfoot. A glorious mountain panorama lay unfolded before our eager gaze, and with a sense of exaltation that a successful ascent alone can give, we sat down upon the narrow crest and smoked up.

Snow climbing is not so sensational or interesting as rock work, but it is more important, for most of the higher peaks, particularly in North America, are primarily snow climbs. On hard snow a slip may have more serious results than on rocks, and it is far more likely to occur. There is not very much frictional resistance to the human body on a snow slope at a forty-five-degree angle and more, even when the snow is quite soft, and so when traversing above a vertical cliff or gaping *Bergschrund* this fact must be keenly appreciated by all.

Advice From a Pioneer

Once upon the back it is quite impossible to check the downward rush. The cardinal rule therefore, and the one which every mountaineer must carry out instantaneously in the event of a slip, is to turn promptly upon the stomach and brake hard with the point of the staff in both hands under the body—the one and only means of checking an unwonted glissade. Many fatalities might have been avoided in the past if this simple rule had been appreciated and carried out, for I have tested it out more than once myself and have seen others saved by it. We are indebted to the famous scientist and alpine pioneer, Tyndall, for its promulgation. It was his custom never to enter upon the ascent or traverse of a dangerous snow slope without warning his companions emphatically to remember this rule in the event of a slip. Still, to use his own words, "A slip must not occur."

In traversing a steep snow slope the position of the staff with respect to the body is also very important. The point of the staff should pierce the surface of the slope above the body, never below it. Thus its position is crosswise of the body, and its function is merely to help preserve the balance and to check a slight slip. Held below the body, and necessarily with one hand only, it is useless.

Three Bad Traits

The body should be held erect at all times, which is not so easy as it appears, for there is a very strong natural tendency to lean in against the slope and thereby increase, unwittingly, the chances for a slip sideways out of the steps. In moderately soft snow, the leader can readily kick out deep steps or footholds in which each member of the party treads in turn; when the slopes are frozen, however, it may become necessary to employ the adz blade of the ax and chop out commodious steps—a very tedious and wearing labor. The slither of the fragments, however, sliding down the glistening slopes, will bear convincing arguments to the need of careful ax work. The prudent leader will also see to it that his party is securely roped and that but one man at a time is in motion. For the mountains are intolerant of rashness, ignorance and carelessness, and it is to these three traits that most of the alpine tragedies which shock us are due.

There is little more to be said upon the technic of this noble and character-building sport. The rest can be acquired only by practice and experience upon those lonely heights where a clean cool wind forever blows from over the edge of the world.

RUSTY AND THE LADY CLAIRE

(Continued from Page 13)

a regular bungalow on wheels, such as the tin canners go roaming around the country in.

"Some mistake, ain't there?" says I, gawping at the thing.

"We been a week fixing it up for young Mrs. Blair," says the man, "and she was down here this morning to O.K. it. Didn't say what it was for, either. Maybe she's going to put on a gypsy costume and go out telling fortunes."

"Huh!" says I, still staring. "I don't get this a-tall."

Well, I drives the thing home, thankful it was after dark, and tries to sneak it into the big garage without anyone seeing me. But of course Tupper is snooping around.

"So they've given the lad a nice new luggage truck, 'ave they?" says he.

"If that's a truck, I'm a bull moose," says I. "Besides, it ain't for me."

"Oh, hissent it!" says he. "Then what's it for, Mr. Gillan?"

Blamed if I had the answer, and the more I looked the rig over the less I knew what it was. There had been folding bunks in the thing, and a place for an oil stove and an ice box; but these had been ripped out, the sides padded and the floor covered with oilcloth. Also the whole back had been hinged so it would let down, and cleats nailed on about a foot apart.

"Might be a blessed hark," says Tupper.

"Ah, go spray your aitches on somebody else, you old fathead!" says I.

Then I climbed in and studied the outfit some more. On each side was a sliding window, with dinky cretonne curtains. In the floor about a dozen auger holes had been bored through the oilcloth. Back of the driver's seat a sort of slat partition had been built, and on either side a ringbolt had been let into an upright.

"I'm licked," I groans. "It might be for anything."

And that night I dreamed Henry Ford had invented a six-cylinder What-is-it that he'd turned loose on the Boston Post Road and it was chasing me across lots.

Right after breakfast, though, as the suitcases was being stacked on the east terrace, Eileen comes out fresh and blooming and showing her cheek dimples. "The mistress thought you'd be wanting to know that you'd be driving Lady Claire on the trip," says she.

"Oh-ho!" says I, chirking up. "Lady Claire, eh? I hain't heard of her yet. Who's she?"

"Why, here she comes now!" says Eileen, pointing down the road to the stables.

All I can see, though, is one of the gardeners leading a Holstein. And say, I had a sick feeling right under my belt. "Not—not a cow!" says I.

"Only for three days, Rusty," says she, smoothing my coat sleeve. "It's for Billy boy, you know."

Just what she said after that I got only a vague notion of, but it was something about Billy's having to have Lady Claire's milk or else he would get sick again, and how young Mrs. Blair hadn't told anybody her plans but had bought this van and had it fixed up and then had gone to town hunting for an extra shuffer, which turned out to be me. All I could think of was the sneery grin Tupper would spring and the way I'd be kidded along the route by other drivers and garage hands. Me, that had always prided myself on the kind of car I drove and the sort of passengers I had in the tonneau! And now to have this put over on me! Shuffer for a lady Holstein!

(Continued on Page 64)

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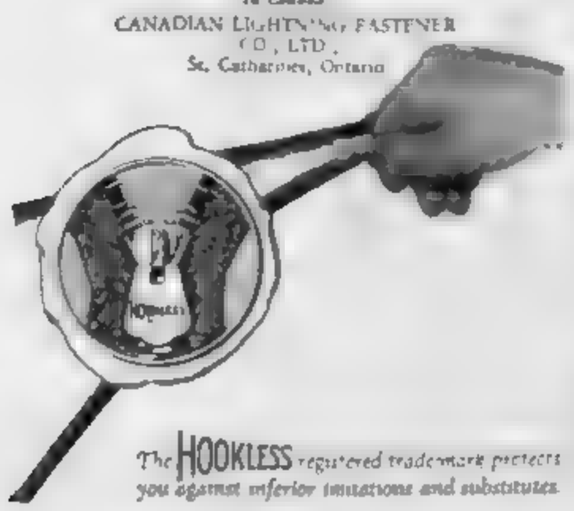

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(Continued from Page 62)

"Stung!" says I. "Gypped by a pair of blue eyes! Sorry, Eileen, but I couldn't do it."

"Go away with you, Rusty Gillan!" says she. "Sure and you will, as you said you would. Here's the mistress come with Junior to see Lady Claire put in the van."

I tried to tell Mrs. Blair that I wouldn't too. But, say, that young lady is one that does most of the telling herself, and tells it first. "Surprised, aren't you, Rusty?" says she. "I knew you would be and I knew you'd be a good sport about it."

"Listen, though ——" I starts.

"Yes, I understand," she breaks in. "But what was I to do? I had to take Billy along, and if he went Lady Claire had to go too. So, there you are. Now let down the back so Pat can lead her in. I want to see if she's going to like it."

She's a manager, young Mrs. Blair is, and when it comes to giving orders she's equal to any top sergeant. Pat led and I pushed, and Lady Claire was eased aboard and hitched to the ringbolts. If a cow can look foolish this one did, but she had nothing on me. I got a glimpse of Tupper watching the performance and I must have turned red clear to the back of my neck.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Blair," I begins again, "but I didn't sign up for any such ——"

"Please, Rusty!" says she. "I'm going to have trouble enough with the others without you going back on me. Now drive around and let Pat put in the hay and grain and the milk pails. Then you can come back and we'll have it out with Madam Blair."

She must have known that would get me, for from what I'd heard the old girl was a stiff-necked party that played the grande-dame act constant and was mighty fussy about appearances. And the chance to hand her a jolt was more'n I could resist. I'd stay with it that long, anyhow. So twenty minutes later I pulls the van in behind Mr. Stanley's touring car and in front of the limousine. Even then I was planning to take my suitcase and beat it.

First to come out was Eileen and the youngsters, and they stowed themselves on the back seat of the touring car. Then Stanley Blair strolls down the steps with wifey, who's busy explaining about Lady Claire. He takes one look at the van and breaks into haw-haws.

"Oh, I say, Marje!" he gasps. "What—what about mother?"

"I can't help it," says the young lady. "When she comes I shall ——"

But there she was, as stately and dignified as a grand duchess. And them keen gray eyes of hers spotted me and the cow chariot at once.

"What, may I ask," says she, and there was icicles on every word, "is that?"

"Oh," says young Mrs. Blair, "you mean Billy boy's milk supply? My idea entirely. You see, we just had to have Lady Claire along, so I bought the van and found a chauffeur who could milk and ——"

"Marjorie!" raps out the old girl. "Do you think for a moment that I will consent to tour with—with a cow?"

"But how else can little Billy have the kind of milk he needs?" says she. "Besides, Rusty will only follow us and no one need know that ——"

Which was where Miss Evelyn, the pouty-lipped young queen who's engaged to the Englishman, drifts out and adds her squawk. She's heard just enough to get the idea and she ain't at all backward about saying what she thinks. "Another of Marjorie's crudities?" says she. "Well, this is simply too outrageous for words. Stanley, can't you ——"

"Oh, don't throw a fit, sis," says Stanley. "It may look a bit odd, but if Marje says she must ——"

Madam Blair was just cutting loose with an ultimatum that would have meant war along the whole front, when Sir Egbert Tolley appears looking smart and nifty in his tweeds and cap to match. He's no monocled stage Englishman either, but a slim, fresh-cheeked young chap that could have passed for a brother of the Prince of Wales.

"Trust I'm not holding up the big push," says he. "Sorry. Are we about to pop off for ——" And then Lady Claire, who's been stretching her neck back to see how far she is from her pasture, lets out a gentle moo of protest.

"Shush, you simp!" I hisses. But Lady Claire only looks at me worried and turns on another mournful sigh.

"My word!" says Sir Egbert, staring. "What's the giddy idea?"

"Keeping up with Billy's bottle," says Marjorie. "I'm taking her so I'll not have a sick baby on my hands. Hope you don't mind, Sir Egbert?"

"I should say not. Raw-ther!" says he, coming down for a close view. "Well, isn't that cute and cozy? The supply trailing the demand, as one might say. Perfectly jolly arrangement—eh, what?" And he nudges Madam Blair enthusiastic.

"Why—ah—quite so!" The old dame nearly chokes over it, but she gets it out. "I was just telling my daughter-in-law, however," she goes on, "that it was somewhat unconventional."

"All the better," said Sir Egbert. "Mores for the masses, madam. Ever hear how I figured in the Victory review of our division after the big war? I drove a field kitchen past a stand full of generals and members of the royal family, and my dear old governor near laughed his head off when he found out. Who's the bright young chap on the seat there?"

"Rusty Gillan, Sir Egbert," says young Mrs. Blair, doing the honors.

"'Morning, Rusty," says he. "Could I help you soothe the impatient kine along the first few miles? Thanks, old son. Join you later, Evelyn." And I'll be hanged if he didn't climb up 'side of me and start patting Lady Claire on the head.

'Course, that settled me. If the cow van was good enough for a budding lord, who was I to get choosy over what I drove. Also it settled the big family debate. Madame Blair swallows hard a couple of times and gets into the limousine, while Sister Evelyn gives Marjorie a dirty look and follows suit.

With that the procession got under way, Tupper first with his bus, then Mr. Stanley in his classy touring car, and next me and Sir Egbert and the Holstein.

We got quite a hand as we went through White Plains, especially when we passed a grammar school where the kids were just filing in. "O-o-h, lookut! Cow in a car! Cow in a car!" seemed to be the main sentiment, and Sir Egbert grins and waves at 'em.

"All we lack is a steam calliope and a monkey wagon and we could pass for a grand street parade," says I.

"More fun than a lord mayor's procession," says he. "We do need a little melody, don't we? I think that can be managed too."

What does he do but make me stop in Portchester while he dashes into a store and buys one of these small-sized music machines. He only lays in one record, but for the next half hour he keeps that going steady and we treats Connecticut to Bye, Bye, Blackbird. Seems to have a good effect on Lady Claire, for she quits mooing and gazes through the bars at us as if she thought we was prize nuts. I expect others along the route thought the same, but Sir Egbert seems to like the joke and never lets up until his arm is tired of winding the crank.

At Stamford he shifts back to the limousine, with Miss Evelyn and Madam Blair, and Junior insists that it's his turn to ride with the moo-cow. So him and Eileen piles in and we have a great time telling Lady Claire where she's going and why. She's got used to the motion by then and takes being rolled through the country as calm and dignified as if she'd been a trouper all her life. She gazes out at the traffic cops placid, at the crowded streets in Bridgeport, and only looks uneasy when we whirl past perfectly good fields of hay and clover without stopping. 'Course, everybody that sees us gets a grin on, but as I grins back we sort of share the joke. And I expect that's the way to take things. Anyhow, this don't turn out to be such poisonous touring as I'd expected.

Way up in Massachusetts we made a swell hotel about five that afternoon, and by fixing up the door man I got leave to drive around to the back yard so Lady Claire could have a nip of grass while I was milking her. Then Sir Egbert hunts us up and starts the music box so she won't get restless during the operation. That brings a few of the guests rubbering around and we gives quite an exhibition.

Right in the midst of it I happened to glance up at a window and caught Madam Blair staring down stony at us, and I judge she didn't appreciate the stunt. I couldn't say if Sir Egbert saw her or not, but I thought I heard him smother a chuckle. That evening, when I took Eileen to a dance some of the help was pulling off, I got joshed some. They called me the cowboy shuffer, but I notice we was more or less popular, and one waitress remarks, "Gee, but you must be a ritzy bunch, travelin' with your own cow along!"

I didn't deny it, either. "That's a ritzy Holstein, too," says I. "She's got a pedigree that would almost let her into the D. A. R."

By the time we got up into Maine Lady Claire and me was almost chummy. As we crossed on the ferry at Bath she don't know quite what to make of all that water, but she only shoves her nose through the slats and looks at me trusting.

"It's all right, old girl," I tells her. "You leave it to me and I'll soon have you on dry land again." And early the third afternoon we arrives safe and sound at this big estate on the cliffs, with more scenery spread out than I'd ever seen before.

I overhears Madam Blair sigh thankful as she's helped out, "Thank goodness, that's over!"

Sir Egbert must have caught it, too, for he tips me the wink. And right after breakfast next morning he wanders out to the garage. "I understand that the young lady rather put it over on you," says he, "when she signed you to drive something sight unseen."

"Her and that Killarney vamp together did, I guess," says I.

"Well, it was sporting of you to carry on," says he. "I liked that, Rusty. That's why I rallied round at the start. And I didn't mind stirring up Madam Blair a bit. Did her good. Didn't harm Miss Evelyn, either. I was glad to have you show 'em you could do your job without being snooty about it."

"You wasn't doing so poor yourself, sir," says I. "And you almost a lord, at that."

"Never take any stock in lords, Rusty," says he. "They're a useless lot, and common as cabbages at home. But good chauffeurs are rare. And by the way, I'm looking for one."

"Ye-e-es?" says I, trying to act modest.

"My chief, the ambassador, told me to bring one back—one that knew New England and the mountains," says he. "He's a good old scout, too, even if he is a lord. And Mrs. Blair has promised to release you for the summer. What about it, Rusty?"

We didn't put our names to any contract; we just shook hands and swapped grins. When Sir Egbert's visit was up Tupper took us to the station.

"Don't get chesty over it, Tupper," says I, "but I expect on the return trip you'll have the honor of driving the cow van." And the last I saw of him he looked like he was about to blow a gasket.

Say, if you see an important-looking shuffer rolling a big bus through the White Mountains this summer, razzing country cops and giving the cold eye to these rear admirals they have in front of big hotels—well, you'll know that Rusty Gillan is glad he didn't renege on shuffering for a lady Holstein.

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The conditions, and the ingenious scientific apparatus employed, assure absolute accuracy and unimpeachable impartiality. Each car under test is driven in a few months, more miles than the average owner will drive in three or four years.

Summed up, these comparative, scientific tests prove that Cadillac and LaSalle are *the greatest all-around performing cars in the world*—and unequalled, as well, among fine cars, for simplicity, for dependability, for long life and for economy of maintenance.

These results explain, fully and finally, why the Cadillac Motor Car Company today is called upon to manufacture fully half of all the cars produced in Cadillac's particular field, and why it is required to deliver far more LaSalle cars than any manufacturer of an automobile anywhere near its price, ever produced in that car's first year.

**The General Motors Proving Grounds occupies a tract of 1245 acres traversed by roads of all kinds with grades of all degrees. Its purpose is to demonstrate wherein General Motors cars may be improved. The engineers in charge devote themselves to constructive fault-finding. Their findings are impartial, for the farthest thing from their minds is to praise any General Motors car.*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

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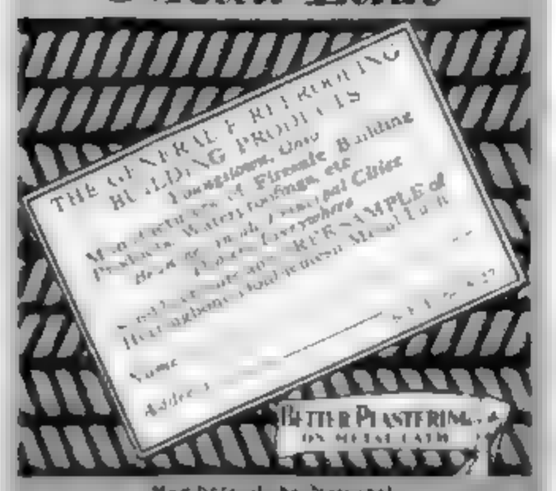

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A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 25)

Excited shouts, the hoof beats of many horses, came rapidly close to them. The Count of Estangroux galloped furiously in anxious pursuit of his lady, reined back his charger with a mouth-filling oath as he arrived. She turned and laughed to him—was ever such a curving red mouth, such whiteness of little teeth?—rearranging the while the fallen masses of her sun-glinting golden hair.

"Give this serf a bezant, sweet lord!" she said, with that bewitching laughter in her voice. "Without him thou wouldst have said Masses for my soul this day!"

The lord of Estangroux, gross and stupid-looking, ugly with a great battle scar across his clean-shaven cheek, commanded the squire that rode behind him, and a golden coin fell at Colin's feet. Still covering the eyes of the trembling panting horse, he let it lie. All around him now was the eagerly arrived retinue of this awesome seigneur. Grooms ran up, pushed him roughly aside, readjusted the bit in the animal's jaws. The Count of Estangroux urged his lady to take another mount. She refused smilingly, promised to punish this foolish creature which had bolted because he had overridden a child and had been startled by the scream of a woman as she had rushed to save it.

Colin stood staring stupidly at her, dazed and dazzled by that beauty. Her eyes rested on him peculiarly, appraising with a quick half-veiled glance the uncouth handsomeness, the lithe athletic strength of this young man who was her rescuer. He still stood staring as, with a gracious nod to him, a "God be with you, serf!" she rode off again, side by side with her expostulating husband, laughing to him as in easy horsemanship she kept level with him. He stood staring even after they were lost to sight in the dust-raising multitude.

Suddenly he realized that his companions had rejoined him, that Huguette was looking at him with a white and alarmed face, was holding up the golden coin he had forgotten.

One of those serfs mocked at him loutishly, coarsely.

"Nay, she is not for thee, Colin," he said. "Knowst thou not she has Count Raymond of Toulouse for paramour?"

Colin turned and struck him on the mouth.

"Thou liest!" The blow, the angry cry, were spontaneous, automatic. He flushed foolishly amid the derisive laughter which greeted them, while the man he had struck snatched at the knife in his girdle, was forcibly held back. What to him, a serf, were the remote virtues or sins of the nobly born?

Huguette stared at him strangely, her dark eyes large in the weather-beaten face under her disheveled dark hair. He had to adjust himself to her presence. This familiar environment into which he was suddenly replunged seemed scarcely real to him as, amid naïve envy of the wealth so unexpectedly acquired, they went on again toward the camp. Behind him the serf he had struck still muttered in angry resentment. Huguette spoke no word. He felt awkward in her proximity, sensing instinctively the unavowable absurd pain at her heart.

They were at a little distance from the bridge over the ditch, from the gateway in the palisade, when from within the camp came a significant sounding of trumpets. The multitude still outside commenced to run toward the gates, and they ran also, pushed their way in with the crowd, eager for the tidings evidently to be announced. Riding four abreast, the heralds of Count Raymond of Toulouse came down the street between the tents, halted again for another blast on their trumpets. The senior of them proclaimed in a stentorian voice that with tomorrow's dawn every man was to hold himself in readiness for transshipment to the Asiatic shore. It was, intoxicatingly, the real beginning of the Holy War for which they had journeyed so long and so far. From all over the camp came an immense and continuing clamor, a wild enthusiasm: "*Deus lo vult! Deus lo vult!*"

It was the first day of July. In a furnace-like heat from an overhead sun, a confusion of screams and yells and shouts, a never-ending din of furious battle, Colin crouched on one knee, his arbalest to his shoulder, and, as once more a troop of Turkish horse archers passed in a whirlwind of dust and a swishing multitudinous arrival of their deadly arrows, picked a quickly moving turbaned target and pulled the trigger. Once more the victim he had selected dropped from his frenziedly galloping steed. He put his feet on the inverted crossbow, drew back the string, felt in his pouch for another bolt. Once more he had used his last. Once more he turned to Huguette, crouching disheveled and panting by his side, took from her the handful of bolts she had gathered from the pouches of the arbalestiers who were slain. Once more, in another yelling whirlwind, the Turkish horse archers hurtled past. Once more, with grimly steady aim, he chose and hit his mark.

So already for two hours—though long ago he had lost count of time—had he knelt and shot, Huguette ever close to him, save when she ran for a fresh provision of the short bolts he sped so unerringly, and when, less frequently, she had run to the river with his water flask. Their march of that morning, through the low-hilled valley which was to bring them to the city of Dorylæum, seemed already in another life. Remotely distant now was that sudden alarm of the overwhelmingly numerous Turkish army riding toward them, that hurried pitching of the camp for the women, the sick, the great baggage train and the horde of noncombatant pilgrims. That camp had been placed for safety between the river and a marsh, and its exposed sides were guarded by yelling masses of utterly undisciplined foot soldiers, only a minority of whom were armed with missile weapons. No knights were with them. It would have been an indignity to have fought side by side with this baseborn rabble, brought only for the unchivalrous duties of protecting a camp, of ravaging far and wide for provisions, of the necessarily dismounted work of siege warfare.

Left to themselves under the leadership of *sergents* similarly baseborn, while the mailed and mounted knights should alone decide the battle, were these wretched half-armed serfs, among whom Colin, in a little company of slightly superior arbalestiers, sweated and cursed and shot. Behind him the clamor of that terrified multitude, close herded in the camp, the feminine shrieks, the chorused prayers of the pilgrims, came often even louder than the noise of conflict as the ever-galloping infidels—there was not a foot soldier in that innumerable Turkish army, and all those horsemen were archers who released their arrows as they rode—raced troop after troop close along their front and wheeled away.

Out in the plain the embattled squadrons of the crusading knights and squires were similarly assailed. He had perceived them ever and anon through the drifting dust, charging with pennon-fluttering lances and a fierce battle shout upon those elusive, swiftly wheeling enemies of God, who screamed the battle cry of Islam and turned in their saddles to shoot with their small double-curved bows at their pursuers. Rarely could the crusaders reach more than the rearward ranks for the joyous massacre with lance and sword. Now, it seemed, that host of mailed, lance-armed horsemen was becoming huddled up in a great mass, helplessly exposed to the arrows which, if comparatively impotent against the armor of the knights, were terribly effective against their horses.

Not the host of Count Raymond of Toulouse was it that fought this desperate battle. That army, together with the Lorrainers under the chivalrous Godfrey of Bouillon, had marched in a parallel column some six or seven miles to the right, completely out of touch. This was the host, chiefly composed of the Norman knights of Sicily and Naples, which marched under the square, blood-red banner of Count Bohemund of Tarentum. Colin, left masterless when Count Eudo had been killed in the hard-fought five weeks' siege of Nicæa, had, with the facility of new allegiance characteristic of the crusading armies, some time since attached himself to a company of Count Bohemund's crossbowmen. A few days previously the Count of Estangroux and his fair spouse Yseult had similarly transferred themselves to the retinue of the ambitious lord of Tarentum—some said, in consequence of the intervention of the good Bishop Adhemar in that general conscience-stricken penance for sins which sought to regain the favor of God after those costly first repulses at Nicæa.

It had been in a secret infinitely humble devotion to that inaccessible loveliness, since seen often from afar, that—Huguette silently acquiescent, docilely asking no reason—he had refused the gold coin offered by another Frankish lord whose arbalestiers had just then been massacred in a sortie of the besieged, and had walked across to the camp of Bohemund.

In the same army he would at least be near her. The consciousness that she was somewhere behind him in that crowded terror-shrieking camp stimulated him now to a grim ferocity, a teeth-set determination, as he aimed and shot through hour after hour.

Long ago the word had been passed that messengers had gone to seek Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse. When would that desperately needed succor arrive? Colin agonized for it. He had already seen enough of war to realize, in acute apprehension, that the constantly beset and now partly dismounted mass of lords and knights no longer dared charge the swarming adversaries who galloped around them in incessant close-range volleying of arrows—and, though he did not think of it in those terms, to that heavy-armed chivalry which knew no tactics other than the shock of horse and man, immobility meant defeat.

With even greater alarm he saw the slaughter among the equally impotent huddled foot soldiery, whose spears and axes were useless against the exultant Turkish horse archers, and who wore no armor to protect them from the whirring, deadly shafts—a little more, and they would dissolve in panic to be massacred as they ran, the camp left open to the inrush of those hordes who would spare only the youngest and most beautiful women for the *harim*. Surely the rescuing hosts of the other column could not much longer be delayed!

More than once in the clamor he thought he heard their vengeful battle shout, more than once he sent Huguette back out of the dust to peer from a wagon for the glint and flash of those arriving squadrons. She had reported each time that, apart from the surrounded mass of their own knights, the countryside between the bare ridges of the valley was everywhere filled with the innumerable horsemen of the infidel. Each time also she had brought him back water, had miraculously found a crust, smiling at him over her own thirst and hunger while greedily he drank and ate.

Once, in a brief hand-to-hand mêlée, she had snatched the hatchet from her belt and killed an unhorsed Turk ready to strike him as he lay overthrown and prostrate. Reckless of her own danger, she was happy to be allowed at his side, happy that from time to time he needed her. "*La allah il' Allah! Din! Din!*"—"*Deus lo vult! Deus*

(Continued on Page 68

REAL SILK

FRESH Silk

SOCKS

ROAD-TESTED *Daily* BY 10,000 MEN

JUST ANOTHER THING WHICH REALSILK DOES TO PROVE THE DURABILITY OF ITS FRICTION-TESTED *FRESH* SILK SOCKS.

* * *

Men, Listen! Who ever heard of *road-testing* silk socks? . . . And yet, that is exactly what happens to Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks every round of the clock!

More than 10,000 Realsilk Gold Button Men are doing it, while they bring Realsilk Hosiery Service to the millions of homes and offices throughout the land.

Collectively, these 10,000 men cover more than twice the distance around the world *on foot* . . . every day! And every one of them wears Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks.

They know from this constant *personal* experience that no other socks possess as much endurance or such lasting good looks. That's why they are so enthusiastic . . . And all America is fast catching their enthusiasm.

Many of our Representatives were Realsilk users before they entered our organization. They had discovered for themselves the blessings of these punch-proof, run-proof, rip-proof, *friction-tested* FRESH silk socks and saw the possibilities of passing this new-found benefit on to others.

Still others learned about Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks after they were made "Knights of the Gold Button"... Either way, they all swear by Realsilk, and spend their days spreading the news of their discovery.

To these men we owe the great national belief in Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks which millions of men now proclaim *the best-wearing silk socks in America—bar none.*

Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks keep their good looks longer because the silk is FRESH . . . Our patented, *friction-testing* assures better wearing toes and heels . . . The *rip-proof*, elastic tops, with double reinforced garter bands, withstand every strain.

That's why men who once wear Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Sock will not consider any other brand.

Just remember this:—Next time the Realsilk Gold Button Man calls on you, don't look upon *his* visit as an interruption, but as an opportunity. He is really doing you a favor —putting you in touch with a great service. For through him *alone* can you get these Realsilk Gold Button Brand SUPER-SERVICE Socks, which you'll find to be the best-looking, longest-wearing silk socks you ever had!

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Rosy-cheeked Children
versus
The Gray Specter of Infection

Why Bauer & Black are giving an ominous figure the brightest place in their advertising spotlight for 1927

It isn't a very pleasant subject . . . the subject of septic poisoning . . . of deadly germs that creep into the system through tiny cuts, scratches and bruises.

We'd much rather publish pictures of laughing and rosy-cheeked children.

. . .

But laughter and rosy cheeks do not remain in the faces of little children . . . when the Gray Specter of Infection spreads his mites of malice through their little bodies.

That is why we are turning the spotlight of our publicity on the subtle Specter. So that mothers may know him for what he is. Not as a vague and remote danger. But as a live and alert enemy, ever lurking at arm's length . . waiting for Accident to give him the signal to attack.

On January first we invited readers of The Saturday Evening Post who had personally witnessed or experienced the tragic aftermaths of neglected cuts and scratches to tell us the facts —so we could use their observations as a warning to others. Particularly to the mothers of romping children who are ever prone to hurts and bruises.

It would take a year's advertising space to reproduce all the letters received; letters telling of limbs crippled, health shattered and lives lost—through the neglect to give prompt and proper first aid to a trivial injury.

Here are excerpts from 20 of the letters received; stories of pathetic suffering and injuries caused by careless indifference to tiny cuts, scratches and bruises.

. . .

Junior "skinned" his knee . . . that tiny scratch cost us $200, besides the fear, heartache and remorse . . . because of thoughtless neglect.

MRS. RALPH V. PEEBLER, Fairfield, Iowa

My son scraped his knee . . . paid no attention to it . . . suffered severely . . . took a year before knee was normal again.

MRS. A. HEFNER, Mason City, Iowa

The scratch was not attended to . . . $2,500 would not pay the bill, besides our mental anguish watching the suffering of our baby.

WM. J. JOLLIFFE, Porterville, Calif.

© B. & B., 1927

Our son skinned his knee . . . we just washed injury with water . . . only intense care saved the leg . . . but knee was left slightly stiff.

C. N. POSTEN, Riverside, Calif.

Weeks of pain for my little boy and worry for myself could easily have been avoided if I had only properly sterilized the scratch.

MRS. S. P. RIDDLE, Clinwood, Va.

It was such a little scratch that mother never thought of giving it First Aid . . . now there is a finger missing on the loving hands that have done so much for me.

PAUL S. GILBERT, Freeport, N. Y.

I scratched my wrist . . . merely tied a cloth around it . . . today, 20 years later, this wrist is smaller and weaker than the other.

MRS. J. M. COWAN, Oakmont, Pa.

Only a tiny scratch . . . so I left it to heal . . . lost six months' time and suffered intense pain . . . Have scar where scratch appeared.

ISABELLA McCALLUM, 339 Fairmount Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Neglect of a tiny bruise has cost my sister her health, six weeks' salary and $200 in doctor's fees.

MRS. WILLIAM LA PLANTE, Williamstown, Mass.

A slight cut next to the nail . . . didn't pay attention to it . . . was almost two years before finger was normal again.

MRS. B. G. LOWE, 1811 Tenth West, Seattle, Wash.

My neglect to give First Aid to a pin-prick . . . cost me $70 . . . great pain . . . a disfigured thumb.

MRS. THOMAS M. WILLEY, East Haddam, Conn.

My mother cut her finger . . . failed to put antiseptic on it . . . suffered for three months . . . finger had to be amputated . . . hand now stiff.

MRS. HASKELL B. SMITH, Paris, Texas

A mere scratch that I thought too slight to notice spoiled my vacation, cost me hospital and doctor bills and days of intense suffering.

ROBERT B. POWER, Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada

I scraped my shin and paid no heed to it . . . took six weeks of painful treatment to heal . . . left an ugly scar.

ELIZABETH GOUDIE, 1452 Argyle Street, Chicago, Ill.

A slight cut on my husband's hand . . . unattended . . . resulted in a permanent scar and disabled fingers.

MRS. ALBERT R. SMITH, Galveston, Ind.

My daughter was left with a lame leg because we did not think a small bruise would cause trouble and did not take precaution against infection.

MRS. E. HOSS, Johnson City, Tenn.

I cut my finger slightly . . . did nothing for it . . . suffered intense pain for five weeks while doctors tried to save my hand.

MRS. EMA GRANT, Springfield, Mo.

My youngster hurt his knee . . . I thought nothing of it . . . took weeks before wound healed . . . knee still tender.

MRS. HARRIET A. MANNING, 141 Merrimac St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A tiny blister on my little girl's heel broke . . . I merely covered it with ointment and cloth . . . took a skilled physician and nurse to save the leg.

MRS. C. L. GRAY, P. O. Box 869, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Our little girl scraped her finger . . . we paid no heed . . . took four weeks of painful treatments before the finger was healed.

MRS. GRACE L. WILLIAMS, Swampscott, Mass.

. . .

Don't ignore any break in the skin, however small. Treat it promptly with respect and First Aid. Sterilize it. Dress it and bandage it—immediately—with the four simple First Aid precautions described below:

4 Simple things to do for cuts or bruises
—Available at all drug stores

1. Sterilize the wound with a Bauer & Black Iodine Swab or a Bauer & Black Mercurochrome Swab . . 2. When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze . . 3. Bind with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage . . . . 4. Fasten with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.

BAUER & BLACK
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

(Continued from Page 66)

lo vult! Tarentum! Tarentum!"—the opposing battle cries swelled again and diminished as yet another troop of horse archers hurtled madly past, vanished in the dust they created, leaving a few more sprawling wretches amid the previous corpses, slain or wounded in that brief mutual discharge of deadly missiles between them and the Christian crossbowmen, leaving yet more dead in the rabble of infantry at whom the *sergents* cursed as they enforced a closing up of the ranks.

The next moment Colin saw thundering down upon them—not obliquely as before, to pass along their front, but in a charge that plainly would ride home—a great mass of Turkish horsemen flourishing bright curved swords, their bows discarded. "*La allah il' Allah!*" The shout was loud above the rolling hoof beats of that approaching torrent, was answered by a yell of Christian battle cries as, in an equal fanaticism of deadly hatred, those of the infantry rabble who did not turn and run closed up over the corpses, lifted spear and ax in readiness for the impact. "*Deus lo vult! Christus! Christus! Deus lo vult!*"

Colin shot and shot again. Never so quickly had he dragged back the string of his crossbow, slipped the short bolt into the groove, taken aim, pulled trigger. He aimed at the horses' breasts, saw the two he had marked plunge downward with wildly kicking hoofs, those immediately in rear tumbling over them. He reloaded, in the vivid consciousness that he would have time for only one more shot. He took it, straight at the dark-visaged emir vociferating the cry of Islam as wildly he waved his green banner. The chief was precipitated backward from his onward-rushing horse. Colin felt something touch his arm. It was Huguette, holding a spear to him. She shouted, but her words were inaudible in that deafening infidel battle cry, that thunder of hoofs, those shrieks of alarm, those screams. He snatched the spear, drove with it at the Turk who rode at him with ferociously upraised scimitar.

An instant later he was sprawling face down on the blood-soaked earth, a hurricane of hoofs passing over his head. He lay motionless, shamming death—uncertain, indeed, whether he was not wounded, whether he had been merely knocked down by the shoulder of that galloping horse. He wondered dazedly what had happened to Huguette. The terrifyingly close hoof beats ceased to fall around him, the infidel battle cry passed onward, was no longer immediately above his head, was mingled now with piercing shrieks and screams. That Turkish cavalry had ridden right into the camp. He raised himself from the ground in a spasm of horror, gazed at the dust-whelmed confusion, where the white cones of the pitched tents were just distinguishable and women and pilgrims shrieked in their terror.

He could not guess at that strange spectacle of Christian ladies of high degree hurriedly decking themselves with all their jewels, making the most of their beauty to excite the cupidity or the desire of those savagely slaughtering infidels who galloped upon them. He had only a sudden vivid overmastering vision of the awful danger in which was that most beautiful of all women, she who had haunted him, had magicked him as with a strange enchantment ever since that day outside Constantinople, she to whom in the secret depths of his uncouth peasant soul he had vowed his lifeblood if need be.

He sprang to his feet, glanced around him. Near at hand a Turkish horse stood quietly over its slain master, the curved scimitar hanging yet at the saddle. He ran to it, sprang on its back, whipped the weapon from its sheath as the animal reared at this new pull at the reins. The next moment, digging in his heels, one sharp blow given with the flat of the sword on the horse's flank, he was wildly galloping toward that pandemonium where the tents were now blazing in yellow flames amid smoke and dust. Was that Huguette who half raised herself from a heap of corpses as he went? He could not turn to see. He rode onward like one possessed, concerned only to sit firmly in that bucket saddle, to keep guidance with the reins in his left hand, to assure his grip on the hilt of the scimitar in his right. In front of him the screams and shrieks were bloodcurdling, shrill above the fierce battle cry of the infidel.

What was that? An instinct, a sixth sense, seemed to guide him to the fringe of that tumult, and issuing from it he perceived a Turk—one of many such—galloping away with a woman flung across his saddle. But the woman snatched by that particular Turk had a dress of a particular and well-remembered green. It was she! He knew it instantly with a strange certainty. Madly, yelling inarticulately, ignoring the enemy horsemen who vainly rode at him, he flogged at his horse with the flat of the curved sword, urging it to overtake that Turk fleeing from the fight with his booty. He was now close behind; the horse, straining forward as though it had caught his excitement, was in a race. The next moment he was level, and even as the infidel turned his bearded face to glance at him, he smote a slashing blow with all his strength at the neck, felt the blade bite deep, saw as in a dream the head roll from the suddenly lurching body. Even as the blood gushed up in a great fount from the trunk, he urged his horse abreast, leaned over with strong arm and snatched the woman, heavy in a limp faint, from the other saddle to his own, galloped toward a space that was clear of enemies, pulled up suddenly.

Behind him, in a tremendous shout, had resounded the Christian battle cry. He turned in his saddle to see squadron upon squadron of cross-wearing knights riding with sword and lance upon the fleeing infidel, recognized the banner of the seigneur of Estangroux among those many banners. Bohemund had sent a cavalry charge to clear his momentarily invaded camp. To that, and all that it implied of safety, Colin was for the moment indifferent. He was conscious only that, intoxicatingly, he held that more than mortal beauty in his arms, the fair hair loose, the exquisite face like marble in its lifelessness. She came out of her swoon, fluttered her eyelids, opened those wondrous blue eyes, stared at him, saw no longer a swarthy visage above her, was suddenly aware of rescue. She smiled as she half roused herself in his embrace, not yet recognizing him.

"I thank thee, sir knight," she said, in a miracle of words.

Before he could answer, a mailed horseman with blood-dripping sword galloped up to them. It was the lord of Estangroux. He laughed boisterously in his battle-wrought excitement.

"Hola! Sir serf! Thou again! Thou art ever on hand to rescue noble dames, it seems! And a blow thou dealtst worthy of a knight, *Pardie!*"

The Lady Yseult roused herself with a start from his arm, slipped to the ground. He sat confused as she stood looking at him curiously. Then, abashed and embarrassed under the direct glance of those wondrous blue eyes, he made clumsily to dismount from the horse it was not fitting he, a serf, should ride.

"*Nenni!*" she exclaimed with that well-remembered little laugh. "Keep thy horse, sir serf! My people shall catch me another." She made a gesture to the squire close behind his seigneur, and he spurred to catch the bridle of one of the many riderless horses on that fringe of the battle, led it to her. She mounted deftly to sit sideways in the Turkish saddle, turned to her husband. "Sweet lord," she asked with that bewitching smile, "hast thou not a place in thy *mesnie* for a serf who rides so well and deals such knightly blows?"

"*Pardie!* That have I!" Scarcely credible to Colin were the words that came accompanied by the boisterous laugh of that formidable seigneur. "And, sir serf, when we divide the fiefs of the infidel at the

(Continued on Page 71)

"Say, Doc, it must be awkward when you get a hurry call and have tire trouble."

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WEDDING BILLS	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Erle Kenton	
RUBBER HEELS	Starring ED WYNN. With Chester Conklin.	Victor Heerman	
TIP TOES	Starring DOROTHY GISH. With Will Rogers and Nelson Keys.	Herbert Wilcox	
ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE	Starring CLARA BOW. With Reed Howes and Arthur Housman.	Frank Strayer	
Zane Grey's DRUMS OF THE DESERT	Warner Baxter, Marietta Millner, Ford Sterling	John Waters	
THE WORLD AT HER FEET	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Arnold Kent.	Luther Reed	
ROLLED STOCKINGS	Louise Brooks, James Hall, Richard Arlen and the Debutantes of 1927	Richard Rosson	
TIME TO LOVE	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. With Vera Voronina and William Powell	Frank Tuttle	
BACK TO NATURE	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Mary Brian.	Clarence Badger	
TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS	Starring ESTHER RALSTON.	Dorothy Arzner	
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PARAMOUNT

The Whole Show in 1927-28

(Continued from Page 69)

Holy City, I pledge thee a gift of rich lands to hold in freedom for this day's work. Need have I of vassals such as thou!" Away across the smoke-hung camp the trumpets sounded the rally. "Now go with my lady and keep thy good guard over her in the camp till the battle finishes." He glanced round to see that all his *mesnie* were now again behind him, shouted his battle cry, and galloped off to rejoin the squadrons that re-formed.

The Lady Yseult smiled at her rescuer. "We will ride gently, sir serf," she said. "The infidel is far from us—and there is no pommel to this saddle."

In a whirl of emotion, Colin rode proudly by her side, his curved blood-wet sword still unsheathed, as at a walk they returned toward the camp. It was like a dream. Behind him his name was called suddenly, in a poignant cry. Automatically he turned, saw Huguette, dust grimed, her dark hair disheveled over her rags, running after him. She overtook him, breathless, gasping, walked holding the stirrup of his horse. She spoke to him and he did not hear. He had ears and eyes only for that magically lovely creature of whom he was the humble and trusted guardian. It did not seem strange to him that her fingers glittered with many rings, that pearls and gold collars were hung in extravagant profusion on her neck.

Only when, outside the tent where the Lady Yseult rested, he stood holding the bridles of the two horses that might yet be again required, did he remember Huguette, still beside him, tell her of the wondrous lands that were to be their reward. She flung her arms round him in gratitude for that notice. "My man! My man!" she cried. "Naught care I for lands! I prayed to the saints only to keep thee safe!"

Not yet was the battle or the danger over. More furiously than ever raged the fight as Bohemund moved his unwieldy mass of half dismounted knights to the direct protection of the camp. More furiously than ever the infidel horse archers galloped around them, shot them down in their enraged impotence to retaliate. Every now and then little parties dashed frenziedly out to be surrounded and slain. Pitilessly the hosts of Islam closed upon them, yelling in savage triumph. Imminent was the moment when they would dissolve in hopeless rout.

Suddenly the low ridges of the valley were overtopped with gleaming squadrons of pennon-fluttering horsemen. In ever-renewed thousands those galloping knights came streaming down the slopes, shouting the battle cry of Christendom. The hosts of Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse had arrived. They spurred with couched lances into the rear of the infidel army; and almost instantly that startled multitude fled in screaming panic, to be overtaken and joyously massacred until the warriors of the Cross could pursue no more, to gallop yet farther, riding their horses to death a three days' journey; although, as said the contemporary chronicler, "the Lord alone was now pursuing them." It was a great if fortuitous victory that opened the road to Antioch to the armies of God.

It was almost a year later, in the last days of June, 1098. They were in Antioch. From the preceding October the precipitous walls of that great city built on the hilly bank of the Orontes had resisted every assault of the unskillful siege wherein the crusaders had suffered as much from famine as the beleaguered infidel, their host dwindled to a wretched remnant, when on June third treachery had given them one of the tall towers and enabled them to storm the town. They had been only just in time. On the very next day had appeared the advance guard of the colossal army of Kerbogha, Emir of Mosul, marching with a quarter of a million men to the relief of Antioch. On the ensuing day the crusaders were themselves already besieged in the city they had won.

Then immediately had commenced a time of horror beside which all their previous sufferings seemed as naught. Hemmed in that foodless city, where still the infidel garrison resisted in the citadel, they were at once in the grip of a famine more dreadful than any they had experienced in that campaign which never had an organized commissariat. From the first days a piece of bread cost a gold coin, a fowl fifteen solidi, an egg two solidi, a single nut one dinar. And then these were exhausted. The few starved camels, the mules, even the horses, were devoured. The greatest lords sold their arms, their equipment, for a mouthful of food, wandered miserably through the narrow streets begging for a morsel to keep them alive. The poor died daily by hundreds. Hundreds deserted to the infidel, abjured their faith for a meal. Hundreds more, sarcastically known as "*funambulistas*"—ropewalkers—let themselves down by ropes from the walls, fled to the port of St. Simeon, eight miles distant, renounced the crusade. Every human tie was dissolved; brother avoided the eye of brother, and the son no longer acknowledged his father. The gaunt specters who manned the constantly attacked walls had scarcely strength enough to wield their swords.

Far away, the Emperor Alexius heard of their inevitable doom, turned back in that march on which they had counted to save them. Only a religious fanaticism, desperate in their misery, maintained their resistance while they fed upon the boiled leather of their equipment. A priest named Barthelemy had a vision that the Holy Lance which had pierced the side of the Saviour was buried under the altar of a church. The place was excavated amid solemn prayers, and after the diggers had found nothing, Barthelemy himself leaped into the hole, came out again flourishing a spearhead. The city went mad with joy. God was still with them.

The day of the twenty-eighth of June, the feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, had not yet commenced to dawn when Colin clambered up the rope left by a *funambulista*, slunk along half-deserted battlements, slipped down an interior stairway to dark and empty streets littered with the unremoved bodies of those who had died of hunger. For four days he had been absent in an independent and perilous foray, desperately determined to find food. Now under his ragged tunic he concealed a loaf of bread for which he had stealthily slain a Turkish picket. He went, stumbling over those obstacles, as quickly as he might to the house where lay the Lady Yseult; where also, if she still survived, he might find Huguette.

Long since dissolved was the brilliant *mesnie* of the lord of Estangroux, the seigneur himself slain at the beginning of that winter of siege. Only his great physical strength—not for nothing had, long ago, his fellow serfs called him "the wrestler"—and his dogged peasant cunning had enabled him, in that long-continuing misery, to snatch sustenance for himself and Huguette, and often enough for that bewitching noble dame whom he, alone of all her former retinue, yet served. Like many another high-born lady in the crusading host, the widowed Lady Yseult had passed from protector to protector in those dreadful months when the woman left husbandless or loverless surely starved, and latterly a Flemish knight had sold his horses, his arms, his every possession, that she might have a crust. The haggard hunger-crazed priests in the streets might scream their denunciations of the manifold mortal sins which had turned away the favor of God from His warriors—every now and then, wretched women were executed in batches by fanaticized reformers; to Colin, the conduct of that high-born, still-lovely mistress was infinitely beyond even the comment of base-blooded hinds like himself. With no longer a hope of those fair lands he had been promised, he remained ever at her call in a stubborn fidelity, a mutely humble adoration at which Huguette had ceased to sigh. For a smile from her he would have assailed single-handed the entire infidel army.

The first grayness of the rapid dawn had crept into the overhead sky as he arrived at the dark ancient entry of the house. The gate into the courtyard was open. Just as, concealing his loaf, he crossed the threshold, a man came running from within, crying like a maniac to God to end his life, collided with him in his blind frenzy, went madly down the street shrieking blood-curdling blasphemies as he ran. Colin recognized him. It was the Flemish knight. What had happened?

He passed into the house, ascended in darkness the familiar ancient staircase, reached the upper floor. From the darkness, bony fingers suddenly seized his arm in a frantic grip, a voice—the voice of Huguette, faint as at the point of death—gasped at his ear.

"Colin! Colin! It is thou? Thou hast food? Give! Give! For six days have I eaten nothing! I die!"

He broke off a piece of the loaf, gave it her, could hear her weep and laugh hysterically as ravenously she munched at its hardness. The next moment there was a sudden illumination. The curtain to an adjacent doorway was torn aside, a woman sprang out with a strange wild cry, snatched the bread from Huguette's hand, ran back to the room where a torch flared on the wall. It was the Lady Yseult.

An unhuman scream came from Huguette as with a spasm of sudden strength she darted after her, leaped upon her, struggling to regain possession of the bread, at which the other woman already gnawed. She was flung violently to the floor, lay gasping. A poniard flashed in the hand of the fair-haired woman, still beautiful even in her emaciation, who greedily devoured that stolen food. Colin had followed them into the room.

"Stay!" he cried, shocked at that spectacle, familiar though it was in the streets outside. "I have some for both."

The Lady Yseult swung round to him. "Thou hast more?" She held out griping skinny fingers, her blue eyes like those of a mad woman. "Give! Give!"

Huguette was crawling toward him, her hand also outstretched. "Colin! Colin!" The Lady Yseult sprang between them, the poniard upraised in menace over the starving creature, who shrank from her.

"Some for both have I, lady," he repeated earnestly. "For thee and for Huguette."

She turned and perceived the broken loaf he held against his tunic.

"No, no!" she screamed. "All! All! Give me all!"

He recoiled from her, glanced—against his instinct of utter obedience—to his wife, panting and prostrate on the floor, shook his head. No. Not easily would that precious food be snatched from him.

The Lady Yseult drew herself up—her fair privation-thinned face suddenly lost its ferocity; she smiled marvelously.

"For thy return was I waiting, Colin." There was something peculiar in the tone with which she uttered his name. "Listen to me!" He thrilled strangely at the unwonted caress in her magical voice. "Wouldst thou be my husband?"

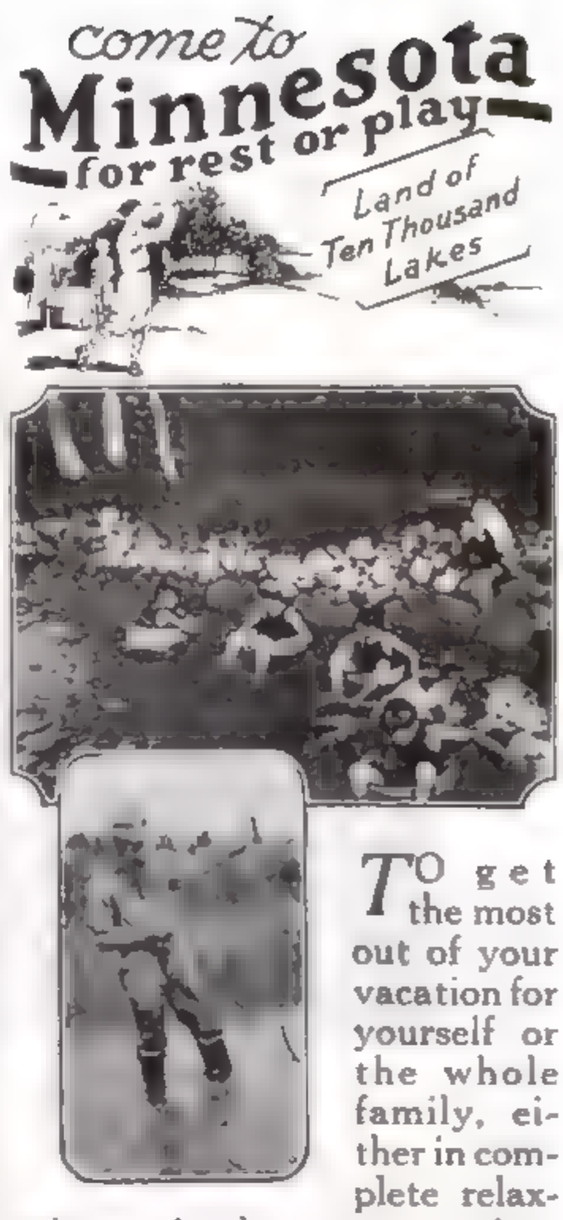
Her husband! He stared at her—how could he be her husband, he who was the husband of Huguette? She read his thought, laughed that little fascinating laugh he knew so well.

"Tomorrow surely will she be dead, and thou free—thou whom I choose to be my lord. Wouldst thou, Colin?"

He still stared at her, dazed by these incredible words. Why should she, most beautiful of highborn ladies, choose him, a serf, to be her lord?

Huguette raised herself on one elbow. "Listen not to her, Colin!" she gasped. "The priest has been here. If in today's battle"—he looked sharply round; there was, then, to be a battle today?—"God gives not the victory, every husbandless woman is to be sent out of the town. Thou

Continued on Page 73



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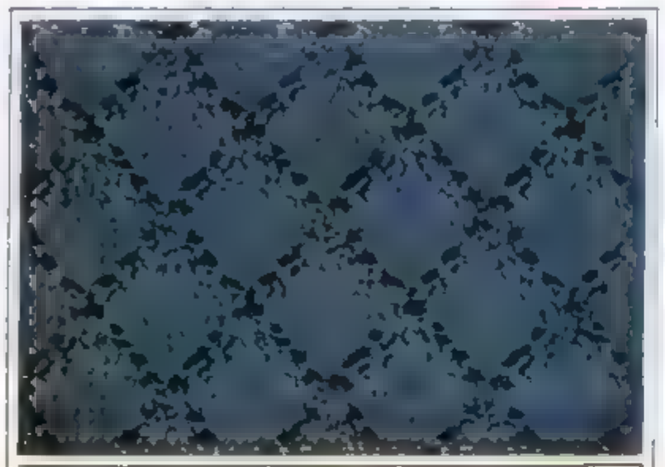

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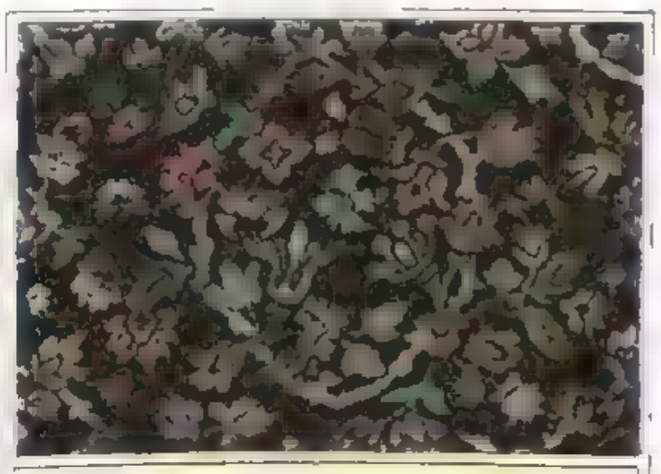

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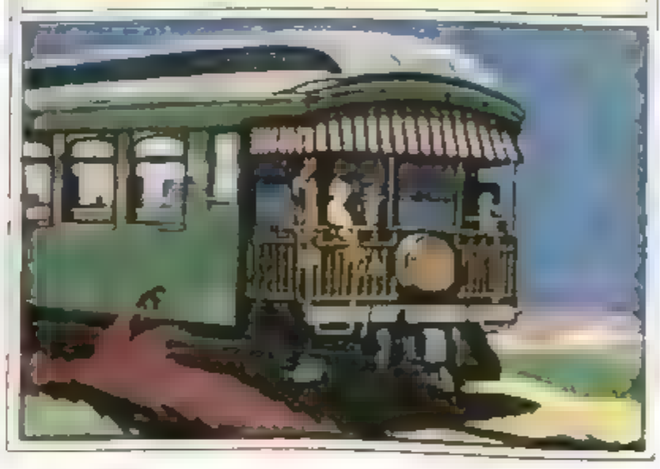

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RUGS & CARPETS

WEAVERS SINCE 1825

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(Continued from Page 71)

knowest not how I prayed for thee to come back."

The Lady Yseult ignored her as one already dead, held him with that bewitching smile.

"Even so, Colin. And I choose thee for husband, if thou wilt!"

"But," he stammered stupidly, "the Flemish knight ——"

"The Flemish knight has a wife at home," gasped Huguette again, "and besides, he has no more to give. No knight will have her. Listen not to her, Colin!"

The Lady Yseult still smiled. "Broad lands have I, and many strong castles in the fair land of France," she said. "Lord of them all will I make thee—a serf who shall be made noble when he is my husband—a serf whom always I"—her voice went curiously soft, was like a curiously powerful sorcery upon him—"have loved, though I might not avow it. Didst thou not read in my eyes, Colin, when thou didst rescue me from the mad horse, from the infidel, that I loved thee? Strong art thou and brave, and a great lord will I make of thee—a hundred knightly vassals shall pay thee homage in thy castle. Wilt thou, Colin? Thou hast but to let her die!"

He gasped in that sorcery—in that sudden wild craving for this miraculously beautiful highborn creature who for months had haunted his thwarted dreams—a craving that was irresistible, blotting out duty and old love. He scarcely heard Huguette as she gasped, "Colin! Colin!" The blue eyes held him in their smile.

"Thou wilt! Thy eyes have answered." He scarcely knew where he was, what he was doing, in that enchantment. "Give me the loaf—the loaf that shall keep me alive for thee." With a trembling hand he held it out to her. She snatched it with a sudden avidity, while her eyes still smiled. "Tomorrow the priest shall make thee lord of my life and lands!"

Dazed, he glanced at Huguette. She was stretched silent upon the floor, seemingly already lifeless. Outside there was a sudden blaring of many trumpets, sounding the general assembly. They could hear the tramp and jingle of armed men. She smiled at him.

"It is the call to the battle where the Holy Lance shall vanquish the infidel," she said. "Go thou, my lord to be, and win fame therein that I may be proud for our wedding. Nay! Not yet!" She checked his mad impulse.

As, at a renewed and nearer sounding of the trumpets, he turned and rushed from the room, she was already voraciously devouring the bread.

That battle was like a dream to him. He ranked himself automatically in one of the many companies of foot soldiery, dismounted haggard knights jostling with the gaunt starved specters of humble arbalestiers and axmen that were forming in the streets, received with them a priestly absolution and a blessing. Yesterday a store of concealed food had been discovered by a miracle credited to that Holy Lance, in which every one of those warriors believed as a talisman of certain victory, and a scanty ration had been served out to the fighting men. Nevertheless, many dropped dead as they stood awaiting the order to march. From the windows above dreadful women's faces looked out on them, shrieked a desperate encouragement. Then again the trumpets sounded and these long columns of corpselike, ragged, diversely armed, still-starving veterans began to march down the sloping streets to the river gate and the bridge across the Orontes.

They debouched upon the farther plain between the river and the hills a mile or so distant, at their head the papal legate Adhemar, with a coat of mail under his sacerdotals, and by his side the chaplain of Raymond of Toulouse bearing the miraculous Holy Lance, followed by a procession of priests chanting the psalm, "*Exsurgat Deus, et dissipentur inimici ejus.*" Battalion by battalion—and, strange to these seigneurs and knights who in the lack of horses found themselves constrained to fight on foot, it was an army composed almost entirely of infantry—the warriors of God took up the psalm. The sun was already high as they began to deploy upon the plain, a squadron of mounted knights upon scarecrow horses behind each mass of infantry, and from a passing cloud fell a slight shower of cooling rain—visibly a proof of God's blessing.

Chanting psalm after psalm, they swung out across the level ground, maneuvering to fill up the whole space between the hills and the river. Away in front of them the innumerable horsemen of Kerbogha collected in a vast array, and along by the hills a detached multitude already galloped to take them in flank and rear. A force under the banner of Count Bohemund moved divergently to hold that menace in check. The rest marched on, their left flank now against the escarpment of the hills, their right protected by the river, twenty-five thousand footmen, and perhaps three thousand mounted knights with horses too weak to charge, against an army ten times as numerous.

To everyone in that Christian host, as to Colin himself, that battle was a succession of miracles. Were not the white-robed angels of God veridically seen charging the infidel? It was the sole possible explanation as, after riding with their wild screams of "*La allah il' Allah!*" in desperate assault upon the serried lances of the dismounted knights who, between each attack, moved steadily forward, the whole vast horde of Kerbogha's army suddenly dissolved in panic. Impossible was it for the wretched cavalry of the crusaders to pursue, nor did they wish to. Horse and foot that famished army rushed to plunder the rich camp abandoned by their divinely smitten enemies. Involuntarily—for none of those knights there was who did not feel it shame to fight on foot—for the first time since centuries infantry had triumphed in a pitched battle. Not yet, however, would a horse-enamored chivalry admit that lesson. Not until, almost a hundred and fifty years later, the dreadful disaster to the French knights on the downs of Crécy—impotent in the slaughter of their horses by the English bowmen—should set a fashion of dismounting for the fight that would last another hundred and fifty years. Of unappreciated significance in the ages-long alternative supremacy of infantry and cavalry was that twenty-eighth of June, 1098, when, amid shrieks of joy from the anxious watchers on the walls of Antioch, the fanatically confident infantry of the Cross, a sufficiency of missile weapons mingled with the close-ranked spears, their flanks and rear protected, proved themselves invincible against the furiously galloping light cavalry of Islam.

When, some hours later, Colin, riding one Turkish horse and leading another laden with spoil, a scarf heavy with gold coins against his body, arrived at the house where dwelt the Lady Yseult, he found half a dozen men at arms at the gate. He recognized them as in the service of the Flemish knight. They forced him back with drawn swords. It was the Lady Yseult's order. Their master was within.

It seemed to him that he must die in that atrocious pain at his heart, that head-whirling brutal dissipation of his mad dream. His sin came to him acutely, in this punishment of God, stabbed him in a wild remorse as suddenly, poignantly, he was his former self. Huguette? They swore to him that, alive or dead, Huguette was not within the house.

It was the evening of Friday, the fifteenth of July, 1099. At three o'clock of that afternoon, after forty days of furious siege, the warriors of the Cross—at the very hour of the very day of the week that the Saviour of the world had expired upon Golgotha—and who was there among that fanatic multitude who did not perceive a divine intervention in that coincidence?—had stormed Jerusalem. Now, in a brief halt in the fearful massacre that made the narrow streets run rivers of blood, they were assembled at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Only the great lords could crowd within. The humbler thousands, knights and baseborn intermingled, gathered themselves in a close-packed throng outside. All, inside and out, in a pious and genuinely grateful fervor, chanted the solemn magnificence of the Te Deum.

Colin sang it with the rest. Still a humble arbalestier, he had fought with such a reckless fury upon the tower that Godfrey of Bouillon had brought close to the walls that that chivalrous hero had thrown him a purse of gold, had promised him a free domain of land when once they should be within the Holy City. Indifferent was Colin to that gold; it would go, as the gold he had won at Antioch had gone, in Masses for the soul of the ever-faithful Huguette. He wondered, as his voice rose in the half-understood Latin words of the thrilling hymn, whether indeed there was complete remission of sins for those who had delivered the city of God from the infidel. Not since Antioch had he seen the Lady Yseult. With her newly wealthy Flemish knight, she had ridden to the port of St. Simeon, abandoned the crusade. She was merely a dream to him—a dream from which he had awakened in desperate remorse. Night after night he had started from his sleep, crying the name of Huguette.

Suddenly across that throng of many diverse races he perceived a face, under the leathern helmet of a crossbowman, that gave him a shock at his heart. It was strangely, disturbingly familiar. Telling himself that it could not be, that it was the same elusive vision which had haunted him through so many desperately lonely months, he found himself, without his conscious volition, forcing himself fiercely through the stubborn, suddenly angered press. He arrived at a young man with an arbalest on his back, stared into his face.

"Huguette!" It was madness, that name he cried.

If that was madness, the response was a miracle. Nothing less than a miracle was that cry of "Colin!"—those arms about his neck. Withdrawn from the throng, still chanting its hymns of praise and thanksgiving, she explained naïvely.

"I fled from that accursed house," she said, "and then I fell in the street and it seemed that my life was gone from me. And as I lay I had a vision of Paradise and all the saints of God, and we were there together. And a voice bade me rise and go to the Holy City, saying that there should I recover thee. And when I woke there was much food in Antioch and I ate and was refreshed, though I wept bitterly. A German knight spoke to me and I struck him in the face. Then, seeing that hardly would a woman alone reach the Holy City without she committed sin, I took the clothes of a man that was dead and found a crossbow, remembering how thou hadst taught me to shoot with it. And after that I joined a company of strange, wild, yellow-haired men. They cursed at me because I spoke our tongue, but they let me go with them and were kind to me whom they thought a youth, though rough they were and almost godless, saying their prayers so that none could understand. And so am I here—and now, my man whom God hath given back to me, shall we never more be parted"

Some ninety years later, when the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem collapsed against the genius of Saladin, the great-grandchildren of Colin and Huguette fled from the Palestinian farm where their ancestors had lived so happily. They took with them heavy bags of hoarded gold, and in the city of Marseilles bought ships for the profitable transport of the knights bound for the successive Crusades which revolutionized medieval Europe, breaking down serfdom and bringing in the ancient culture of the East.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue

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THE PRODIGAL'S BROTHER

(Continued from Page 19)

"Yes, sir," Sim agreed. "From all I hear, Boston's a right attractive place. Harry created quite a fuss there, I guess. I didn't read in the papers where they give him the key to the city, but if there's anything else they didn't do, it's something he overlooked. Since he's been home, pa and me, we sit up till all hours of the night just letting him tell us all the things he's done." He added gravely, "I declare, it's a mystery to me sometimes whatever brought him home."

"He's told me too," said Molly softly.

Sim, at something in her tone, turned his head and looked at the girl beside him with a slow attention. Dark had by this time fully come. The lantern swayed between the wheels of the buggy. The stars, visible through the gap in the trees above their heads, seemed to lurch from side to side as the ancient vehicle swayed and balanced among the ruts. They were passing through lowlands where swamp lay on either hand, and cedars and hemlocks and pines walled them in. In the faint illumination from the lantern's flame these tall trees marched gravely past them. The light picked out a bough here and there, or was caught and reflected by the leaves of a roadside thicket; but it was not sufficiently strong to penetrate to any distance, and beyond the reach of its rays lay the deep and silent caverns of the wood. In its dim illumination Sim could see, vaguely, Molly's countenance. Her eyes were fixed upon the bobbing ears of the old horse, and her lips, he saw, were relaxed in a faint and reminiscent smile. Something in her aspect disquieted him.

After a time he turned his attention once more to the road, but there was a new sobriety in his countenance. They were silent during the passage through the swamp, and only when they came at last to the fork in the roads and turned to the left along the way to Molly's home did she bestir herself.

She spoke as though in response to some question of his, though Sim had uttered never a word.

"I couldn't see whether there was anybody with him," she confessed, and Sim said in his moderate tones:

"Harry?"

She moved then with a faint start, and laughed in half embarrassment. "It didn't look to me he'd go to East Harbor to the moving pictures by himself," she explained.

"Well," said Sim, "I shouldn't wonder if he could find someone to go." He added a little later, half questioningly: "I guess it's right interesting for you to hear all he has to tell."

"I always did like Harry," Molly agreed. "There's something kind of lively about him, Sim."

"Yes, sir," Sim assented. "Yes, sir. I've noticed that too. There's been times when him and me was down in the lower meadow, haying, when I'd just as soon have had a grasshopper!"

She said reproachfully, "You drove him away from home once, always at him that way, trying to make him settle down and not ever have any good times. You won't be satisfied till you do it again."

But Sim shook his head. "No, Molly," he said soberly. "No, it looks to me we need another man around the place. Pa's getting old; he's getting on. No, I figure to see if I can't talk Harry into staying for a spell."

They came by and by to the Mayhew farm, and Sim turned into the yard and brought the old horse to a willing stop. There was a light in the kitchen windows, but Sim seemed content to sit for a little and talk with Molly here, before alighting to help her to the ground. After a moment, however, the kitchen door opened and Mrs. Mayhew peered out into the darkness and called.

"That you, Moll?"

And Molly said, "Yes, mom."

"You better come on in," Mrs. Mayhew directed. "Sim, you come in and set, if you want to set. You'll take your death of cold out there."

"It's just as warm ——" Molly protested, but Sim said slowly:

"I guess I'll have to move on anyway, Moll. I'll fetch your things in."

He had bought for Mrs. Mayhew a pound of coffee and a five-pound bag of sugar, and he carried them to her at the kitchen door. Molly there repeated her mother's invitation.

"Come in and set," she urged. "It ain't late yet."

But Sim shook his head. "I got to get along," he insisted, and caught Molly's eye and smiled. "I want to go on home and have everything nice for Harry," he explained, and she flushed indignantly at that and let him go.

His father's farm was perhaps half a mile farther along the road, up a steadily ascending grade. The farm lay for the most part on the northward slopes of the hill, overlooking the Ruffingham meadow, and Sim loved every acre of it. When tonight he turned into the farmyard, the black bulk of the barn and the lesser structure of the house had a comforting and welcoming familiarity. Through the dining-room window he could see the lamp on the table and his father sitting by it, reading a day-old newspaper; and Sim checked the old horse for a moment while his eyes rested upon his father there.

Abner Trust was a man past the prime of life, yet his substantial frame was still compact and able, and his countenance had a vigor and a serenity about it combining at once the strength and the maturity of age. Sim was more accustomed to see his father by day, when the old felt hat the other habitually wore hid his white hair. But tonight the lamplight gleamed on the other man's white head, and Sim abruptly realized that Abner was in fact grown old. And to be guarded, then ——

When he had put the horse in the barn he went into the house through the shed, and Abner called to him, "That you, Sim?"

Sim said, "Yes. Yes, it's me." He unburdened himself of the groceries which filled his arms, and then came into the dining room to give his father the paper.

"Where's Harry?" he asked disingenuously. "Ain't he back yet?"

"He got back quick," Abner explained. "Harry's a hustler when he's a mind to, Sim. Yes, sir, he got back pretty soon after you left."

"Get the hens all right?" Sim inquired.

"Yup," said Abner. "He put 'em in the barn. He said he'd put 'em in the henhouse in the morning. He wanted to get away. Wanted to see a man in town."

"I'll go out and take care of 'em," Sim said mildly.

"You don't need to bother," the older man explained. "I untied 'em and put 'em in the henhouse after Harry left."

Sim commented in an uncomplaining tone, "That so?" And he added, "Looks like Harry could have took time to do that."

"You don't want to be too hard on Harry," his father urged. "He's been away. He's kind of forgot the way things go on a farm. Looks like to me he's forgot all he ever knew about farming."

"That wouldn't take him more'n a minute or two," Sim suggested.

"Now, Sim, that's no way," old Abner protested querulously. "It don't do any good to be hard on Harry. We've got to make him want to stay here if we can. We need him around."

"There ain't many chores this time of year," Sim grimly replied. "The farming's all done and it ain't time to dig the roots, or get the apples in, for a month yet. I guess Harry'll stay all right, till the work picks up a little."

"Harry don't mind work," Abner urged. "Not when it has to be done."

"Not when he don't have to do it," Sim agreed. "He don't mind it when he don't have to do it, pa."

Abner repeated reproachfully, "Sim, that's no way to talk."

"It kind of girds me," Sim confessed honestly. His tone in reply to Molly's similar remonstrances had been light and jocular, the tone men are apt to adopt toward a woman, faintly patronizing. But he spoke straightforwardly and without pretense to his father now. "It riles me," he repeated. "Him coming back this way and settling down on us again, and you making such a fuss over him."

"Well now, Sim," the old man urged, "you don't want to mind that. You know darned well I couldn't get along without you. You've run the farm since before Harry did go away, and it's going to be yours when I go. You can have anything you want, any time; but I always kind of missed Harry. It's a comfort to me, in a way, to have him back again."

Sim nodded, and with an effort he adopted a different tone. "Harry's good company for you," he agreed. "I can see that. I can see that it's nice for you, having him to talk to."

Abner smiled reminiscently. "Harry's seen a pile of things," he assented. "I kind of like to hear him."

"Well," said Sim good-humoredly, "you and him go ahead and visit together. There ain't more to do than I can handle, the way I always have." He rose, adding thoughtfully, "Time you was getting to bed, pa. You won't feel up to anything in the morning if you don't get your sleep now."

Abner, as he was apt to do, yielded without any protest to the will of his older son; and after a time Sim followed him. Some hours later he was wakened by a stir in the dining room and judged that Harry had come home. He struck a match to look at his watch; it was a little after two in the morning.

"Guess he's been out seeing more things to tell about," Sim told himself resentfully; and it was some time before he went back to sleep again.

Harry slept late the next morning; but this, Abner reminded Sim, was to be expected.

"He didn't get in till the middle of the night," he pointed out. "You can't expect him to be out of bed so quick."

So Sim did the chores; and afterward, with a pair of pliers, a pocketful of staples and an ax, he went down to the pasture to repair the strand of barbed wire running along the top of the wall which served the function of a fence there. When he came back to the house at noon Harry did not appear, and the old man explained that he had gone to get the hens.

"Thought he got them last night," Sim protested.

"Well," said Abner, half apologetically, "he set out to, but he come to the Salisbury place and see some hens there, and he decided he might as well get them there as from Murtree's. But I'd already bought and paid for Murtree's hens, so when he told me about it this morning I told him he'd have to take Salisbury's back and go on and get them that I'd paid for. So he took the truck and went."

Sim nodded. "Nice day for a ride," he agreed. "Reckon he'll be back in time to milk this evening?"

"He said it wouldn't take him any time," Abner assured his son.

"I kind of figured I might go over to the church supper tonight with Molly," Sim explained. "If Harry can take care of the cattle."

"I guess he'd like it," Abner declared. "Yes, sir, I guess Harry'll feel more at

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home if we give him things to do, that way. You go ahead."

"I didn't finish with the fence yet," Sim confessed. "I'll have to clean that up this afternoon, but I guess I'll be back in plenty time. You tell Harry to leave the truck in the yard."

"I'll tell him," Abner promised. "Don't you fret about it, Sim."

Sim hesitated, smiled at last. "Well, I ain't much of a hand to fret," he agreed, and after dinner he returned to his task again. Toward mid-afternoon he saw the truck return; but there was still a fair stint of work ahead of him and he stayed to finish it.

Here and there it was necessary to draw together broken ends of wire, or to replace bowlders tumbled from the wall, or to find fresh poles with which to replace those rotted or broken down. He labored with a steady but unhurried industry.

Late afternoon saw him working up the last length of fence toward the house; but while there still remained perhaps half an hour's work ahead of him, a sound caught his attention and he looked up the hill in time to see the truck drive away again. At the sight Sim dropped his ax and stood watching while the car disappeared down the road toward North Fraternity.

The shoulder of the hill presently cut off his view, but even after the truck was out of sight Sim did not immediately move. He remained curiously motionless and thoughtful there. He was so still that he might have been a fence post or a tree; and a robin, busily collecting worms in the garden just across the fence, adopted this hypothesis and came to inspect the ground within a few feet of where Sim stood. When the man at last did move the bird rose on startled wing and with a reproachful cry, and flew away, something curiously resentful and abusive in the very flirt of its tail. Sim looked after it and grinned.

"Scare you, did I?" he said, half to himself. "Lord, what a fool you are! Guess you're the only one around here that pays any heed to me!" His tone was light enough, but there was no particular lightness in his eyes.

He finished his work upon the fence in an inattentive fashion, and with no hurry in his movements he came at last to the house. When he entered the kitchen he heard his father moving in the dining room, but old Abner did not speak and Sim had a curious feeling that the man was waiting there in dread of what his son should say. It amused him to protract the other's uneasiness, and without addressing his father at all he took the milk pail and scoured it out and departed to the barn.

The cows were used to a Sim wholly gentle and persuasive, but the creatures had just cause to complain of him this evening.

The older and more patient beasts looked around in mild surprise at his mishandling; and the young red and white heifer, who had not yet learned to take life philosophically, tried resentfully to kick him. The violence with which he addressed her came startlingly upon the peaceful quiet of the tie-up.

By and by he went back into the house and poured the milk into the separator and set its handle turning, and this outlet for his energies was somehow pleasant, so that he turned faster and faster, till the separator's whine rose to a shrill pitch like a cry of pain, and old Abner at last was forced to manifest himself. He came stumping into the kitchen, and he cried out:

"Hey, Sim! What in Tophet you doing? Trying to churn that cream?"

"Oh, hello, pa!" said Sim, and he added in an explanatory tone, "No, just hurrying, so's I could get through and get the truck and start along."

Old Abner seemed almost to flush. "Well, now," he said doubtfully, "you know that's too bad, Sim. I meant to tell you. Harry, he said he'd have to have the truck tonight. He said he had a date and couldn't get out of it nohow."

"Harry took the truck, did he?" Sim inquired. "Why, that's funny. I thought Harry was going to be busy milking."

"He set out to," Abner confessed. "He put the cows in the tie-up, but he said they didn't seem to like him. You know a cow won't let down when she's bothered, and Harry decided they'd do better if you went on milking them the way you have been. He said he guessed the cows knew you. He said he guessed probably you had a way of handling cows."

"Well, I declare!" Sim commented. "Took the truck, did he? Where's he aiming to go, do you know?"

"He just told me he had a date," Abner confessed. "Harry's got a lot of friends around, and where he's just come back home he has to get in touch with 'em and let 'em know he's back. I guess he's off with some men somewhere."

"Well," Sim commented, "I don't know as I want to go to a church supper anyway."

"Lot of women," Abner agreed eagerly. "Talking and chattering around."

"That's so," said Sim. "Yes, sir, that's the way of it. Prob'ly Harry knew what was best for me, after all."

He finished the chores and got supper for himself and his father, but afterward he said to the older man, "I'll walk over and see Molly for a while."

"You do that," Abner agreed. "Yes, sir, you go right along. I'll be all right. Don't have me on your mind."

"I won't be late," Sim assured him. "But you don't want to sit up for me. You go to bed if you get tired."

"Sure," Abner agreed. "Don't you bother about me, Sim. I'll get along."

So when he was free to get away, Sim set down the road toward the Mayhew place. The young man was in some confusion of mind, but the evening was so still and warmly beautiful that before he reached Molly's he found himself vaguely comforted, more inclined to view with philosophy the minor irritations of the day. He was almost ready to see in Harry only an amusing irresponsibility. But when he came to the Mayhews', Mrs. Mayhew told him that Molly had gone with Harry to a dance in Montville, and Sim walked home in no such forgiving mood.

Sim did not hear Harry come home that night. When he did at last fall asleep, it was to sleep soundly, in the fashion of a man whose mind is at peace and whose difficulties are all resolved. But at breakfast in the morning—he had done the chores before his father was about—Sim asked:

"Harry awake yet?"

And Abner said, "No. No, I heard him snore just a spell ago."

Sim nodded.

"I run into Myles Green on the road last night," he told the older man. "He says Joe's mighty poorly. Been bedridden now for two or three weeks. He told me to tell you as how Joe'd like to see you if you could fix it to go over."

Abner said, "Well, well! Joe ain't only five, ten years older than I am. I'd heard tell as how he'd had a bad turn."

"I'll hitch up the old horse for you," Sim suggested. "Why don't you drive over and set with him a spell today? There ain't anything to do around that I can't take care of."

"I don't know but I might," Abner agreed. "I been sticking pretty close to home since Harry got back. I don't know but I will."

"I'd drive you over in the truck," Sim explained, "but I ought to stay here and get breakfast for Harry when he gets up."

"Yes, that's right," Abner agreed. "Anyway, I'd rather ride in the buggy. It don't jounce around so." And he added, as an afterthought, "Harry says you've been boiling his eggs too hard."

"Well, say!" said Sim. "We'll have to look out for that! I'll have the horse hitched up by the time you get your coat on, pa."

A little later he saw old Abner drive out of the yard and turn down the road toward North Fraternity; and Sim watched him go—this vigilance was in a way precautionary—until the buggy dropped out of sight over the brow of the hill. Then he turned to the house. There was a mild amusement in his eyes and his step was a little quicker than his habit was, as though he were bound upon a task which promised pleasantly.

He went directly to the front bedroom—the guest bedroom, which Harry, since his home-coming, had preëmpted. His brother was still asleep when Sim stepped through the door, and the older man stood for a little, looking at the other with a curious attention. Harry was two or three years his junior, but they were both mature enough so that there was no physical disparity between them. Harry was in fact perhaps the stockier of the two. Sim had already considered this; he gave it no particular attention now. After his brief scrutiny he leaned over and whirled the coverlets from his brother's body.

Harry stirred uneasily, turned on his back, resentfully opened his eyes. "What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Morning, Harry," said Sim.

"Oh!" said Harry, and looked at Sim and blinked thoughtfully. "What's the matter, Sim?" he insisted.

"Well," said Sim, "I got to go down in the field to attend to some stuff there, and I thought I'd say hello to you. Don't see much of you. You're kind of a late sleeper, and you're out so much in the evenings. How are you, Harry?"

"What are you trying to do?" Harry asked. "Trying to kid me?"

"No, I don't know as I am," Sim told him. He looked around in a groping way and chose a chair and sat down and began to whittle a fill for his pipe. "Set up, Harry," he suggested. "Let's you and me visit together for a spell."

Harry shook his head. "I didn't get in till late last night," he reminded Sim. "I got to get caught up with my sleep."

"Well," said Sim, "I got to catch up with a few things too. I don't think you're going to get any sleep for the next few minutes. You might as well set up like I want you to."

"It's too bad a man can't get some sleep in his own home," Harry protested, but he did sit up, swinging his feet to the floor, his shins bare below the tail of his night shirt. "What's on your mind?" he asked sullenly. "What you trying to pull off now?"

"Well, I was thinking, for one thing," Sim explained in a conversational tone. "You said just now about this being your home. I was thinking that I'd bought your share of it awhile back. Ain't that right, Harry?"

"Sure, you can have it!" Harry agreed. "I don't want any part of it."

"You see," Sim continued, "you and me don't look at things just alike always. I thought maybe if we had a talk we could get straightened out."

"I haven't got anything to say to you," Harry returned.

"Well," said Sim, "I've got a few things to say to you. Just a few!"

"All right," Harry agreed. "Go ahead and say 'em." He grinned derisively. "You're a great hand to talk. Always was."

Sim hesitated, and then he chuckled. "Maybe I was," he agreed. "I never thought much about it. I don't go to be. I never could see as talking did any great amount of good unless there was something back of it. Now you're quite a talker, Harry, but there ain't enough back of it to hold a postage stamp from falling down."

"You're quite a wise-cracker, ain't you?" Harry said derisively.

"I don't know all the fancy names for it," Sim confessed. "I ain't had the advantage of a Boston education, Harry. But I run this farm."

"Go ahead and run it, then," Harry told him. "You ought to be running it right now, and let me sleep."

(Continued on Page 79)

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$6 to $23
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Oval Black Glass Base equipped with two Parker Duofold Pens, $21 or $35. Base and 2 Tapers alone, $15.

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(Continued from Page 76

"I run this farm," Sim repeated; his tone was mild, but his eyes were not. "Three years ago you got tired of it. You didn't want any more part in it. You 'lowed you were going to get out of here and stay out; and that's all right. You claimed you were entitled to something for your share of it. Pa ain't dead yet, so I don't know as you or me either one has got any share of it. But I'd saved some money, and I'd earned some money, and I give you three hundred dollars and you got out. I guess that three hundred's gone."

Harry grinned. "Say, three hundred don't go far!" he assured Sim.

"It don't go far," Sim agreed. "But I guess when you get hold of it, it goes fast."

"Sure," Harry confessed unctuously. "Yes, sir, if you could have see that money go it would have made your flesh crawl. It sure would have griped you hard."

"I don't know," Sim returned. "I guess it was worth it to me to get rid of you. You wan't anything but an extra mouth to feed around here. I didn't mind, long as you got out. But now you've come back and pa's tickled to see you. He's getting old. He's tickled to see you and willing you should set around, and you're willing to. Or to bat around the country in that truck. Now the point is, Harry," he added seriously, "I want to know what you aim to do. You fixing to stay on here?"

"Stay as long as I choose," said Harry stoutly. "Who's to stop me?"

"Nobody's going to stop you," Sim assured him, but with a curious deliberation he got to his feet. "Nobody's going to stop you, Harry, but what I'm getting at is this: Long as you stay around here you're going to take orders from me."

Harry, sitting on the edge of the bed, grinned at his brother in a fashion of frank amusement. "No!" he protested.

"Yes," said Sim, "you're going to take orders from me."

"Go ahead and give me one!" Harry invited. "I'd kind of like to hear how it sounds. See how it works! Maybe it's going to be like you say. Maybe you're like a lion tamer—one word subdues the monarch of the jungle. Go ahead and tell me something to do, Sim! I'd sure love to hear you!"

"I'll oblige you," Sim retorted. "Get your clothes on. I need you to help move some manure."

Harry stared at him for a moment and then he chuckled, and then with a long gesture he yawned abusively. "Good night, Sim!" he drawled. "I sure am behind on my sleep. See you by and by!"

And with the word he lay down again and reached to draw the covers up about him.

But Sim must have expected this, for before Harry could do what he intended, Sim caught him by the ankle and with a quick wrench jerked him out of bed upon the floor.

After that there was for a while some small confusion in the room.

Will Belter was a man who took his talebearing seriously, and there were few lengths to which he would not go in the effort to get early and accurate information on all matters of public interest in the town. He had meant to get over to see Harry Trust the day before, but mishaps detained him. This morning, however, he drove into the farmyard a minute after Sim jerked Harry out of bed.

The affair was at that instant at its height, and Belter had good ears. He stopped his horse, listened for a moment in stark astonishment, and then jumped out of the buggy to the ground and started around toward the front of the house, from which these noises came. But when he had taken a step or two, caution laid hold upon him and slowed him down, and in the end he stayed at the corner of the house.

With a few more data to assist his deductions, he might have gathered a sufficient version from the sound which came to him. Hoarse cries, usually profane, and in Harry's robust tones; cries at first angry, then resentful, and toward the end more and more querulous and complaining. And other noises too. The splintering of a chair; the creaking of a bed under the fall of heavy bodies; the panting of straining men. And occasionally and most suggestively a loud smacking sound, followed with perfect regularity by a cry from Harry. These sounds somewhat puzzled Will. He could not know that Harry, even at the beginning, had been clad only in a night shirt. A man thus attired is singularly vulnerable.

Later he was puzzled by the fact that Harry's cries came in a muffled fashion, as though his head were under something, under a bed or a bureau, for example. And about the same time the sound of blows assumed a certain rhythmic regularity and there was something impressively sodden about them. An open hand on naked flesh will smack; even a flat bit of shingle will do the same. But a round stick, especially if it be varnished—the leg, for instance, of a broken chair—impacts with quite another note.

Harry's muffled shouts became prolonged; they degenerated into helpless wails. And Will Belter at the corner of the house stood trembling while he listened. Then a certain peace descended; that sodden, rhythmic stroking ceased and the wails lost their keenest pitch. Will, whose ears were sharp, heard at last Sim's voice, speaking in a ruminative tone.

"I might have took a bed slat," Sim remarked. "But I guess this done pretty well." And a moment later, gravely, "Now you better tidy up the room a little, Harry. It's kind of a mess this way, and pa likes it nice and tidy. I guess you better sleep in the attic from now on, too, so's not to mess things in here."

Harry cried, at last coherent, "Say, you wait till I talk to pa. I'll fix you. You can't get away with this, Sim; I tell you now."

Will heard Sim say thoughtfully, "You fixing to tell pa? I didn't think you was going to."

And there followed upon that a long and tingling silence, till Sim said at last contentedly, "Well, I didn't figure that you would."

Will heard him stir; and Will, suddenly full of a wholesome caution, withdrew and got into his buggy again and sat there patiently waiting, till after an interval Sim came into the dining room and saw him through the window, and appeared amiably at the kitchen door.

Even Sim, Will saw, was a little disordered, but his tone was cheerful and completely calm.

"Morning, Will," he said pleasantly. "Stay a while!"

"Just passing by," Will explained.

"Oh, I rec'lect," Sim remarked. "You said you was going to stop in and see Harry."

"Well, I don't know as they's any need," Belter confessed.

"He's kind of engaged right now," Sim assented. And Belter clucked to his horse.

"Guess I might as well go along then," he remarked. "'By, Sim."

"Good day," Sim returned, and watched him turn away.

Will drove slowly till he was below the brow of the hill and out of sight. But when he was secure from observation he whipped his horse to speed, and his lips were wet with all he had to tell.

Two or three weeks later, Sim drove over to Fraternity again with Molly at his side, but this time he was in the truck. They came to the store rather earlier than was usually the case, and Chet McAusland, who was there when they arrived, asked curiously:

"Guess you had early supper, Sim."

"No," Sim said. "No, we et at the same time."

"Got your chores all done this early?" Chet persisted.

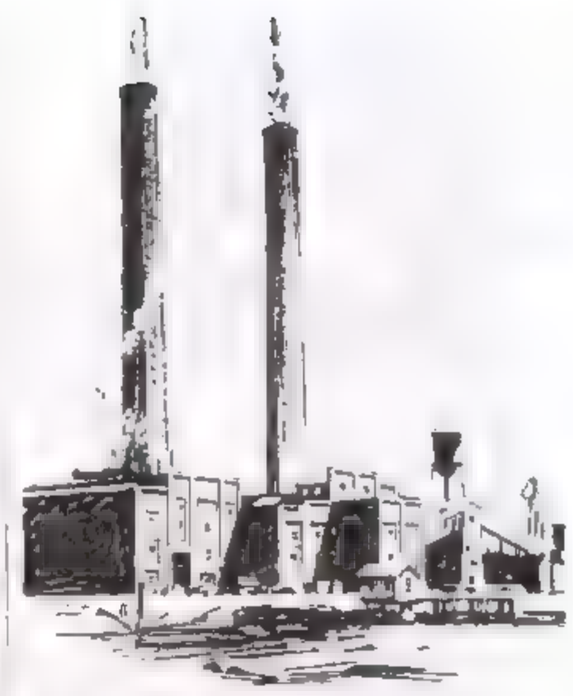
"Why, Harry's taking care of them," Sim explained without a smile.

Chet looked at him thoughtfully. "Harry still here, is he? I heard tell that he'd decided to stay."

"Yes, he's still here," Sim agreed in a cheerful tone.

"Getting so he likes it, is he?" Chet inquired guardedly, and at that Sim did faintly chuckle.

"Well, I don't know as I'd go so far as to say he likes it," he confessed, "but I think Harry's going to make a hand."



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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

in the mirror. The triumph of reason. The compensating chuckle. The donning of sheer, becoming garments; the careful make-up. The cool corner of the porch. The wicker chair. The new novel. The return of elderly contemporaries, looking messy, disheveled and singularly unattractive. The faintly amused expression. The cordial nod of greeting. The expansive sense of peace and virtue.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Make it Two

A Geographical Ballad

THERE'S a pretty spot that nestles in the West,
Where the lot of everyone is doubly blest,
In a state whose name begins with W;
At the double-quick that's where I'm going to.
There a man who's any good gets double pay,
And they read the books of Mr. Doubleday.
Oh, the pair of us will double up as one
In a double house out there in Washington.

CHORUS

Oh, I wanta, wanta be
In Walla Walla,
Where the men are six-foot-three,
Or even talla.
There my mamma waits her papa,
So it's time for me to hop a-
board an aeroplane that flies o'er hill and holla;
For the choo-choo is too slow
To Walla Walla;
Through the air I wanta go
Just like a swalla,
To that town that is so nice,
Such a lovely Paradise,
That they had to name it twice—
Walla Walla!

There a man has double chances for a wife,
And nobody ever leads a double life,
When you give the pretty girls the double O
They are twice as good as Ziegfeld has to show;
So I'll double up my double-breasted sack,
And I'll hit the trail and never double back,
And I'll settle down and earn some honest pelf
In the town that has no double but itself!

CHORUS

Oh, I know I'd be content
In Walla Walla;
It's a good place for a gent-
leman and schola;
There my baby waits her sweetie
And the birds go tweetie-tweetie
And you still can get a meal for half a dolla.
Yes, I wanta see my frail
In Walla Walla;
So I'm starting on the trail
That I can folla
To the city that's a twin,
And I'll snuggle down there in
Walla—what's the name ag'in?—
"Walla Walla!"

—*Berton Braley.*

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CLEANING UP

(Continued from Page 39)

I had the somewhat opposite experience with Mr. Othello, a song which I wrote for a Lambs' Gambol. Willie Collier sang it, and they asked me to lead the orchestra. I had never led an orchestra before and I was a little afraid of all those people in front of me, and more so of all those in back. As Willie completed the first chorus, something happened behind me. I didn't know whether it was a cave-in, an explosion or just an ordinary earthquake. When I got up from under the nearest seat, I discovered that the tumult was applause! Mr. Othello was probably the most sensational song hit ever sung on the stage at a Lambs' Gambol.

That same evening, before I left the clubhouse, two managers—Sam Harris and Dillingham—each offered me a thousand dollars for the rights to the song. As I was at that time engaged to do a new musical play for Dillingham, to be called The Candy Shop, I decided in his favor.

The Fate of Honeybunch

We searched the country for the right person to put over that great song, and we got Louise Dresser, who has since gained position and fame as a character star in the movies. She was beautiful, blond, blue-eyed, and as good a coon singer as ever stepped before the footlights. When the play was produced, Miss Dresser did the song beautifully. As she completed the first verse I listened for the tumult I naturally expected. You could have heard a thermometer drop. And this sure-fire hit was taken out after the second performance.

One day during rehearsals of The Candy Shop, Dillingham said to me: "We have no number where the girls in the chorus can show their forms. I wish you could think of some musical idea that would justify introducing them more or less in tights."

I finally conceived something to be called, aptly, Life-savers. Sixteen little girls were to come out in sou'westers and sing about how brave they were. A stage storm, achieved by stereopticon, was to descend on them, and there, before the eyes of the audience, a disabled ship would rock and toss. And the little girls—ponies, we called them—throwing off their sou'westers, would dive into the light effect in bathing suits and save the ship and all on board.

I was rather pleased with my Life-savers, in every sense of the word. Dillingham liked the play on the word, too, and its advertising possibilities suggested that he might feature the sixteen little Life-savers in his cast. Calling in his director, he told him all about the sixteen little girls who were going to save the ship and, incidentally, the show, and explained about the costumes, with the word "Life-saver" printed across each. Imagine the feelings of the author when he came to rehearsal and found that the stage director, who was English, had printed across each of the sixteen little chests, Life Guard.

In The Candy Shop was a young man who played the part of Jack Sweet and whose name was Jack Barrymore. It is now John. Jack was a very good dancer. He had a trick of skipping up in the air that seemed to surprise and please the ladies. I remember we could not agree on a song. I did number after number without striking anything that pleased him. The last was one called Honeybunch. The song was a miserable flop, and Barrymore always claimed that Honeybunch was the world's worst song; in fact the worst song that even I had ever perpetrated. For years afterward, every time I tried out a new play, I would receive a cryptic message of some sort, such as: "Hoping this is another money hunch and not another Honeybunch. J. B."

Through a change in the booking, the opening date of The Candy Shop at the Knickerbocker Theater was set ahead, which meant speeding up the work. As the date of production drew near and there were still music and lyrics to be written, I locked myself in my rooms in Sixteenth Street near Irving Place with a lot of clean white paper and an opening night staring me in the face.

I worked desperately from eight every morning until midnight, when I would walk the streets for a breath of fresh air and ideas, and then try to sleep until seven the next morning, when I would start in again composing hot doggerel with appropriate tunes. It would have been bad enough if they had left me alone to work. But the actors who were engaged for the cast would come knocking at the door, sent by the management to explain to me the type of song required and to tell me they each expected at least one knock-out number. There were Billy Rock and Maude Fulton, of the famous team of Rock and Fulton, who, as stars, had to have five or six hits. There were Louise Dresser and Frank Lalor and a half dozen more, to say nothing of the numbers that had to be written for the lively young hero, who, as events developed, turned out to be Jack Barrymore. And the game I was playing, in addition to hide and seek with the actors and tag with Old Man Tempus, was think of a number. And the manager would either veto it before it was written or he would wait until it was finished. It didn't look as though I could ever make it.

In the thick of it all, somebody broke in the door, and my haggard eyes, looking over a mountain of music paper, came to rest on the figure of Henry Blossom, once my poor pal, but now the successful author of The Yankee Consul, The Red Mill, Mlle. Modiste and more great successes.

"What do you mean—breaking in here that way?" I said. "I'm in the middle of the toughest job I ever had in my life. Got to get the lyrics and music of this show finished this week. I'm up against it."

"I knew you were," he replied, tossing a fine fur-lined overcoat on the couch, removing his coat and vest and pulling his belt two notches tighter, "so I decided to come and help you."

When Songs Blossomed Forth

And help me he did. Every song has to have two verses or more, and though writing a second and third verse is more or less perfunctory once the idea is embodied in the first verse and chorus, still it does take up time, especially when your mind is on new stuff. In most cases I had a title and chorus and perhaps all or part of one verse, in which rough state Blossom took my songs and finished them.

When we had the show ready he refused to take a cent, or even permit his name to appear on the songs. For years people wondered why I was the willing slave of that little fellow, and why, until the day he died, there was nothing, up to and including arson, murder or even bankruptcy, I wouldn't have gone through for him.

Nobody, not even Victor Herbert, ever knew that when he did his next show for Fritzi Scheff there were many Golden lyrics that Blossomed in the score. But the stately and exquisite Mrs. Blossom, now Mrs. E. Clarence Jones and one of the most beautiful women in society, will bear me out, for she knows.

The key chain hanging at my side today belonged to Henry Blossom. She brought it to me after he died, because she knew how much I would value a keepsake from dear old Hank, and with what pride I would cherish a token from one of the truest, finest men anybody has ever had the good fortune to own as a friend.

In that great comedian, Joseph Cawthorn, I found a most sympathetic personality. Whenever I wrote a song for him, good or bad, he made a success of it. There were That's Why I Never Married, You Can't Play Every Instrument in the Band, Life's a Merry-go-Round—and one of the young men who sang and danced in that number with Mr. Cawthorn was the Ernest Truex who today is a great favorite in London, where he is playing in The First Year—and another extremely popular number called I Can Dance With Everybody But My Wife, which Charles Frohman told me saved Sybil.

There was nothing I ever enjoyed more than making songs of the old jokes cribbed from the successes Cawthorn had been in forty years ago. In spite of the fact that Joe is still a young man, recently associate star with Marilynn Miller in Sunny, he can remember that far back—because Joe was an actor at the age of one.

He told me the joke about the man who swallowed the thermometer and died by degrees, and when I had put it into lyric form it got its laugh just as in the long years ago. Or there was that other horrible accident to the floorwalker who had a new set of false teeth which fell out and he stepped on them and bit off two of his own toes; or the one about the goat—and how did he smell—but, no, I will tell you more about that one in a place where it did even better service.

Musicians That Look the Part

Joe was a great little philosopher. He was the one who realized I Can Dance With Everybody but My Wife, and though it was my melody and we wrote much of the lyric in collaboration, here is his part of one of the funniest verses of that song success:

My wife has got a corn,
She's had since she was born,
The most persistent corn you ever saw;
No matter where I tread,
She gets it there ahead;
When I step on it you ought to hear her roar.

There are a great many people who really believe that a rime like "saw" and "roar" is absolutely indispensable to the success of a popular song. I can only say that the people at the Empire Theater didn't seem to find fault with it. Nor were the phonograph sales hampered or the royalties from the sheet music less.

In a theater one day Cawthorn called my attention to the gentleman playing the bass violin. "Did you ever notice how much some of those birds get to look like their instruments? From being wedded to their art, no doubt, the way other married people get to look like one another. They seem to get long necks, long arms, sloping shoulders, and a general air of having put the frivolities of life behind them. Tell me, John, why does anybody learn to play a bass violin?"

I was a pretty smart fellow in those days, but I could not answer that one.

"I can understand," Joe went on, "that parents may make a boy learn to play the fiddle or even the cornet before he is old enough to defend himself. But the S. P. C. C. wouldn't let a child carry a bass fiddle to his lessons, even if he were strong enough to climb around it. So it stands to reason no man takes up the bass violin until he is old enough to know better, and what do you suppose makes him do it then?"

"It can't be," I suggested, "that he's too lazy to learn anything else. No, I can't imagine a man, after he has grown tall enough to reach high C, voluntarily setting about doing it."

"Think of the life he leads," went on Cawthorn. "Suppose he is invited to a party. He's always afraid he won't be asked to play. And if the people do say, 'Mr. Smuts, won't you bring your fiddle along?' they only take the load off his mind to put it on his back."

"The piccolo player," I agreed, "has a much happier life. If he's asked to play, he

(Continued on Page 83)

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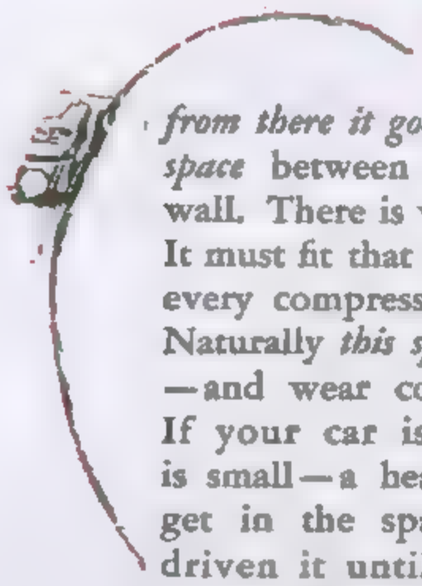

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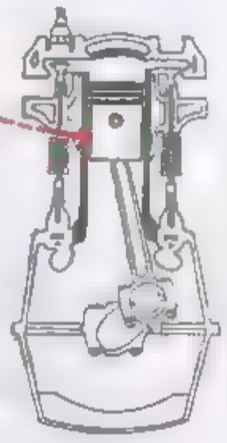

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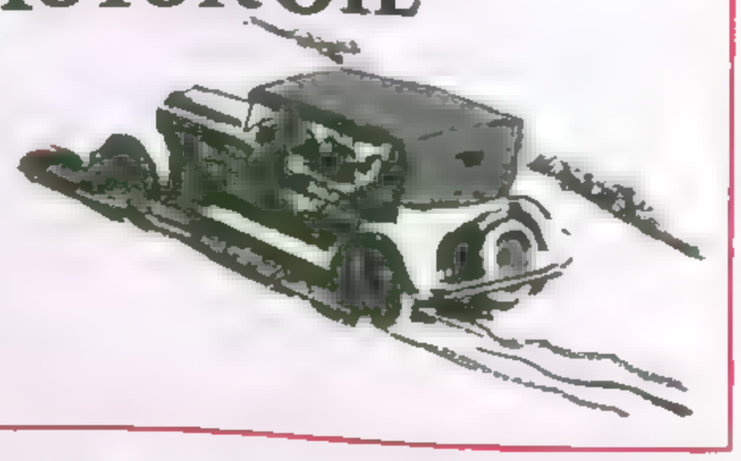

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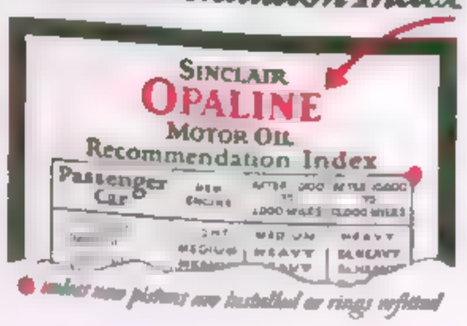

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pulls his piccolo out of his pocket, and there you are. And if you don't ask him, nobody even knows he came there prepared. But can the bass fiddler take his baby off the hall rack and sneak away pretending he didn't really expect to play anyway? And even if he is asked," I yielded a point, "how much artistic satisfaction can he get out of counting sixty bars and then playing three zums?"

"None at all," said Cawthorn, with tears in his eyes. "And unless three or four other fiddles drown him out, the people can't stand his act at all. The best break he can hope for, after he gets to be the best bass-fiddle player in the world, is that nobody will actually hear him in the general uproar."

So one word led to another five hundred and seventy, until Cawthorn said to me, "You know, that would be a great song. I'll start the lyric and you finish it."

I agreed to edit and complete his verses and set them to music. I got the lyric in shape, but somehow I couldn't get a tune that satisfied me. Meanwhile rehearsals of The Sunshine Girl were going on under Frohman's direction, and Cawthorn kept telephoning me to ask whether I had finished the song.

Hit-or-Miss Songs

After the fifth call I had to tell him something, so I said I had it and would deliver it in a day or so. It seemed to me I ought to be able to write that tune in an hour if I could just get down to it. But I guess I couldn't get down far enough. There came repeated calls from Frohman, saying he was waiting for the number. Cawthorn had a copy of the completed verses, but no tune was forthcoming. Frohman told Alf Hayman, who told Dillingham, and at luncheon one day Dillingham said to me casually, without arousing my suspicions, "Stop off with me for a second at the Empire Theater."

Once inside the door, Dillingham called to Alf Hayman, "I've got him! Here he is!"

Sometimes I have heard it said that Dillingham has a mean look. I gave it to him that day. I shook hands with Frohman, sitting all alone in the front row with one foot on a cushion. He called to Julia Sanderson and the rest of the company who were rehearsing on the stage, "Wait a minute. Here's Golden. I want him to go over that number he has written for Mr. Cawthorn."

I hadn't any more number than I had nervous prostration. In fact, less. But I didn't know how to say so in front of Miss Sanderson, Cawthorn, Frohman, Hayman, Dillingham, and the entire company.

I murmured something about not having the lyrics with me. But Cawthorn jumped over the footlights and cried, "Here they are!" I thought of saying that I felt too ill to play, only Hayman slapped me on the back and said, "I never saw you look so well, Johnnie!" Then Cawthorn picked up Mr. Frohman and put him on the stage, and I found myself sitting on the piano stool with the whole Sunshine Girl company gathered round. I was always sure-fire with my Cawthorn stuff, and they knew before I began that what I was about to give them was a hit. And there I was with no melody in my mind and no notion of how to begin one.

I hadn't the courage to say, "I'm a liar. I have no tune." I coughed and started to strum some chords. Then my fingers found a melody and to that melody Cawthorn began to sing the verses he held in his hand. When it was finished there was a wild burst of applause and the whole company, and Mr. Frohman, too, wrung my hand and assured me it was a wonderful melody. It was. It always had been ever since Mr. Sullivan wrote it as the tenor solo in the first act of The Mikado, under the name of A Wand'ring Minstrel I.

The song made thousands of dollars and was one of the biggest stage successes I—?—ever wrote. I changed the chorus before it actually went into publication But I never had a chance to alter the verse, and there it stands—if, indeed, it still does—a printed evidence of the inspiration and service which a knowledge of the great composers can be to a man in the popular-music game.

In contrast to this hit-or-miss method of composition was the example of hard work, application and genuine honest effort of another little song writer I knew in those days. I was doing a show for Cohan and Harris called Forward March, and Julian Mitchell, the stage manager, wanted a ragtime number. I suggested a song called the Zoölogical Rag, in which he might bring on a lot of girls dressed as animals. Mitchell liked the idea, and I decided to ask this young friend, who was considered a great ragtime writer, to help me with this song. He agreed to work with me, and we set seven o'clock that evening as starting time. By eleven we had completed the song. I was tired but pleased.

"That's finished," I sighed contentedly; "and I think it's a corker, don't you?"

"I don't know," he replied doubtfully. "I think we might get more out of the idea. Let's try it again."

"What do you mean 'try it again'?" I demanded.

"Well, let's put aside the first one, keep the idea and do an entirely new one along another line."

"Wait a minute," I began, but by this time he had his coat off, had rolled up his sleeves and was well under way with another idea.

When at one in the morning this second version was completed, I felt we were entitled to call it a night. My friend, however, took off his collar and tie.

"Now," he said, "if we had three forms of the same song to pick from, we could select the best." My recollection of that night is a blurred vision of a little dark, coatless fellow who seemed to be running his hand through his hair, striking chords on the piano, hopping around the room, slapping me on the back, thumping on the piano, grinning at me from in back of it with burning eyes. The whole room seemed filled with those burning eyes, afire with the inspiration of genius, if it ever shone through a human face.

The Ballroom on the Stage

I don't know how the third version of that number was really written, but written it was before we quit for the night. Irving Berlin may be one of the greatest geniuses America has ever produced, but that isn't the only reason he is one of the most successful composers today. Whatever Irving Berlin has reaped, he has earned, and I'm here to testify to it.

Speaking of thin, persistent young music writers, while I was working on Over the River for Eddie Foy—a play with a Spanish atmosphere—an anæmic young man waited at the back door of the Globe Theater day after day, and if he got past the stage-door man he would hang around the piano and try to get me to listen to a Spanish song he had written.

I did my best to evade that young man, but he and his song were wherever I was. Latham, the stage manager, had said it would be all right if I said yes. But I didn't want to say yes. I had plenty of songs of my own. But I couldn't convince him. Instead, he convinced me. And when I finally agreed to put his song into my show, I said, "I never heard your name before, but I'll tell you this—you'll get it somewhere." The name of the young man was Earl Carroll.

Over the River was an example of how small a thing can change the entire fate of a play. It looked like a sure-fire success from the outset. It was produced by two of the foremost musical-comedy-producing brains in the country—Dillingham and Ziegfeld.

But when we opened in Washington the play was a failure. The managers gave me permission to send for R. H. Burnside, who came down on Tuesday night, and before the following Saturday he had changed a dire failure into a tremendous success which ran for the best part of the season at the Globe Theater—and all Burnside did was to turn a few numbers around and add a short prologue! Dillingham's genius for finding novelties played no small part in the success of that play. Before that time ballroom dancing had never been done on the stage. Dillingham put Maurice into the production of Over the River and started the vogue which is still popular.

Perhaps Dillingham's genius for finding novelties is best exemplified by an incident which occurred soon after his marriage, when his home had become a center of brilliant social events. Eileen Kearney Dillingham held, with the easy grace of the born social leader, a position which was the envy of many a maturer matron. Her dinners were outstanding events. One in particular stands out in my mind, and I don't doubt that it stood out in Mrs. Dillingham's for some time, with all the exaggerated proportions of a nightmare.

Mrs. Dillingham's Dilemma

One summer while Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt was entertaining the Dillinghams at Raquette Lake in the Adirondacks the butler entered with a stack of plates and, to the horror of the hostess, dropped them.

Later, Mrs. Dillingham planned such a return dinner as Mrs. Dillingham could plan when she set her mind to the task. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. John C. King; Richard Howe; Fritz Byers, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Philip Randolph, wife of the well-known polo player; Miss Cathleen Vanderbilt, now Mrs. Cushing; and a dozen others.

On the very morning of the dinner, Hardy, the best butler who ever served me a cocktail these fifty years, man and boy, came to her and said, "I'm sorry, madam, but I'm leaving at once."

"Leaving?" cried Mrs. Dillingham, aghast—and any woman will understand her state of mind. "Now? When you know I have a dinner party tonight?"

"Sorry, madam; it can't be helped. The second man and I are quitting immediately."

Mrs. Dillingham could scarcely believe her ears. "But why—why?"

But Hardy would give no reason, nor could she persuade him to remain until after dinner. Mrs. Dillingham flew to her husband, who, manlike, made light of her terrible tidings.

"Pooh! You carry on as if you'd lost your husband, or something important. What's a butler or two?"

"But we have this dinner tonight. I've never been in such a predicament!"

"You women!" said Dillingham. "What would you do if you had a great business on your hands like I have?"

"And what," inquired Mrs. Dillingham, not without a trace of bitterness, "would the great business man do in a case like this?"

"Get a couple of new butlers, of course."

"Of course," replied his wife. "Do you think you can get butlers on an hour's notice, like you can actors?"

"Why, certainly. I'd get a couple of butlers and have them put on your dinner just as if nothing had happened, if you'd leave it to me."

"I'll leave it to you," said his wife.

"And you won't interfere with anybody I send home? You promise?"

"I promise - if you promise to see that my dinner is served tonight."

"That's a go," said Dillingham, and they shook hands on it.

Sometime during the afternoon three tidy-looking persons arrived at the service entrance. Mrs. Dillingham, with some misgiving, but true to her promise, turned them over to their duties without interference.

The dinner started, as dinners do, and as the three butlers lifted the service plates the head butler dropped one. There was a

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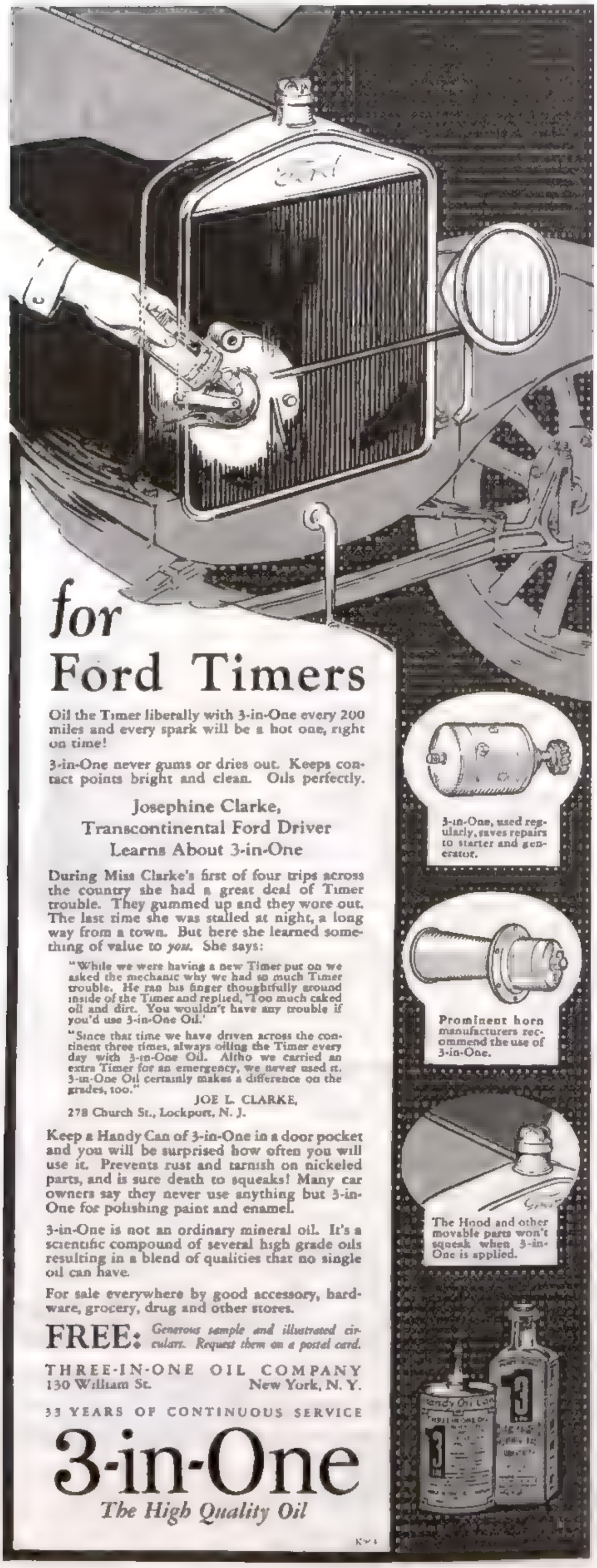

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smothered scream from the hostess, but fortunately he caught it before it reached the floor, and dinner proceeded.

The butlers left the room and reëntered in single file, and on the upturned palm of each right hand, nicely balanced, towered a stack of plates in the elegant fashion in vogue in some restaurants. Mrs. Dillingham gave her husband what you might call, in the absence of a harsher term, a meaning look, and as the butlers left she apologized to her guests. "I'm sorry, but the fact is Hardy left this morning; and my husband, who is a great producer, produced those three what-is-its to take his place. If you'll forgive me, we'll resign ourselves to a picnic meal, and perhaps some other day you will all come and have dinner with me."

"Don't feel badly, Eileen," said Mrs. Vanderbilt; "those things happen. You remember the night at Raquette Lake?"

Service With a Catch

The friendly protests of the other guests were cut short by the reëntry of the three near-butlers with more plates. One took his place at the head of the table, another at the foot, the third to one side; and luckily for everybody concerned, there was no soup in the plates, for without another word the three butlers began throwing them at each other, and before the astounded hostess and guests could catch their respective breaths the air above their heads was filled with chinaware, describing all sorts of arcs and in-curves and figure eights.

After what can only be described as an exhibition, Mr. Dillingham rose, bowed to his wife and guests, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, let me present the August Family, acrobats and plate jugglers extraordinary, at present under my management at the Hippodrome, matinées every week day, sacred concerts Sunday nights. Hardy will now serve the dinner."

I have often wondered whether Mrs. Dillingham would have been inconsolable had one of the butlers dropped one of the plates—say, the tureen—on the head of his manager. But she was so relieved to learn that Hardy's pseudo-resignation had been inspired by her husband's desire to amuse and entertain his wife and their guests, and to see Hardy in the doorway, that she said nothing to her husband about his peculiar sense of humor—at least, not in the hearing of her guests.

My next musical-comedy experience included the business of writing the lyrics for the four consecutive Hippodrome shows. They are nothing to brag about. But the method by which these big shows were put together was not exactly conducive to inspirational work on the lyrics. For months R. H. Burnside, the stage director, and Raymond Hubbell, the composer for that institution, would work together, laying out stage pictures and melodies. After their work had been completed they would call me into the conference, and it became my task to listen to the pictorial ideas and plans of Mr. Burnside and the hundred melodies that Hubbell had conceived, with a view to supplying the appropriate text.

Burnside had a marvelous imagination, and he would visualize a stage effect and then send for me. "The first thing the audience will see is a farmer tilling a field. Gradually roses will spring up. Out of the roses will come butterflies, which will turn into ladders with girls climbing them." And all he wanted from me was a lyric which would cover this series of events. I remember one of those numbers called In My Garden. More than twenty thousand copies of that were sold—not many as successes go, but showing that more than twenty thousand people read that thing. A month after it was written I came across a copy and did not know myself what the words were about. I wonder what the twenty-thousand-odd people made of it. I remember we used to console ourselves that the Hippodrome was so big that the audiences could never hear the words anyway, and if the lyric followed the business sufficiently to get by Burnside we were satisfied.

It was summertime, and so hot that Hubbell and I could not find a place in the building where it was possible to work until we discovered that the elephant stalls were cool. Whereupon we dispossessed one of the elephants and had a piano put down there, and for weeks afterward we both smelled faintly of circus. We worked under terrific pressure all the time, trying to keep up with Burnside. Hubbell would hold a watch and say, "If this lyric is finished in thirty minutes, it's in. If not, we'll start a fresh one." And somehow or other, inspiration, or what have you, would respond and the number would be finished in the required time.

During one of these weeks Hubbell made the elephant stall not fit for human occupation by playing over and over a refrain to which I took a violent dislike from the beginning. "It's good, I tell you," Hubbell insisted a thousand times. "Put some words to it and you'll have something." Perhaps because he was so insistent, or maybe merely because it was hot, I became irrevocably determined that that tune was not going in.

At last the show was written. After my work was all done I received word that a Japanese girl had been engaged and I was to write one more Japanese number. At home that night, I complained to Mrs. Golden about the imposition which had been put upon me after I had done so much work.

"What's the name of the Japanese girl?" asked Mrs. Golden. "Is it Tamaki Miura?"

"Yes," said I, "that's it."

"Why," said Mrs. Golden, "she's wonderful. I heard her give a magnificent performance of Butterfly."

The Oriental Atmosphere

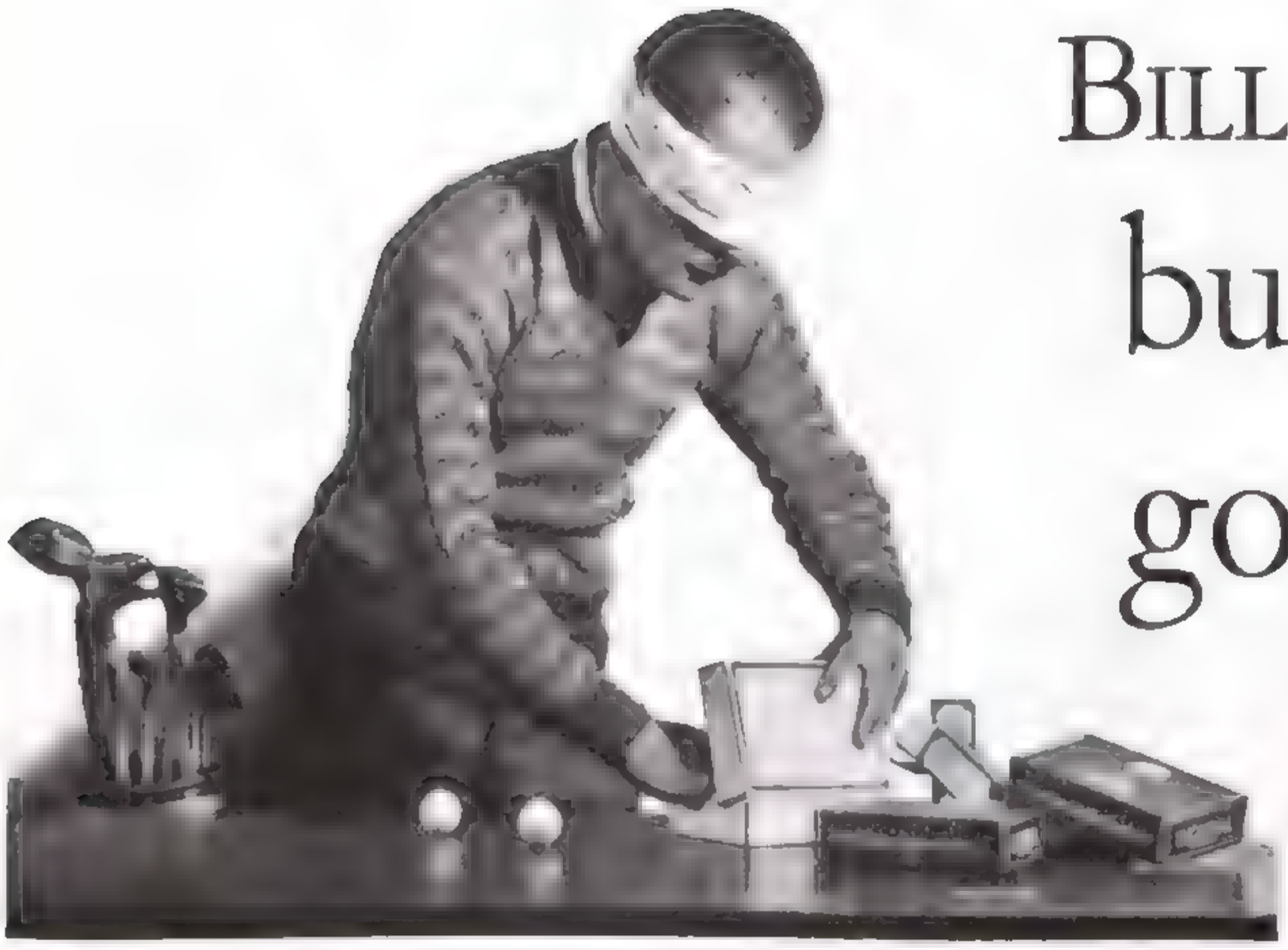
Somehow, that set me thinking. Why not give her the chance to do in tabloid form the thing she had done successfully? So I wrote a lyric embodying the story of Butterfly, and excused my borrowing by my opening line: "There's a story told of a little Japanese, sitting demurely 'neath the cherry-blossom trees, Miss Butterfly her name." Of course, I also had to change the name somewhat, so the song became Poor Butterfly.

The next day I said to Hubbell, "Play that tune again. I'm going to make a Japanese song of it."

"You're not!" cried Ray. "It isn't a Japanese tune."

"It wasn't," I corrected him gently, "but it is now. It's Japanese or it's nothing." And poor Hubbell decided it would be Japanese, and that melody I disliked so intensely became the refrain for Poor Butterfly. Queerly enough, I had mistaken the American-Chinese vaudeville girl who was to sing the song for Tamaki Miura. Later it was sung and made into a success by an American girl, Sophye Bernard. Two months later the entire country was Butterfly mad. Poor Butterfly was strummed, hummed, whistled and wept over by as many voices and hands as there are pianos,

(Continued on Page 86)



Bill Jones buys golf balls

If golf balls cost $5.00 apiece he'd buy them more carefully . . .

Over fifteen million golf balls are bought every year by Bill Jones and his two million fellow golfers. The "little white pill" is the one accessory of golf that is indispensable. Yet what does Bill Jones know about a golf ball—why does he choose one out of the fifty or more brands on the market as his ball?

Take off the blind-fold!

Stop buying golf balls in the dark—on a "hunch"—or because Jim Smith said that it was a good ball. Here are some facts that you and Bill Jones should know about golf balls in general and about the "U.S." Royal in particular.

Distance

Few golfers realize that among the leading makes of golf balls there is practically no difference in distance—all have great length. This fact has been proved conclusively by hundreds of tests on our specially designed driving machine and in independent tests made by the country's greatest golfers.

Buy a good golf ball—and you can accept distance as a standard. Therefore distance is not the important determining factor of choice. The "U.S." Royal will give you as great distance as any golf ball on the market.

Toughness of Cover

Golf balls, unlike books, may often be judged by their covers. It is this sturdy outer jacket which must withstand the gaff of every club in the bag. It is a proved fact, however, that the tougher the cover is made, the less resiliency and therefore the less distance is found in the finished ball. The cover of a "U.S." Royal is as tough as a golf ball cover can be made, without decreasing the resiliency and distance. It is fully guaranteed.

Trueness of Putting

Putting is the most important single factor in golf—upon it depends 50% of your score. You can't putt straight with an off-center ball—nor can you depend upon it to fly true from the tee. Distance—cover—and paint—are all important—BUT trueness and accuracy are to be considered above all else when you choose a golf ball!

You may get as much distance with other leading makes of balls—another cover may be as tough—but only in the "U.S." Royal will you find that trueness of construction, that accurately located and fixed center of gravity, which insures a trueness of putting found in no other ball.

A golf ball will not roll true simply because the *outside* is round. Inside trueness is equally important. You have seen our series of X-ray comparisons, proving that inside trueness can not be taken for granted. You have read the startling findings of our scientific putting machine tests. Not advertising copy—not theory—but definite, scientific proof that the "U.S." Royal is the finest putting golf ball in the world.

And the Price—

Seventy-five cents each. In mesh marking or recess. No finer golf ball can be bought—at any price—than the "U.S." Royal. Buy them from your club professional or golf shop.

"How a Golf Ball is Made"

May we send you a copy of this fascinating human interest story of the building of a golf ball, written by Robert H. Davis, famous editor and author? Address United States Rubber Company 1790 Broadway, New York City

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A Product of the **United States Rubber Company**

Trade Mark

Red Edge Conquers the Congo

SOME time ago we sold a large quantity of Red Edges to a copper mining concern in the Belgian Congo. We wondered how they would take with miners scarcely a generation removed from the "shovel-headed spear" and cannibal table-d'hôtes.

According to the traveler who sent us the accompanying snapshot, Red Edge can sell itself to a miner in his own language, which is just as well, as the only English these Congolese (or is it Congoleums?) speak is a few words of French. But—the boys found the indelible Red Edge trademark—and that speaks a language that is universal.

Our correspondent tells us that Red Edge made such a tremendous hit with the boys that a Belgian firm undertook to turn out some "just as goods". But the boys would have none of them. They said that the shovels "with the blood on them" were lucky shovels. They made work easier and the hot sun cooler.

If *you* are looking for a shovel that makes work easier and helps your men pile up a bigger day's work—Red Edge is "good medicine".

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.

We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE

(Continued from Page 84)

ukuleles, typewriters and tenors in the land. And I think I am safe in saying that T. B. Harms, the publishers, in all their experience never had a bigger selling song, and I know I never had one which made more money than Poor Butterfly, grudgingly written in an elephant's stall, for the wrong girl, to a tune I hated.

Although the theater has always been my major ambition, I should not be quite truthful if I claimed it was my only one. I had always cherished a minor ambition to own a trick dog. It started in my early boyhood, with a story called Ashes; all about a very poor little boy whose father and mother and grandfather and grandmother, not to mention all his aunts and uncles, were dead. So, naturally, he had nobody in the world, and even more naturally, it was Christmas Eve. Everybody else, hurrying along with bundles done up in red tissue paper, seemed rich and well fed, while the poor little boy had nothing inside him but this terrible hunger for food and love and a nice warm home with wreaths.

The Talking Dog Turns Dumb

As he stood shivering on the corner—needless to say, it was snowing—his little hands crept into a barrel of warm ashes. And what do you think they encountered? A stray poodle dog that had crawled into the barrel for warmth. The poodle was so glad to have company he jumped up and down and then he walked on his hind legs and then on his fore legs, and I'm not sure he didn't walk on one leg. But so remarkable were his antics that in no time at all a crowd collected—composed, need I add, of many of the richest millionaires! In his excitement the little boy's hat had fallen off, and all the millionaires, thinking this was a pay exhibition, threw into it thousand-dollar bills and all sorts of knickknacks, so that the little boy and his little dog were rich and happy ever after.

I wanted a trick dog like Ashes, and I remember that my ambition was whetted at the time by another book belonging to a series of thin pamphlets called the How To series—How to Become Rich for 10 cents; How to Become a Doctor, a Lawyer, an Ambassador for 10 cents—each, of course. The one I wanted was How to Become a Ventriloquist as told by the great Harry Kennedy.

Since only ten cents lay between me and the fulfillment of my ambition, it was a foregone conclusion that I was to become the greatest ventriloquist of my day, or any other. I secured the ten cents and set about mastering the art of ventriloquism. I learned that one must never use certain letters which require the obvious movement of the lips, but must substitute V for B, for instance, and N for M. Thus, if you wanted to say Alabama, you would say Alavana. You can see I did acquire some invaluable information. But best of all was a story showing the practical application of the vetriloquist's art. It seems Mr. Kennedy once found himself stranded in Denver without the wherewithal to go farther. He picked up a stray dog and, tying a long rope about its neck, entered a saloon and took his place at the bar beside a well-dressed gentleman.

"Let me have a glass of beer," said Kennedy to the bartender. "What will you take, Marmaduke?" he said to the dog.

"Nothing," said Marmaduke; "and I don't think you ought to take any more, Harry. You had a glass of beer only an hour ago."

The elegant gentleman next to Kennedy jumped away and said, "Great heavens, is that dog talking?"

"Great heavens!" mimicked Marmaduke, "who in blazes did you think was talking?"

"I never heard a dog talk," said the astonished gentleman.

"Of course you didn't," said Marmaduke, "because there isn't any other talking dog in the world, is there, Harry?"

"No," Harry admitted; "you are the only one."

"That dog," inquired the gentleman, "is not by any chance for sale?"

"You bet your sweet life he isn't," said Marmaduke.

"I don't know," replied Kennedy reluctantly. "I'd certainly hate to part with you, Marmaduke, but you know how things have been going, and if I were offered a decent price ——"

"Would you consider a hundred dollars?" asked the elegant gentleman.

"Don't be ridiculous!" cried Marmaduke.

"No," murmured Kennedy regretfully, "I couldn't."

"Five hundred," amended the gentleman.

"That's more like it," said Marmaduke, "but even at that, Harry—we've been pals and I love you—don't sell me."

Kennedy brushed his eye with the sleeve of his coat. "I'm sorry, Marmaduke, old boy. You are the only thing I have in the world, but you know I have to get back to New York." He turned to the gentleman. "For five hundred dollars he's yours."

"Done," cried the gentleman, peeling from a roll five one-hundred-dollar bills.

Kennedy gave him the rope, and as poor Marmaduke was led away he was distinctly heard to say, "I'll never forgive you, Harry Kennedy. Just for that I'll never say another word as long as I live!"

But to return to my minor ambition to possess a performing dog—a trick dog to show off to my friends. While I was writing one of the Hippodrome shows I met the man in charge of the animal world in the Hippodrome. Doc Potter owned a business known as the Ben Hur stables, whose origin lay in the fact that he had supplied horses for the treadmill in the original Ben Hur production. From Doc Potter you could buy or hire anything from a performing flea to a diving elephant. It is only a short time ago that in a dreadful fire in those stables poor Doc Potter was burned to death while attempting to save some of his pets.

A One-Night Stand

One day I mentioned to Doc Potter that long-cherished desire of mine to own a dog who would really perform tricks for me at my home. Although Doc Potter knew every trick animal in the country, he could not find a trained poodle for me. One day, however, he came into the elephant stall where Hubbell and I were working, with a sad-eyed, pitifully shabby old man whom he introduced to me as Mr. Pirrochi. Pirrochi was a broken-down old vaudeville actor who, with his trick dog, had been hanging around the Hippodrome in the hope of getting a job as a clown.

There was no job for Pirrochi, but Doc Potter brought him to me because Pirrochi's partner was a bright little poodle—at least he was more poodle than anything else.

Pirrochi was in such dire straits that he was willing, perforce, to part with his last treasure—the partner who had worked and played with him from puppyhood. The poodle must have been related to my first love, Ashes, for strangely enough, his name was Butts.

At his master's command Butts showed me all his tricks. But minding the story of Harry Kennedy, I made sure he would also do them at mine. He did, and so I paid the old clown, put Butts in my car and drove home. I was delighted to find, as I drove up to the house, that there were guests on the veranda. Here was my chance to show off my new pet. There were dubious looks on their faces—particularly Mrs. Golden's; I knew what that meant. However, I had not acquired Butts because he was blue as to blood but because in the matter of tricks he was the pink of perfection.

I put him through his paces. I said, "Butts, jump through this," and Butts jumped. I tossed him a cake which he balanced on his nose. I asked him questions and he barked his answers. I had even brought some blocks, so that he could spell B-U-T-T-S. My guests were entranced. I was elated. Even Mrs. Golden was a little less questioning. Butts gave one magnificent performance. One and only one. Perhaps some student of dog psychology can tell me by what process of reasoning Butts arrived at the conclusion that he would perform no more. Did he, perhaps, realize that my home had no connection with the Keith Circuit? We fed, coaxed, threatened and punished him, but: "No," said Butts firmly, "I will perform in nothing but a theater, under the terms of my Equity contract."

Nothing swerved him from his grim resolve. One, and only one farewell performance for Butts. And the greatest pleasure I got from my trick dog was returning him to poor old Pirrochi, who had given up all hope of ever seeing him again and to whom his return was the sweetest of miracles. Perhaps Butts, being a dog, and therefore wiser than any mere man, and being a mongrel, and therefore wiser than any mere dog, had figured out the way by which his poor old master would have the money and the dog too.

The Song Writer's Farewell

About this time I happened to be at one of the final rehearsals of a new musical play called Chin-Chin. In one scene Montgomery and Stone were on the stage dressed as two high-caste Chinese. They went off and then, as the versatile Anne Caldwell had written it, the boy in the piece—a young tenor named Douglas Stevenson—bade good-by to the girl—now a proud wife and mother by the name of Mrs. Gene Buck. He told her how some day he would come to claim her. After which the girl went off and Montgomery and Stone should have come on dressed as coolies, but they didn't come. There was a stage wait.

"Why the delay?" inquired the stage manager.

"Mr. Stone and Mr. Montgomery," replied the assistant stage manager, "are still in their dressing rooms. There isn't enough time for them to change their clothes."

There was only one way to fix it. Montgomery and Stone must be given a few more minutes for their change, by introducing a song at this spot. Somebody suggested that the boy sing a love song with the chorus girls. But I objected to this idea because he had just told his real girl how much he loved her. It seemed inconsistent, even in a musical comedy, for him to turn around and start getting mixed up with a fresh batch of beauties.

"Why not have him sing a song telling all the rest of the girls they don't cut any ice with him?" asked Dillingham. "Have him say: 'Good-by, girls, I'm through with you all.'"

He turned to me, "How about it?" said he.

"Why, you've just named a title for a good one," I replied.

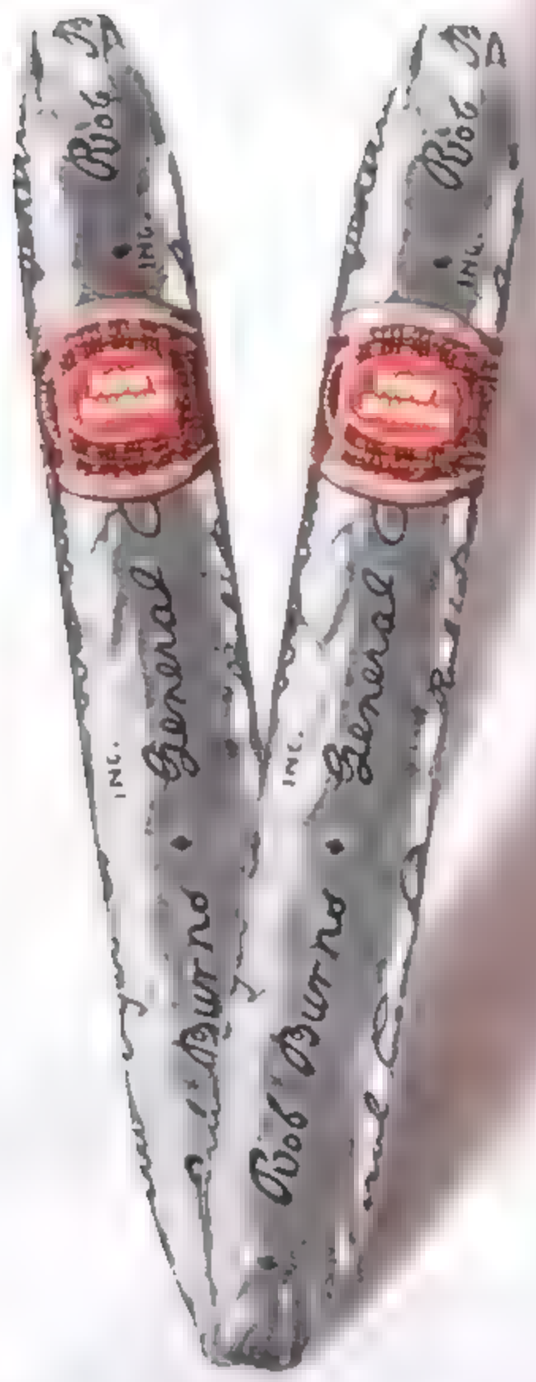
"How long will it take to write it?"

"I don't know," I answered, and went into a little side room adjoining his office, and he will bear me out that in less than thirty minutes there came from the side room a young man with the first verse and chorus complete of a song called Good-By, Girls, I'm Through.

Ivan Caryl, the composer of Chin-Chin, was called in hurriedly to set the lyric. The play opened in Philadelphia, and the next day I had a wire from Dillingham saying that the song was the hit of the piece—everybody was singing it. And that song, written in that casual way in a wash room off Dillingham's office, made a turning point in my life. For, because of it, I said good-by forever to song writing, and with one of the royalty checks it brought in I launched out into the career of producing manager.

——

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Golden written in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore. The next will appear in an early issue.



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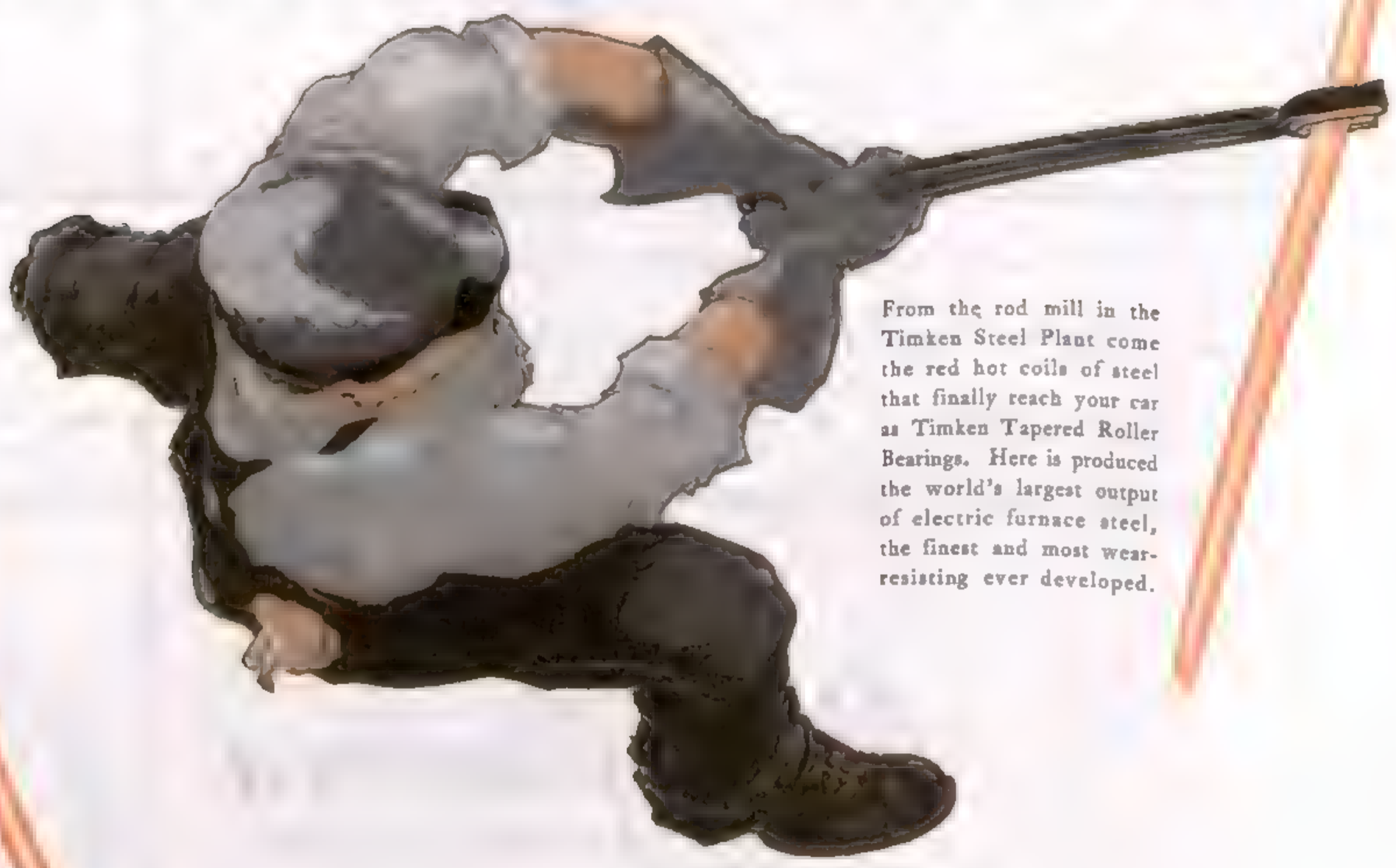

From the rod mill in the Timken Steel Plant come the red hot coils of steel that finally reach your car as Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. Here is produced the world's largest output of electric furnace steel, the finest and most wear-resisting ever developed.

LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 36)

And so matters stood when one day Doctor Dunham signed his card for him and gave him a parting admonition before he left.

"You'll have considerable more use of that foot from now on, Tom, if you're careful. But if you abuse it don't come whining back to me."

"I'm plumb grateful to you, doc. And if you'll let me know how much I owe you ——"

"You don't owe me a red cent," said old Dunham testily. "It was worth the price of admission for me to get in there and see what those Eastern fellows, with their rubber gloves and falderal, thought they were doing to you."

Tom was very happy that day. He left the hospital, walking carefully, and going up the street he bought the very blue suit, the straw hat, the shoes. He could fit only one shoe, but what did that matter? Soon he would be on his way; he thought of that earlier trip of his, from Chicago, the sticky children with their warm small bodies, the day coach, even the contretemps at the clubhouse later on. Like the shoe, what did that matter now? Things were different this time. Kay was his wife, his own wife. She had not planned to leave him, and when he told her how he loved her—if only he could find the words—she would come back.

He whistled as he got the old car from the garage and let the clutch in. Careful? Of course he would be careful. He was taking mighty good care of that leg from now on; there was a reason, a darned good reason.

"Well, so long, Tom. She's got a gallon of gas and a pint of water."

"What do you think I'm doing to her? Trying to wean her?"

He was off, on his way to the ranch. His bundles bounced in the rear, the loose mud guards rattled, and once out of town, for the first time in months he began to sing under his breath:

"I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
And a long ways from home."

Two days after he got back he knew that the rustlers had been at work again and that he had lost practically his entire herd. He was ruined.

XLII

MR. TULLOSS sat in the tile-floored morning room of Henry's country house, with a bottle of whisky and a siphon of soda at his elbow. His straw hat—he had abandoned his Stetson at Omaha, at Jennie's order—had been taken from him in the hall, and it had apparently required two men to bring in the refreshments. Two men! He must remember to tell Jennie.

He could look beyond into the drawing-room. Not that he called it a drawing-room. To him a drawing-room was a place where one drew. This was a parlor, a very fine parlor. Even Kirkenbride, the senator back home, had no such room as that.

For the first time, not so much the hopelessness of his errand as a doubt of its rightness began to trouble him. So this was what the girl had given up to go out with Tom McNair to that God-forsaken place on the reservation! Perhaps Tom had been right, after all. "She was tired of me, that's all. I was just something for her to play around with for a while."

And the incident of the Hamel girl had simply forced an issue that was bound to come.

He was very warm. He got out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "It's the humidity," he said. "We get hot as blazes out home, but it's a dry heat."

Henry nodded. He did not like Tulloss; not since he had ignored his request and written him that letter—"I have always done business with my cards on the table." Well, his cards—Henry's—had been on the table from the start. Let Tulloss turn his up now. He had come for something. Henry eyed him warily.

"I don't suppose you came to see me to talk about the climate, Tulloss."

"No; although climate has something to do with it. We've had a bad year. Maybe you know it, maybe you don't. But it's about wrecked the cattle business, for a while anyhow. It looks as though I'll have to take over Potter's end of the L. D. Either that or—find somebody to buy it."

"If that means me, no," said Henry unequivocally. "I'm through."

"It's a good ranch. With proper handling, and wheat to fall back on, it's a paying proposition."

"With the cattle failing on good wheat years, and vice versa!"

"I've found a man who doesn't know a bad year for cattle when he meets it."

"Who is it?"

"It happens," said the banker, clearing his throat, "to be your son-in-law, Tom McNair."

Suddenly Henry was very angry. His neck swelled, his face was deeply suffused. "I regard that as a distinct impertinence, Tulloss. That name is not mentioned in this house. The fellow has wrecked my family; he virtually killed my—killed my wife. He has ruined my daughter's chances for any satisfactory marriage. And you can come here and ask me to discuss him!"

"You don't have to say a word," said Tulloss blandly. "Let me do the talking, Henry. In the first place, I don't put all the blame on Tom, but that's neither here nor there. I didn't come here to quarrel. And when your girl tells me she doesn't want to go back to Tom McNair I'm ready to hunt up my hat and go away. But I have a sneaking idea, Henry, that the time comes when all a man can do for his children is to help them to be happy. And by the time he's able to do that, generally speaking, he's so old he's forgotten how."

Henry stirred in his chair.

"I'll ask you this: Is Kay happy?"

"Happy? She's just lost her mother."

"I'll change it then. Is she happier here than she would be out West?"

"At least she's fed and clothed. Do you know how she came back to me? In rags, and half starved! I was profoundly shocked. Even now, when I think of it, my blood boils."

"She'd be comfortable enough on the L. D. And fed, too—although I think you're wrong about that. They were poor, of course; they didn't have any flunkies bowing and scraping around, but they did have enough to eat."

That last speech was hardly tactful, but it only hardened in Henry a resolve already made. He would never lift a finger to help Tom McNair. He said so in a variety of ways, some of them rather reminiscent of old Lucius in their luridness.

"And you can tell McNair that for me," he finished.

Mr. Tulloss got up. He was hotter than ever, and the flunkies had taken his hat. Where the devil was his hat?

"All right, Henry. All right," he said. "No reason for getting excited about it. If Potter's in the shape I think he is, I'll take over the L. D. myself. And"—his voice rose somewhat—"I'll put McNair on it, too, by Gad. Then when your girl goes back to him, as she will, she'll have a home anyhow—and no thanks to you!"

He stalked out, located his hat, jerked it from James, jammed it on his head and got into his taxicab.

When he looked at the meter it said four dollars and eighty-five cents, and he sat in silent fury all the way back. Nevertheless, he had not spent all of the four dollars and eighty-five cents in vain.

Some of Henry's complacency had been destroyed by that visit. At dinner that

(Continued on Page 91)

Carry it home in a

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Liquid-Tight

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ICE CREAM tastes better when packed in Sealright Paper Containers because all its delicious flavor and freshness are held intact. Air, dust, dirt, cannot get to ice cream packed in practically air-tight Sealright Containers. They keep the cold in and the warm air out.

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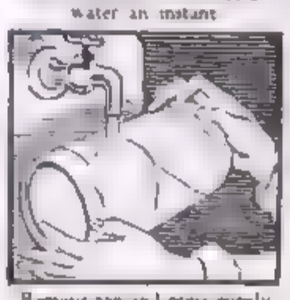
No messy spooning and handling.

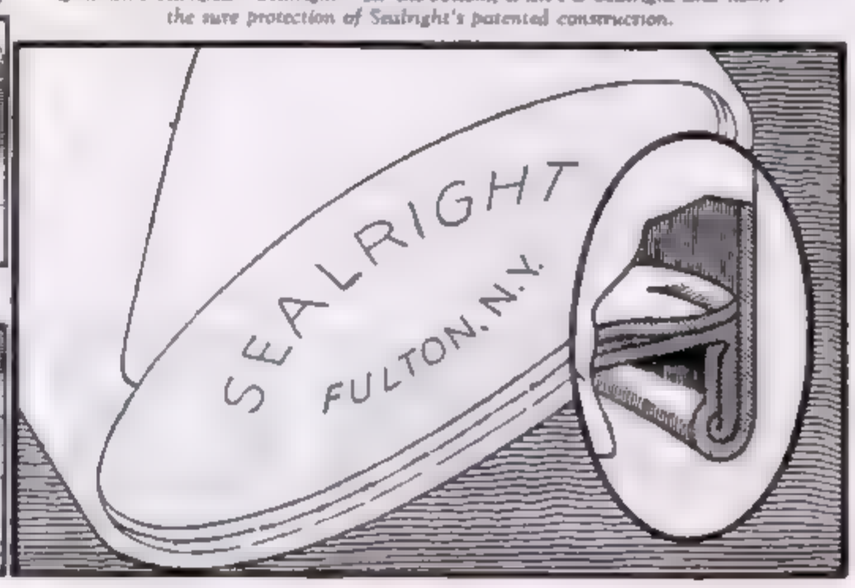
A quart is ALWAYS a quart in a Sealright—a full quart when filled at your dealer's and a full quart when opened later at home. Delivered to your dealer with covers on tight and insides untouched by human hands, Sealrights are absolutely sanitary. For convenience, economy and safety, ask your dealer to use Sealrights.

Hold container under cold water an instant



Remove top and press evenly on bottom with both thumbs

Then cut in attractive round slices to suit



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9-Inch Oscillator
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Buy your fan by this sign

You'll be glad you looked for this sign! It will guide you to a summer of comfort. G-E Fans are built to stand the strain of steady use. They give you ten cool hours for a nickel's worth of current.

If you choose the nine-inch oscillator, for instance, it will search out the heat that hides in your rooms and whip the sluggish air into a cooling breeze.

Merchandise Department
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Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 89)

night—those long deadly dinners where Kay and her father sat across from each other at the massive table and made conversation for the benefit of the servants, and fell into silence the moment they were alone—he looked at her more carefully than he had for a long time. She looked badly. By Gad, she looked sick! For the first time in many weeks he addressed a personal question to her:

"How do you feel, Kay? Are you all right?"

He was startled to see that the look she gave him was actually grateful. "I'm all right, father."

"Do you—sleep?"

"Not always, but I read, you know. I don't mind it."

When the long ritual of the meal was over he went into his library, as was his custom now, and closed the door. There were some drawings on his desk; he had to select something for Katherine's grave. He picked one up and sat holding it. She had hated the shaft over his father's grave, but he had put it up nevertheless. And what was that queer thing she had wanted to put on it? "He has followed the trail into the sunset." It was a silly, sentimental thing, and he had not let her do it. There were a great many other things he had not let her do. Maybe Tulloss was right, and he had been a hard man. Katherine. Katherine.

He made up his mind then that if Tulloss reopened the matter of the L. D. he would consider it. Then if the fellow actually made good ——

But he was the old Henry nevertheless. He reflected rather grimly that perhaps a reconciliation would be better than a divorce. He had had enough publicity; all he could stand. And Tulloss was no fool. He had never spent a dollar unless there were two in sight.

Mr. Tulloss, however, did not reopen the matter. He went on to New York, miserably put on the suit he had bought for the bankers' convention years ago, tied his white tie and wandered self-consciously through hotel and theater lobbies, never quite accustomed to clothing indecently short in front and awkwardly long behind.

And then one night, getting his key from his box, he found a telegram there waiting for him. He read it twice and then looked at his wife.

"I guess we'll be hitting the back trail, Jen," he said. "How soon can you be ready?"

Tom's entire herd had been stolen, and Tom himself was out gunning for Little Dog.

They went back, Mr. Tulloss and Jennie; Jennie unwilling but acquiescent, the banker watching schedules, uneasy, impatient. He puzzled his wife. He was not a soft man.

"What difference does it make to you whether Tom McNair kills an Indian or not?"

"He'll get lifetime, or maybe worse, that's why."

It was not an answer, but she let it go at that. She thought that somehow there must be money at stake, and watched to see if he leaned back to rub that old bullet of his. She never thought it might be pity.

Tom was in the mountains when they reached Ursula. Allison told Tulloss that, and that Tom had taken a pack horse and all the armament he owned.

"He's plumb crazy," said the sheriff. "Not talkin' any, y'understand. Just ridin' and lookin' round."

"You get word to him I want to see him," said Mr. Tulloss grimly.

"I want to see him myself," said the sheriff. "But that's easier said than done."

XLIII

THERE had never been a question in Tom's mind as to who and what lay behind his ruin. He had known rustlers all his life; men who made their pick-ups of cattle, drove them off, hid them and later rebranded and sold them. His easy philosophy had accepted them with the same easy tolerance with which at one time he had accepted his own drinking; like himself, they were tempted and they fell.

But this had been an organized raid against him personally. The thieves had cut out his stock and, outside of the hospital cattle at the ranch, had made a clean sweep. It differed from the occasional pilfering of the Indians, the small depredations of a meat-hungry people which the stockmen accepted because they must.

He saw in it the Oriental patience of all Indians, and of Little Dog in particular; and he saw, too, the fiendish ingenuity with which he had worked, waiting until he had saved them through that ghastly winter, until they had fattened all spring and summer, and then making off with them to hide and rebrand them and to ship from some distant point in safety.

He went to the agency, tramping in, throwing aside anyone who stood in his way, and confronted the superintendent with his fists clenched. But the agent could not help him. He was an able man, administering a difficult duty to the best of his ability. He only shook his head.

"I'm sorry, McNair. Of course we'll do what we can, but you know about these cases. You're only guessing as to Little Dog and his crowd. Personally I don't think he's on the reservation. I haven't seen him for months."

When the magnitude of Tom's loss dawned on him, however, he became more alert. Now and then he had cases of small pilfering brought before him; he had a sneaking sympathy for the Indian who was hungry and killed a steer for food. But this was different.

"Of course," he said, "I always felt it was a mistake for you to come on the reservation at all. I told you so at the time. But I'll have Little Dog looked up if he's here."

"If he's here I'll kill him on sight," Tom said, white to the lips. "I'm warning you."

He went back to the ranch, got out his revolver, oiled and filled it. He was afraid to carry a rifle for fear they would take it from him, for he was not alone in his search. The cattlemen were uniting now against the criminals as a matter of self-protection. Outfits were starting, small posses from different points going in different directions. A telephone message to Ursula had started out the sheriff, and shipping pens and way stations along the main line were being watched by deputies sworn in for the purpose.

But Tom hunted alone. He was quiet enough on the surface, but the men who met him knew and let him be. He had little or no hope of his cattle; even the reservation, with its wild broken country, offered a thousand hiding places. But they would not be on the reservation; he knew that. Like the Indian medicine man blowing his smoke to the four corners of the world, he could take his choice of direction. Up and down, the line, however, was already being watched; the range far across the valley meant long forced drives through open country. But the mountains close at hand offered, if harder territory, more chances of quick concealment.

He took to them then, with death in his heart and within easy reach of his hand, and as has been said, he rode alone. As he rode he rebuilt the tragedy from start to finish; the conspiracy, its deft and sudden execution. The rustlers closing in, cutting, holding; then the first night out, the forced drive, the riders camping on the tails of the cattle, urging, cursing, pushing on; dawn, and a sheltered spot somewhere, with the thieves far enough from the herd for safety, looking down from rocks, sleeping while a sentry watched. And then another night drive, and another.

Two weeks—three weeks ago! Already the new brands would be healed or healing. They would pass inspection; be shipped and sold, and nothing would be left to him. Nothing, that is to say, but Little Dog.

He even resented the posses, the machinery of the law. Let them keep out; this was between him and the Indian. Each would kill the other on sight, and knew it. He was convinced that Little Dog was hiding in the mountains.

After a time he had stopped thinking, to all practical purposes. He had become a killing machine, moving rapidly but automatically; riding to the top of some steep slope, surveying the country, going on. When he climbed through a canyon his revolver was in his hand. At night he lay where he happened to be; sometimes he got himself a meal of sorts, but he had no hours for food, no hours for anything. The day was divided into two parts—darkness and light. He resented the darkness fiercely because it stopped the search.

One day, finding that his foot was again too swollen for his boot, he took off the boot and threw it away. Then he went back and got it again for fear it would put Little Dog on guard. Another time he came across an old mining camp back in the range. He circled it carefully, watching, and was astonished to see Gus, crutches and all, come out of a cabin and go to the creek for water. The thing puzzled him. He rode down and confronted Gus at the door of his shack. He was vaguely suspicious, but Gus met him with a cheerful smile.

"What are you doing here, Gus?"

"Me? I yust come to shoot deer. That's all I'm good for now—shootin'."

"You're sure it's deer?"

And Gus chuckled. "Don't you worry about me, Tom. I'll send you a haunch when I get it."

The Swede wanted him to spend the night, but Tom remembered the night in the cabin and grimly refused. Not that he gave a damn for his life now, but he had work to do first. He mounted his horse again, and Gus stood by, still grinning.

"You'll never get him, Tom. He's a smart Indian."

"Maybe not, but I'll die trying."

The time came, however, when he had to start back. His provisions were gone, his horse exhausted. He started down for fresh animals and more food, and on his way down he came across his first and only clew to his herd.

The mountain pastures were already drying up, and the cattle which had summered on the range had begun to work down again. They filled the trails, or stood on steep hillsides, eying him as he passed them. He worked through them, scrutinizing their brands and earmarks, hoping against hope, and at last among the foothills he saw an old bull which he recognized at sight. His heart leaped. He spurred his horse and rode slowly behind and to one side of the animal. There was no doubt about it, nor of the comparatively recent reworking of the brand. It had been skillful work. The L had been extended to the D, a line drawn across, and another D, reversed, added to the other end. A brand changed like that would pass inspection anywhere.

For the first time, however, he felt a faint hope; the instinct to kill died away. He rode to the ranch, got out the car, flew into Ursula. But the lead, although it established certain things, led nowhere in the end. The brand had been registered some months before as the crossed-link brand. It was owned by a doubtful outfit across the range, and the sheriff went over there. But there was nothing to be done.

"They're the fellows, all right," the sheriff told him, "but what are you going to do? The brand's theirs, the cattle have been shipped and sold. The fact that you claim the bull is yours won't help much. You can claim him all you like, but he won't come when you call him. You can go to Chicago and try to locate the hides; but even if you can, how are you going to prove it isn't some of the old L. D. stock these fellows got somewhere?"

He was three days in town, savage, sullen, heartsick. Limping badly too. One day he met Doctor Dunham in the street, and the old doctor stopped him.

"I thought so!" he said. "What did I tell you? From what I hear ——"

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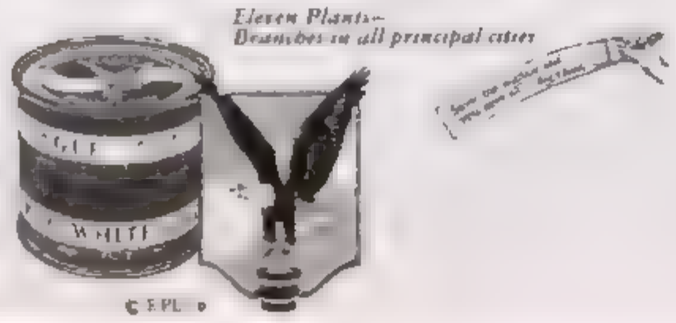

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"I don't care what you hear, and I don't give a damn!"

The next moment he was sorry, but the doctor had gone on.

Then one day he found that he had lost even his chance to get back at Little Dog. He was stripped of everything, even of revenge. Gus had come into Ursula, had gone to the sheriff's office and given himself up.

"What for?" asked Allison, staring at him.

Gus smiled. "I've yust killed a fellow," he said. "I told Tom he was too smart for him, but he wasn't too smart for me. He came into my cabin. 'Hello,' he said. 'So you come through winter all right, eh?' 'Sure I did,' says I, and holds up my leg. 'All but that,' I says. He looked and started out, but I was too quick for him."

When Tom heard the news he went to see Gus in the jail, but he had little to add to his previous story. Little Dog had run off his horses the winter before and left him there to die, so Gus had killed him. He seemed quite cheerful, although it was clear that he was not entirely balanced. He shook hands with Tom pleasantly when he left.

"The way to catch wolves is to think like a wolf," he said, and chuckled.

The next day Tom got a letter from Arizona. The show was going to England that fall and needed an assistant boss hostler.

"I understand you've had some hard luck," he wrote, "and I've recommended you for the job. It pays good money, and we are going to show the Johnny Bulls something to make them drop their *h*'s right down on the ground. You know the work. There's no grand-stand stuff about it, but it's a heap sight better than sitting on your thumbs all winter to keep them warm."

He decided to accept. He saw Tulloss and told him, and the banker did not demur. He had done his best and it had got him nowhere. The Potter company was still holding on to the L. D., although the banker knew it could not be for long. And Tom's face was the strongest argument of all.

"Well, maybe you're right, Tom," he said heavily. "You'll get a change, and maybe later on ——"

"It's not a change I'm after. I've got the interest to pay on those notes, and this way I can earn it."

In the end it was so arranged. The remaining stock was to be sold, the ranch put on the market. Tulloss, worried at Tom's face, asked him to lunch with him at the Prairie Rose, but Tom refused.

"I'm not good company for man or beast these days," he said, and went out of the office as uncompromisingly as he had come in.

He went back, sold the stock, even straightened the ranch house. And on his last night there he lighted a lamp and began to pack, with a face set with misery, the small and unimportant things that Kay had left; her mending basket, her bits of clothing, even the little face pillow she had been so fond of.

"It's a pillow for a baby!"

"Well, maybe some day ——"

On the mantel still sat the remnant of that Christmas candle he had put in the window. "Maybe somebody outside and want to come." But there had been nobody outside to come in, and now there never would be anybody.

He stood looking at it. Then, curiously enough, he took it down and put it into the box. She would wonder about that. It would puzzle her. She would wrinkle up her forehead the way she used to, and hold it up and look at it. But she would never know.

After he had finished he nailed the lid on the box and carried it out to the rickety car. It was a small box to carry what it held; all a man's hopes in this life or the life to come. He put it into the car gently, like some poor dead thing.

He started early the next day, but early as it was, the cattle were already on the road. Once more shipping time was approaching. At the railroad locomotives pulled their great trains of empty cattle cars and left them, so many here, so many there, on the sidetracks by the shipping pens. And from all parts of the back country the herds were converging, driven by patient cowboys with their neckerchiefs over their mouths against the dust they raised.

"So long, Tom. Good luck."

Along with the cattle was moving the wheat. Trucks and wagons, their bodies built up with temporary boardings, rocked and careened along the roads toward the small red elevators along the track. They moved onto the scales, were weighed, dumped, weighed again. The men who drove them waved their hands and shouted:

"So long, Tom. Good luck."

And as the car bumped along, the box in the back seemed to echo the words:

"So long, Tom. Good luck. So long, Tom. Good luck."

XLIV

BESSIE OSBORNE returned from Bar Harbor unexpectedly early that autumn. She had heard some disquieting rumors, and she came back in haste and what amounted to indignation.

Her own philosophy was a simple one, based on her conviction that one lived only once and must therefore make the best of it. She shed her yesterdays as a snake sheds its skin, and ignored the tomorrows unless they offered something pleasant. It was only today that counted, so she wakened happily to a hearty breakfast tray, read her letters, made grimaces into a hand mirror for five minutes, took a bath with reducing salts in it—to offset the tray—and then dressed ritually, if it be dressing to don one thin underslip and a frock. And thereafter she faced each day with a determination to make the most of it.

But if, as old Lucius cruelly had asserted, Bessie was a retarded adolescent, she was also an incorrigible romanticist. She stalked into Henry's library one night then, dressed in what Henry considered very fast black, and sitting down across from him, demanded to light her cigarette from his cigar.

"What for? There are plenty of matches."

Henry's cigar was a precious thing to him; he tested its quality by the length of the ash.

"I like the flavor. I'd smoke cigars if they didn't twist my mouth. . . . Well, I see you are still holding on to Kay."

"Holding on? What else am I to do?"

"Send her back to her husband. Have you happened to look at her lately?"

He moved uncomfortably. "I've asked her. She says she's all right."

"And what is your plan?"

"Plan? I haven't any plan. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes you do, Henry! You always know. You may be a pig-headed sort of brute, but you're not an idiot. Is she to divorce McNair and marry Herbert? I hear he's always hanging around."

"Really, Bessie, you are impossible," he said irritably. "If McNair wants her, why doesn't he say so? She doesn't even hear from him. And as to Herbert—he's not around as much as you say. He's here of course."

"So I understand," she retorted. "Underfoot, coming back to be slapped, like a pup. What do you do with a pup like that? You stop slapping and begin to pet him. I know; I've been there. Send her back, Henry. Let him beat her if he wants to. It isn't such a bad life, you know. Mother stood it pretty well, and—look at us!"

But she was not so certain after she had talked to Kay. "What are you going to do with Herbert? Marry him?"

"I am married," said Kay, flushing. "Herbert understands all that."

"Well, you are getting talked about all the same," Bessie retorted. "If you must have somebody hanging around, why always Herbert? Why not somebody else? The woods are full of them."

(Continued on Page 94)

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(Continued from Page 92)

But Kay had no answer for that.

Bessie stayed for a week while her town house was being opened, and left at the end of that time as unenlightened as she came. Kay, she saw, was still wearing her wedding ring. She had developed a curious habit of turning it around her finger, especially when Herbert was there. And Herbert, Henry notwithstanding, was there a great deal.

Bessie thought he had changed his attitude since the spring. He was more assured, faintly possessive. "It's cool out here. Where's that cape of yours, Kay? I'll get it."

And if Kay was rather like a wooden image when he put it around her, Bessie knew that it was not the first nor even the tenth time he had done so.

Nora was very outspoken. She waited one day until Celestine was at her early luncheon, and then slipped into Bessie's room.

"She's just drifting along, the poor lamb," she said. "I can't say a word against Mr. Forrest; he's always polite to me. But you mark my words, Mrs. Osborne, they'll be wishing a divorce on her before she knows it."

"You knew this—you knew Mr. McNair, Nora. Why do you think she never hears from him?"

And Nora, wise in the pride of the poor, was ready with an answer. "What has he got to offer her, against what she's got here?" she asked shrewdly. "If she goes, that's one thing; but if he has to ask her, that's another. If you'd seen what she brought back with her ——"

Her face winced, she fumbled in the pocket of her black silk apron. "Just rags," she said, "and poor little things she'd tried to make herself. If you'd see the way she put in a sleeve ——"

"Is she grieving now?"

"I think she cries in her sleep, poor lamb. Her pillows are wet sometimes in the morning."

Bessie's thoughts went back swiftly to that other morning long ago, when she had found Kay's pillow damp with tears. "But I don't know who or what it's about. Honestly, I don't remember." She could not say that now.

As it happened, Bessie was still there when Tom's box arrived. The top boards were taken off downstairs, and it was placed in Kay's boudoir for her to unpack. Kay was not there when all this happened, and even Bessie did not know it was there.

She was having her hair waved, and after her usual fashion, her door stood open. The first she knew that anything was wrong was a sort of wail from Kay's room across. She listened, and then she saw Nora outside with her finger to her lips. Bessie acted immediately, jerked her hair free and ran across to find Kay sitting on the floor beside a queer-looking box, holding a dirty little pillow to her breast and staring at nothing at all.

"Kay! Kay dear, what is it?"

Kay looked at her blankly. "My things," she said slowly. "He's sent me my things. It's all over."

Later on they got her into her bedroom, Nora and Bessie, and into her bed. She was very cold, and Nora filled hot-water bags and put them around her, while Bessie noticed again how thin she was; that the coverings were hardly raised over her body. Still later on, Bessie and Nora unpacked the box.

"Well, whatever would you make of that? It's a candle!"

"It must have got in by mistake."

But the tragic poverty-stricken contents of the box appalled Bessie—that and Kay's reception of them.

She sat thinking after Nora had gone. What a tragedy it was that the only thing age could offer to youth was its own experience, and that the experiences of others were never profitable! Not that her own —— She brushed that aside.

The thing was to find out if McNair still cared. If Nora was right, probably he did. This other girl had been an episode. Men often were unfaithful to women they adored; a man's passion and his love could be two entirely different matters; only women never believed that, because with them passion was only a further development of love.

Sitting there, the sunlight lighting up her short yellow hair—slightly darker at the roots—Bessie gave herself up to the unusual indulgence of thought. There had been Ronald, dying alone in a hospital. She had never cared for Ronald; he had been one of those who kept his passions and his love far apart. But she was sorry he had died alone.

She had made the best she could out of life, but lately it had grown a trifle stale and unprofitable. What was the use of pretending to youth when it was gone—gone forever.

There was a little Russian now; he admired her because, he said, she must have looked, in her youth, very like a lady he had once loved.

"A lady of the circus; she was very beautiful. But my people ——"

After rather a long time she rose, looked at her reflection in the mirror, in the pitiless sunlight, sighed; and going downstairs, wrote a telegram on Henry's desk—a telegram to Mr. Tulloss at Ursula: "Please wire how a letter will reach Tom McNair." And she gave her city address. The local telegraph operator had a bad habit of telephoning her messages.

Late that night she went into Kay's room, but Kay had at last fallen asleep. Her reading lamp was going and her hand still lay on an opened book. Bessie slid the book out carefully and looked at it. It was an oldish little volume of poetry, and there was a fine pencil mark around two lines:

The wide seas and the mountains called to him,
And gray dawn saw his camp fires in the rain.

Bessie left the next morning and found her telegram waiting in town. Tom had had bad luck, and had gone back to the Ninety-nine Ranch show. He was on his way to England, if he had not already sailed.

There was apparently nothing to be done, and as the days went on Bessie decided that perhaps it had been as well. Kay never mentioned the box again; was even on the surface quite normal. She went out a little, played tennis—although she tired easily—smiled rather too often and too quickly, went about her duties efficiently.

"Can you get some fresh caviar at the club, father? Mr. Trowbridge is coming to dinner."

When Trowbridge came, Herbert generally came also, to make a fourth for bridge. The game would drag along:

"Now let's see. Put your king on, Henry! I've got you coming or going. That's the boy! Now, Herbert ——"

On and on; nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven; Herbert playing neatly and safely and generally winning. He took no chances, did Herbert; Mr. Trowbridge paying up reluctantly.

"Got any change, Herbert? I've nothing less than twenty."

And Herbert, getting out his wallet, with the bills neatly laid inside, and carefully counting them out: "One, two, three, four, five ——"

She had stopped watching for the mail carrier long ago. She had stopped hoping. Sometimes she thought she had stopped living. Nothing really mattered. Some day there would be a divorce probably. Tom had a right to his freedom. Then, if he still wanted her, she would marry Herbert. Herbert had a right to something too.

On Sundays she and Henry took flowers to the cemetery after church. Henry would get out carefully and stand by her mother's grave, holding his silk hat in his hand; Hawkins would take out the old flowers and put fresh water in the container and then she would arrange the new ones. Sometimes, when they reached the car again, Henry would turn around and look back. She felt at those times that she owed him something also.

Then one day something happened to shock her back into life again. She was in town for some shopping, and suddenly there was the screech of a calliope ahead, and people ran out of stores or stopped on the street to line up against the curbing. Hawkins drew in to one side and stopped the car.

"Circus coming, miss." She was still "miss" to the servants.

But it was not the circus.

She was suddenly very cold. Just so, a year and a half ago, had Tom come back to her like a young knight, haughty and arrogant and wonderful to see. She had called out to him, and he had dug his spurs into his horse until it reared. And the next day ——

She sat twisting her ring while the procession passed; the cowboy band; the heavy-stepping elephants; the Indians in their war bonnets and buckskin clothes, their faces Oriental and inscrutable; the Cossacks, in their high astrakhan hats, their long tunics, their soft-soled boots.

There was no escape for her. She saw the cowboys coming, their bright neckerchiefs, their chaps and spurs, their coiled ropes. They sat easily, swaying to the motion of their horses, one gloved hand resting easily on hip or thigh, and as they passed they picked out pretty girls among the crowd and smiled at them.

"Are you a real cowboy, mister?"

"Sure am, son."

She searched their faces, lean and tanned under their big hats, but Tom was not among them. How could he be?

When the parade had passed, she went about her shopping methodically, but there was a strange leaven sinking in her. For the first time she looked back and saw the girl she had been when she ran away to Tom. Saw herself carried by a romantic impulse, swayed by the beating of drums, emotional, unstable, immature. Why had she married him? Because she loved him? Or because he was like those boys she had just watched, picturesque, carefree and reckless? This last, perhaps, or so he must surely think, for when the lean days came, when he had been making his hard undramatic fight, she had abandoned him. What did it matter about Clare? What did it matter if he had kept his dogged silence all this time? She was the one who had failed failed and run away, to live softly and at ease.

Then, if that were so ——

She never knew just when she made her decision to go back. She was moving as automatically as had Tom on his search for Little Dog. She went to the railway ticket office, to the bank. She had plenty of money now, plenty for both of them, if he would only take her back. And he could not object to it; it was hers. Her mother had left it to her.

She was half feverish with excitement, her hands cold, her head hot. Impatient, too, while her ticket was stamped, her reservations made. She would not even telegraph. She would go to Ursula and get a car there, and then ——

Suppose he did not want her? Suppose she got there to find that he had definitely put her out of his life? Suppose he opened the door of the house and looked at her, as he could look, and she had to turn around and go away again?

Well, she could only try. It was her life as well as his. She had taken her courage in her hands once before. She could do it again. And she would not even go home, for fear of Henry. She went to Bessie's instead.

XLV

THE show was working its way to New York, to embark for England. All day the wardrobe woman and her assistants worked over new costumes, to make the British drop their *h*'s plumb onto the ground. And in the mess tent there was much joking about seasickness.

"Say, you, better fill up while you can keep it!"

"Who, me? I'm going to swallow a handful of buckshot after every meal. That ought to hold it down."

Outside of these preparations, there was not much change. They drew into a town, unloaded, paraded, played a day or two and moved on. But there was more interest now in where they were.

"Where are we now, anyhow? Ithaca?"

"Syracuse, ain't it? Hey, boy, what town's this?"

Tom himself took no particular notice. One town was the same as another to him. He did his work efficiently but grimly, loaded and unloaded his big teams, was largely his own veterinarian, worked hard all day and at night dropped into a berth that was too short for him, to sleep because he did not care to think.

Now and then he watched the performance, but not often. Arizona saw him one day, and looked after him when he turned on his heel and limped away. His shoulders were sagging, his head down. But there was nothing he could do. Tom fiercely repulsed any attempt at sympathy.

"They tell me you used to be some rider," a new cowboy said to him once, with a hint of patronage.

"Yes," Tom drawled. "They used to have some good riders in this show. Now they've got a lot of kindergarten kids that lose control of themselves the minute some poor old skate gives a crow hop or two." Only "lose control" was not what Tom said.

Now and then he was quarrelsome. The colored hostlers and grooms stood in deadly terror of him.

"Here, you Jefferson, what you doing with that team?"

"The feed-pile man he sayed ——"

"To hell with the feed-pile man! Bring it here."

But he had no time for violence. He was the first man up in the morning, the last man to board the train at night. Under the lot superintendent, it was his men who moved the show to and from the track. The train pulled in, the great baggage teams were unloaded, the enormous red-and-gold wagons and trucks were rolled down from their cars; then, rocking and swaying, carrying their heavy loads of poles, of canvas and of collapsible seats, they started for the lot. At night of the last day the process reversed.

Tom did not mind the work. In a way it suited him. He had little time to think, no time for vain regrets. He had no friends. Murphy had left the organization, and he no longer joined the crowd for craps or poker. His weekly salary he sent, with practically no deductions, to the bank at Ursula. He was very shabby; when his clothing got too bad he put on overalls and let the boss hostler be the gentleman of the outfit and the ringmaster its dandy.

But now and then, mostly during mealtimes, he would limp into the long tent where the saddle horses munched their hay and walk the length of it. He cared well for his own big horses, but it was the saddle stock that he loved. Sometimes, but not often, he thought of the Miller.

When he found he was in Kay's city it scarcely roused him. With the canvas set, however, he wandered around to the men's dressing tent and stood staring at it somberly. That was where she was standing when he first saw her, and over there was the place where she had sat on a box, after they were married, and waited for him.

He went over. There was a box there now, an old box; it might have been the very one.

"All right, girl?"

"Fine."

"And happy?"

"Terribly happy."

During that afternoon he had a visitor, a well-dressed dapper little man whom he did not know at first. It was the little Cossack, Murphy.

"Ha! Tom! You remember me?"

"Murphy, you son of a gun! And all dressed up like a plush horse. Don't you kiss me, Murph!"

(Continued on Page 98)

. . . to love . . cherish and protect.

A message to Husbands

THIS is a testimonial to the husbands of America and the part they play in lifting our womanhood to the highest pinnacle in history.

Starry-eyed brides now pass from the church door with utter confidence that life will unroll through the years a rose-hued scroll of happiness — that husbands do not forget pledges glibly given in courtship days.

None better than the Fuller Man knows how faithfully the typical American husband carries out these vows in the practical, everyday things that mean so much to a successful marriage.

Wives are held too precious to be allowed to struggle along with obsolete cleaning methods. They are furnished with the latest aids science provides to lighten the routine of housekeeping.

They are encouraged in the daily use of the wide variety of time and labor-saving brushes the Fuller Man brings to whisk from every room in the house hours of dreary toil.

In short, the unanimous report of the thousands of Fuller Men calling each year upon millions of American homes is this:

Husbands are concerned to see that the equipment with which the women work is complete and modern. They have developed as keen appreciation as wives for Fuller Service.

And so they urge a welcome to the Fuller Man, knowing he is an indispensable ally in maintaining America's reputation for the most considerate husbands in the World.

The Fuller Man is an expert on household cleaning problems. Through his contact each year with the needs of ten million American homes, he broadens the scientific knowledge of these problems and is uniquely prepared to aid in their solution. Two or three times a year he brings this helpful service to your door. He supplies a wide range of time and labor-saving brushes for many different uses "head to foot—cellar to attic". To consult him before his next regular call, phone the Fuller Branch Office in your city. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Also ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home".

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine Fuller Products carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller

Look for both!

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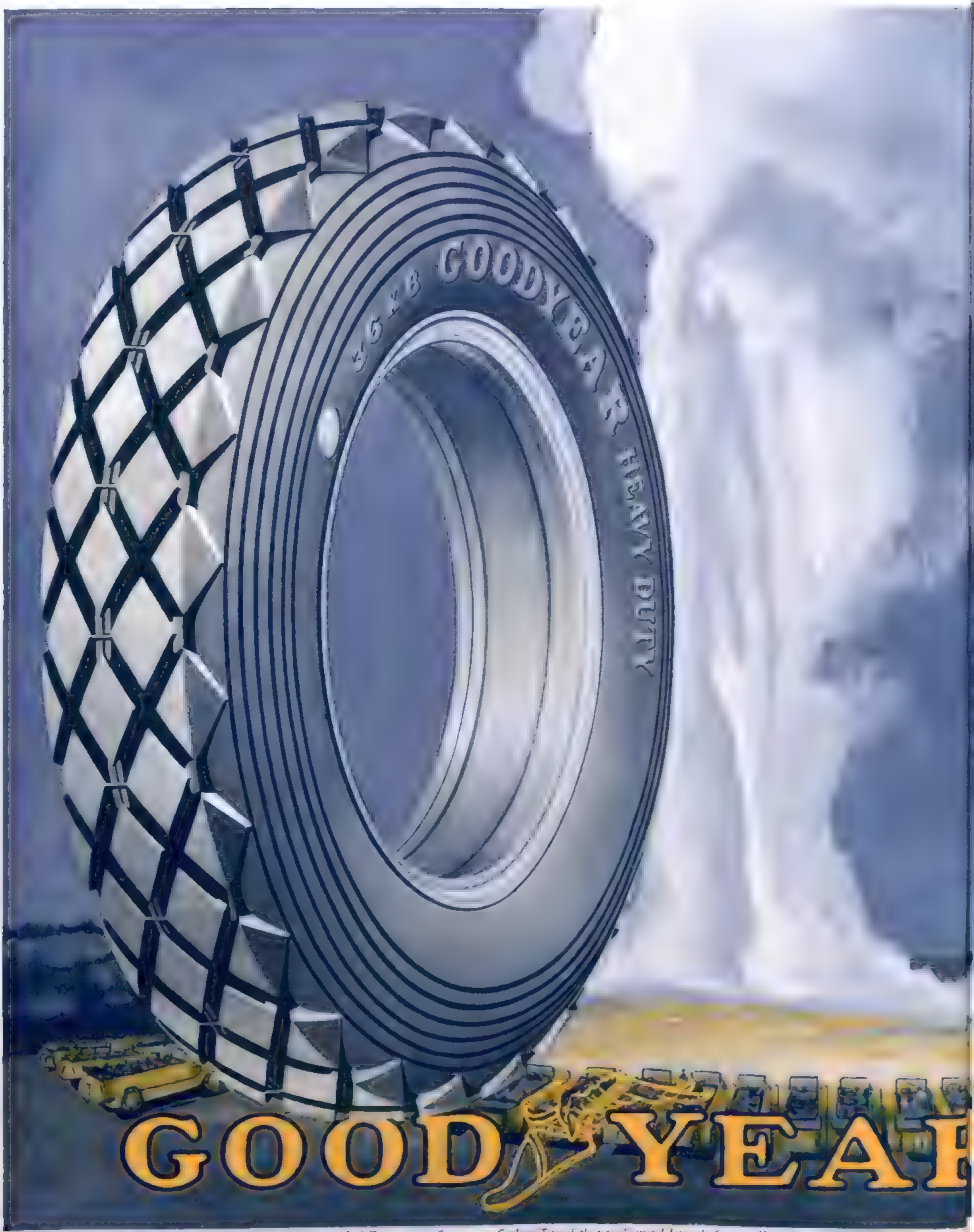

In Yellowstone National Park, the tires used exclusively by the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company are Goodyear Tires of the type illustrated here—the Goodyear Heavy Duty All-Weather Tread Pneumatic

Ten Years of "OLD FAITHFUL"

NOW the unfailing lure of Yellowstone is felt again, and from every corner of the country, yes, from all parts of the world, the response is heard in mighty chorus:

"Coming!" Coming, doubtless in greater numbers than ever before, to see the magic Nature here has wrought, in this Wonderland of geysers, rainbow terraces, painted alps and gorges.

And of all who are about to visit this great public playground, many, many thousands no doubt will choose for their tour of the Park itself the comfortable, swift, safe vehicles of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company.

They will ride on Goodyear Tires.

* * *

THIS will be the tenth year of Goodyear Tires in the touring service of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company.

Each season of the previous nine, they have rolled up impressive records, for dependable freedom from trouble, for easy riding, cushioning comfort, for steady, economical performance over long distances.

Last year they carried the 309 ten-passenger buses and seven-passenger touring cars of the fleet a total of 1,110,058 vehicle-miles. More than 40,000 passengers—nearly one-fourth of all who entered the Park—saw Yellowstone this way, on Goodyear Tires.

* * *

BY right of service, and by that alone, Goodyears are the chosen tires for this first-class travel.

On Yellowstone's roads of graded dirt and gravel and the sharp obsidian rock, volcanic glass that bites and grinds at tires, they have demonstrated their rugged stamina. On the grades and turns, where you want hold-fast power, they have imprinted the sure-footed grip of the famous All-Weather Tread.

Tread, wall and bead, tube and casing, Goodyears are the duty-tested tires here.

* * *

WHEREVER you ride or drive, Goodyear Tires will deliver you this kind of service, better and longer and at lower tire-mile cost.

They will deliver most faithfully the full strength of their Goodyear SUPERTWIST cord construction, the full safety, surety and tractive power of their Goodyear All-Weather Tread, the riding ease and the lasting economy of their inbuilt Goodyear quality.

It is because Goodyears give these extra values, that *more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.*

R BUS TIRES

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With this *new-type* battery

This is the famous master Ray-O-Vac 45-volt heavy duty "B" battery No. 9303, for sets with four or more tubes.

better reception costs still *less*

That is why there are twice as many users of Ray-O-Vac batteries today as there were a year ago

THOUSANDS are daily turning to Ray-O-Vacs as the batteries that give better reception—especially difficult in summer—and that last longer on duty.

Eminent radio engineers agree that too much resistance within the "B" power unit will cause distortion of radio signals. Ray-O-Vac "B" batteries have only from ⅛ to ⅓ the resistance of other kinds of "B" batteries. It is far below the safety margin for undistorted reception.

And today Ray-O-Vac batteries give better reception for a longer period of time than ever before. Now 10% to 15% has been added to their staying power by a new type of construction.

The old-style battery did not give all its current in service. With the first break in any one of the many unit cells within the battery, a short circuit was likely to be created that drained the current whether the battery was in use or not.

Ray-O-Vac engineers have overcome this tendency of a battery to waste its own energy. Each individual cell in the new-type Ray-O-Vac battery is now housed in a waterproofed carton that provides an expansion chamber for any electrolyte that might possibly ooze from the cell and permits full use of all the current-producing elements. At the same time, contacts with other cells are practically impossible. Hence, short circuits are less apt to occur. So the battery lasts longer.

To be sure of getting radio batteries with the greatest staying power and the least internal resistance, simply ask for Ray-O-Vacs by name. You can identify them by the package shown here. They are sold by the leading dealers in radio supplies.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" radio batteries, Ray-O-Vac flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Vac ignition batteries

(Continued from Page 94

For the Russian, in his excitement, had almost done so.

Murphy, it appeared, had done well. He had found friends, was in the foreign department of a bank, was learning English rapidly. One lady had been very kind to him; she was not young, but she had a Russian soul. Tom listened, his eyes twinkling, his worries momentarily forgotten.

But there was a suppressed excitement about Murphy. He could not stand still. He darted about here and there, shook hands with his old friends, came back to Tom.

"You will be here tonight?" he asked, in his precise English.

"Sure will. Are you bringing the lady with the Russian disposition?"

"I bring a lady," said Murphy. "Not that one; another. A very nice lady. I have but just met her at luncheon today. We shall come tonight."

Tom looked after him as he went rapidly away. So Murphy had forgotten his lady of the circus after all! That was the thing to do—forget them. They came along and played hell with a man's life and his only course was to forget them.

Out of sheer perversity, he kept on his overalls that night. Let the cowboys pull their stuff; him—he was a hostler, a sort of head groom. He was a stableman. Let Murphy bring his girl, a dozen girls. Girls made no difference in his life. Let them see him as he was.

And it was literally as he was that Kay saw him that night, sitting on an overturned pail behind a tent and rolling a cigarette.

She stood still, looking at him. The little Russian had tactfully disappeared.

"Tom," she said quietly, "aren't you going to speak to me?"

He got up, peering into the semidarkness. "Who is it?"

"It's Kay, Tom."

He stood very still, still holding his cigarette. "What is there to speak about?" he said, after a pause. "You and I—we got talked out a long time ago."

"Do you really feel that way, Tom? Because if you do ——"

"It's not a question of how I feel, is it? You showed me plain enough when you left me."

"You're still angry then?"

"Angry! God, no! Angry's not the word. What's there to be angry about? You got out in good time, that's all. I've had some bad luck, but that wouldn't interest you."

She had not known what she had expected, but not this—certainly not this. She felt half sick, defeated. She tried again:

"In that letter, Tom, I told you I'd come back if you wanted me. When you didn't even answer it, what was I to think?"

"I swore I'd never send for you; you knew it when you wrote that letter."

She could see him better now. He was standing with his arms folded. She could see his overalls, his unshaven chin, the set lines of his face. Her heart sank, but she felt a yearning pity for him too. He looked like some trapped wild creature.

"Tom," she said desperately, "I came to you once before, right here. Why do you think I did that?"

He gave a short bitter laugh. "Why?" he said. "Because you didn't know me then, that's why. You thought all a cowboy had to do was to ride around and look handsome. When you found out different, good night!"

"If I ever did think that ——"

"—— you've had a chance to learn better. What's the use of talking anyhow? I haven't got anything. I've lost my cattle. I've lost everything. . . . Hi, Joe! Bring that lantern over here."

He took it from the negro boy and held it up. "Look at me," he said. "Do I look like anything you want to waste your time on? I do not, and you know it."

"You look like my own dear Tom," she said, her voice breaking.

He put down the lantern, not too steadily. "You run on home, girl, and be comfortable and happy. Don't be sorry for me. I'm getting on fine, and I'm paying my notes too. If you ever hear different it's a lie."

"You don't want me, do you?"

"I haven't said that." He moved, looked around. "Sorry," he said awkwardly. "I'll have to get busy. We're leaving tonight." He hesitated, took off his hat, and suddenly she saw that he was holding out his hand.

"Well, good-by, girl," he said. "I'm sure glad I saw you again."

She did not take the hand. "And that's all?"

"What else is there?" he asked, smiling down at her. "You've got your life to live and I've got mine. You said that to me once a good while ago."

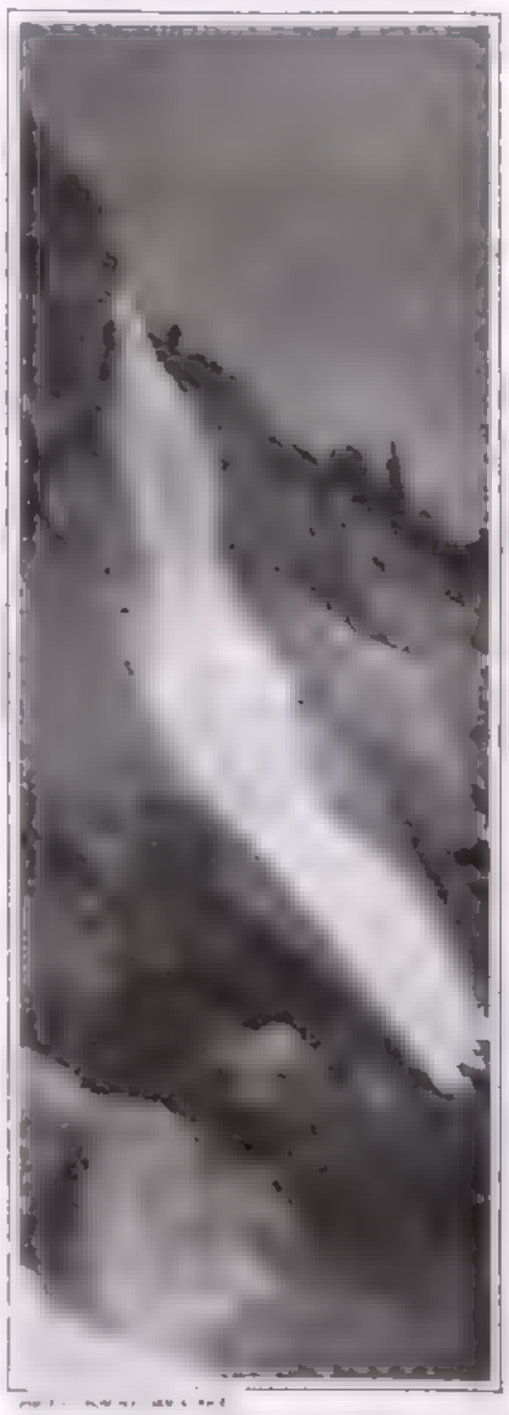
He looked down at his rejected hand, dropped it, put on his hat. "So long, girl. Good luck."

He was going. Incredibly, uncompromisingly, he was going. She had made her gesture and been rejected. He was the same Tom; nothing had changed him, nothing ever would change him. If she went back to him it would be on his terms, not hers. But she could not even go back to him. He would not have her. He needed her, but he would not have her.

"Tom!" she said desperately. He stopped. "I won't be sent away like this, Tom. I've come back to you, don't you understand? I was going West tonight. Look here"—she fumbled feverishly in her purse—"here is my ticket. My bags are out there in the car. Read it, if you don't believe me. I can't go on without you, Tom. I think I'll die if I have to. Feel my wrist, how thin I am."

She was shaking violently.

Inside the arena the cowboy band had stopped playing. There was the sound of galloping horses, the shouts of Indians, the sharp fusillade of their blank cartridges as the prairie schooner was attacked. Only this time all the casualties got up cheerfully and walked off, and there was no little Cossack to run out and hold up his hands.



A Waterfall in Yosemite National Park

Suddenly Tom came back to her, stood over her. "That's the truth, is it, girl?"

"You know it's the truth, Tom. It always has been, it always will be."

Then, and only then, did he take her into his arms.

"I've been through hell, girl."

"It's all over now. We won't think about it. If only you love me as I love you, Tom ——"

"Love? What does a little thing like you know about love? I'm the fellow that can tell you. This li'l' old heart of mine's been just about busted."

He was himself once more. The sag had gone out of his shoulders. There was a ring of pure happiness in his voice. When he released her he jerked on his hat at its old rakish angle and looked down ruefully at his clothes. But he brightened when he remembered that over in the car, in the drawer under his berth, lay the bright-blue suit, neatly folded, the straw hat, the yellow shoes.

"You mean it? You're coming right along?"

"Wherever you go, Tom."

Moved by an impulse, he left her for a moment. When he came back he had a weather-beaten old soap box in his hand. He stood eying it for a moment, then he placed it on the ground.

"You're sitting on that, Mrs. McNair, until I come back. I'm a workingman, and I've got a job to do. But I'm not trusting my luck any. You stay right here."

She sat down. The elephants were plodding past, each clutching the absurd tail of the one ahead with his trunk, the trainers with their prod sticks running alongside. In the darkness their great gray bodies looked like houses walking. She looked at them. For a little time, this, perhaps. But soon, please God ——

Like the stockmen and the wheat growers, sitting there in the dust, she, too, made her small inarticulate prayer; for love and peace in the back country, for the sun, for rain in season, for all the growing things; for the scent of the sage at dawn, and the mountains turning purple after sunset; for the women who sat with their hands folded, resting after the heat of the day; for the men who brought in their tired horses at night, led by the lights of home.

Suddenly Tom dropped down onto the ground beside her, and putting his arms around her, dropped his head onto her knees.

"Oh, girl, girl!" he said. "It's been hell all right. But here we are!"

Long after he had gone, she sat as he had left her. Time enough to think later, to make plans. They would go back and start again, but this time they would have a fairer chance. She would never change him; as he was, he would always be. But it was as he was that she loved him. He was Tom, her lover, her sweetheart and her child.

When he came back to her the performance was over and the cowboys were riding their horses to the cars. Once again she heard the slow tired movement of horses' feet in darkness, the rustle of chaps on leather, the faint jingle of bridles and buckles. The day's work was over. Soon the horses would be in the cars. A voice would call out:

"Jerry next."

"Jerry coming."

A shadowy horse would sniff at the runway, and then with a thunder of hoofs dash up and into the car. The loading would go on, and when it was finished there would be the privilege car, and then the night's rest.

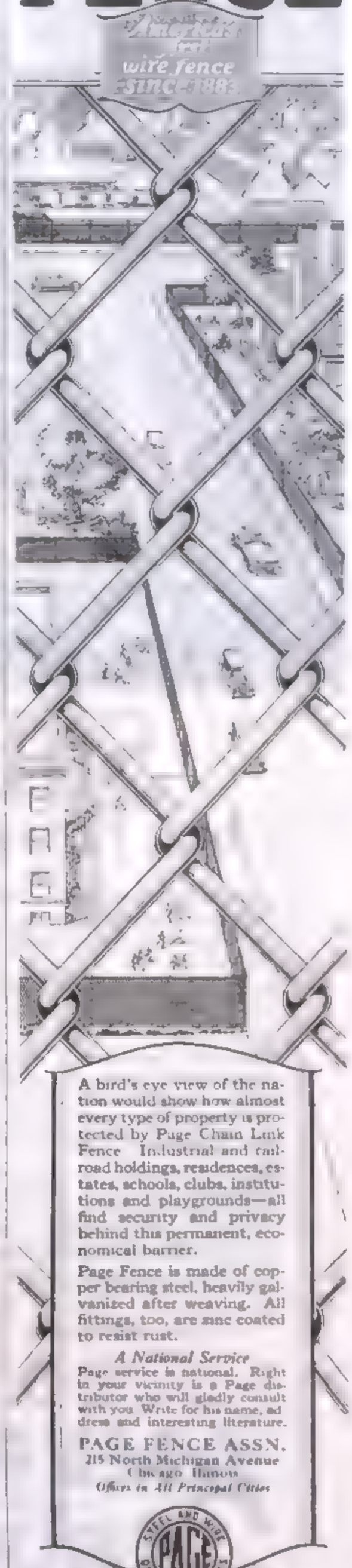
So they moved on, and as they moved they sang. Tom's hand was on her shoulder; there was love and peace and understanding in the air.

"I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
And a long ways from home."

He stooped and kissed her.

(THE END)

PAGE
CHAIN LINK
FENCE



A bird's eye view of the nation would show how almost every type of property is protected by Page Chain Link Fence. Industrial and railroad holdings, residences, estates, schools, clubs, institutions and playgrounds—all find security and privacy behind this permanent, economical barrier.

Page Fence is made of copper bearing steel, heavily galvanized after weaving. All fittings, too, are zinc coated to resist rust.

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STEEL AND WIRE PAGE QUALITY PRODUCTS

Still New
. . . but Proved in Service

ONE YEAR AGO an advertisement of almost identical appearance announced the placing on the market of "American" Pressed Steel Trucks as "Something *New* in Transportation."

Since then these all-steel,* red-coated trucks have been confirming the severe shop and service tests which preceded their being offered to the world of commerce and industry.

Fleets of these strong, durable, easy-running, but *light* "American" hand trucks are being used all over this country and in foreign lands. They are cutting the cost of trucking for steamship companies, railroads, warehouses, cotton compresses, contractors and industrial plants.

Moderate in first cost, they practically stop after-cost. Truck maintenance is almost eliminated where "American" Pressed Steel Hand Trucks are used. But the best way to check this statement is to order a sample "American" and put it to work where the service is hardest.

Ten styles illustrated in catalog. Write for it.

*Wooden hand-grips for comfort

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, Pressed Steel Shapes and Pressed Steel Hand Trucks

4200 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN PRESSED STEEL TRUCKS

PATENTS PENDING

LORD CHESTERFIELD

(Continued from Page 7)

"You know what I want," replied our caller. He spoke with an unpleasant species of mockery, not infrequently exhibited toward us by certain sections of society. "I want two hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Why?" asked Beverley.

Of course, Beverley was perfectly calm, as convention in such circumstances demanded, actually leaning backward beyond calmness into the realm of boredom, but one suspected that Beverley knew why. Even his muscular interlocutor evidently suspected, for he removed his cigar and waved it in a coarse manner beneath Beverley's nose.

"Listen!" he remarked. "I'm wise to kids like you—too wise—and if I had my way ——"

"I know," said Beverley, "I know. You'd stamp on us—erase us. That's what nearly everybody wants to do."

"Get fresh," said our visitor. "Get fresh if you want, but I'm wise. When I was young I uster scramble for pennies better guys than you slung out these very windows."

"You seem to speak with bitterness," said Beverley.

"And why shouldn't I be bitter?" As the unlighted cigar described another arc, Beverley was forced to pull his head back. "When I think of honest men and women, too, working while kids like you loll around dressed up in fur coats, and don't even pay your debts —— Hell!"

Seemingly the sight of us endeavoring to appear as indifferent as possible was serving only to stimulate our visitor's unkind rancor.

"Let's get down to facts," said Beverley. "Did you come here to discuss fur coats?"

For a moment we awaited a scene of physical violence, but in the end our visitor controlled himself. "You've been fresh long enough," he replied. "You know what I want and don't squeal out, and you know who I am if you ain't blind. I'm the boy behind the counter at Holburn's. You've bought enough front-row seats of me to know it."

"Oh!" said Beverley, in a somewhat altered tone.

"And don't oh about it either. You've stalled me on that bill long enough, and the boss is sore. There isn't gonna be any stuff about writing home. We want that two hundred and fifty now."

It was clear to us then. That whole conversation with Ewing Slingsbee came back, till it burned upon our memories with letters of flame. But knowing Beverley's situation, we could admire him the more. As though things might become still more serious, he pulled himself slowly from his chair.

"Oh, that!" he said. "Oh!"

"Yes," said the other, "that! This is the Gold Coast, ain't it?"

"Since you have scrambled here for pennies," replied Beverley, "you must know that all that glitters is not the Gold Coast. Suppose I didn't give you—that"

"Oh, you'll give it to me all right! They all do. You'll give it, or the bill goes to your old man. I bet he don't spend that much on entertainment."

It was hard not to feel the truth of this last remark. It was not difficult, either, to understand that the whole matter was exactly the sort calculated to stir in the elder generation a blind and senile wrath.

"I think," said Beverley at length, "since you put it that way, that it might be better—pleasanter—if my father did not know. I'll give you a hundred dollars on account."

That seemed a logical settlement. You might have thought after this that the worst was over, and yet it was not, for just as Beverley was reaching for his check book another crisis rose. Faintly through our closed windows came the tolling of a bell, high-pitched and insistent. It was the college bell tolling the hour of nine. As a well-trained fire horse leaps into harness, Beverley leaped for his necktie and his hat. Owing to a train of unfortunate circumstances which had befallen him in the mid-year examinations, it was essential that he should put in an appearance at his early recitations.

Occupied by this thought, Beverley was almost at the door, when he was stopped somewhat forcibly by a heavy red hand pouncing on the collar of his raccoon-skin coat.

"Hey!" Beverley had clearly forgotten about his unwritten check, but the sight of our visitor's distorted visage reminded him. "Confound you!" for the first time Beverley lost his self-control. "Let me go! I haven't got a second! Do you hear that bell? If I don't go, I'll get fired from college!"

This, as we knew, was not fiction. Beverley's efforts had not been directed along studious channels, and now that he had turned back, it was almost too late.

"Let go!" shrieked Beverley. "Come back at eleven! I'll be here! I swear I will!"

It was a time, of course, when a world was in the balance; one of those horrible times which now and then beset us all. As Beverley wriggled beneath that firm red hand, it seemed as though nothing could save him, and that stay or go meant ruin, when one of those flashes of inspiration came over Beverley which make generals and prime ministers. With an adroit motion, he wriggled free from his raccoon coat and for a moment stood poised in the hall.

"If you don't believe it, keep the coat!" he shouted. "I'll see you at eleven!"

III

STRANGELY enough, however, Beverley disregarded the congratulations which we showered upon him for his nimbleness of wit. As we ran across sodden walks, past patches of melted snow, in order to hear a discourse on one of those subjects you almost immediately forget, Beverley shivered.

"I don't like it," he said. "Frankly, I don't like it." Even as we hastened to agree, Beverley shook his head. "No," he replied. "I don't mean having to listen without breakfast. I can stand hardship. I can stand a good deal without breakfast, but what I don't like is being financially involved. Do you know what occurs to me? It occurs to me that I may not have a hundred dollars." As Beverley made a practice of never balancing his check book, there was reason for this uncertainty. "It would be different," he added, "if it were possible to borrow." Beverley had scruples about borrowing, and besides for all of us who might have helped him there existed a not infrequent period of financial stringency. "No," sighed Beverley. "I have principles. I never borrow from my friends. And do you know what I think it may all mean? It may be my financial ruin."

And then a second later, in that hour of hollow discomfort, a new thought came upon him. "Do you know what occurs to me?" he added with a groan. "It occurs to me that I've lost my coat. How can I get it back from that red-headed wrestler if I can't pay him?"

We had a code, though exactly what it was seems difficult now to remember. Naturally, Beverley assumed an air of light depreciation, but he could not conceal an anxiety—a black anxiety that was hovering at his shoulder. At the end of the hour, however, as we all emerged again into daylight, Beverley looked better. In that age of alarms, not to mention excursions, when nerves were knit and raveled twice a day, we possessed a resilience greater than any automobile accessory. After having consumed an egg and a cup of coffee, it was pleasant to perceive that Beverley was still more himself.

(Continued on Page 102)

After 1932—

Every automobile manufacturer can build Knight-engined cars

TWELVE months ago the patent rights on the Knight sleeve-valve principle expired in Europe. Immediately six European automobile manufacturers adopted the Knight engine. Others are now preparing to introduce cars powered by this type of engine.

The American Knight patents will expire in a few years. At that time every American automobile manufacturer can build Knight-engined cars.

The Knight engine—long regarded by both European and American automotive engineers as the superior type of motor—needs no supporting argument to establish it as the ultimate motive power. A splendid record covering fifteen years of service in many of the finest cars in Europe and America is backed by the endorsement of every Knight-engined car owner.

The Knight sleeve-valve principle is a natural development in the evolution of the automobile. Experienced motorists now demand the simplicity, quietness and efficiency found only in this type of power plant.

The year of 1927 introduces the Falcon-Knight—the first Knight-engined car in the lower price range.

Falcon Motors Corporation · Detroit

Closed Cars—Prices $995 to $1145 f. o. b. factory

Falcon-Knight

(Continued from Page 100)

"Do you know," said Beverley, as we moved into the street, "that it is colder in winter than in summer? You have no idea how much truer that is when you have on no coat. I shall have to buy another."

Looking back, it seems strange the subtle thought underlying that naïve remark escaped us all. We even protested violently when Beverley paused in front of a store whose windows shone with expensive raiment. With unerring instinct, Beverley had selected Hutton's Haberdashery, where expense was never an object.

"Of course I have no money," said Beverley impatiently. "But you can always charge a coat at Hutton's, and then if I have to I can sell it."

Of course there was sheer brilliance in this idea, the type of brilliance which carried Beverley over all past difficulties. And one had to admire Beverley as we trooped somewhat noisily into Mr. Hutton's store. Knowing Beverley's idea, one was not surprised that the fur coat which Beverley examined was the furriest of any visible. Mr. Hutton, who naturally waited upon Beverley himself, was kind and enthusiastic and took very great trouble to explain that the coat was made from the fur of the Alaskan raccoon.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley as he tried on the coat, "that I've never heard of Alaskan raccoon."

"The Alaskan raccoon," replied Mr. Hutton, "is the very latest, Mr. Witherspoon; as you may understand, Alaska being colder, the raccoon fur grows somewhat longer."

"And it seems coarser," said Beverley. "You're sure it's a raccoon?"

Mr. Hutton smiled in a most delightful way, with all the knowledge of an elder, yet with the deference of an inferior. "If it weren't a raccoon and also rare, would I be charging the price I do for it?" inquired Mr. Hutton.

"Don't tell me about the price," said Beverley, frowning slightly.

"If you will just look at yourself in the mirror," said Mr. Hutton hastily, "you won't turn it down like that, Mr. Witherspoon. I was just saying to Jim this morning—wasn't I, Jim?—that there isn't a man in the whole university who knows clothes like you, Mr. Witherspoon. That careless stoop to your shoulders—you don't know how the coat brings it out. You know, and I know, the air of nonchalance marks the well-dressed man nowadays. And that isn't all, Mr. Witherspoon—no, that isn't all. The very expense of the coat makes it an insurance, you might say. If you're ever hard up—those things do happen ——"

It was not difficult to see how much that thought cheered Beverley. He moved his shoulders with an effort, and sure enough, owing possibly to the weight of the coat, his gesture was perhaps more nonchalant than usual. "But I am going to buy it," he said more cordially. "I simply said not to talk about the price. I'll see it on the bill."

"Is that all today, Mr. Witherspoon?" asked Mr. Hutton. "We've just got some new socks from London—a warm rich pattern. Suppose I send you over a dozen."

"Very well," said Beverley.

"And how are you off for neckties? Never can have too many, of course. How about another dozen?"

"All right," said Beverley.

"And handkerchiefs—yes? And collars? You must be low in collars."

"Very well," said Beverley. "Send them too; and I'll wear the coat."

As we stepped into the street once more Beverley lighted a gold-tipped cigarette. "It's pleasant," he said. "You really don't know how pleasant it feels to know there's someone left who trusts you."

IV

YET the pleasure which Beverley might reasonably have anticipated was somewhat dampened upon discovering, when he reached the comparative seclusion of our rooms, that the cramped and ample form of Ewing Slingsbee was ensconced in our most comfortable chair. This somewhat unwelcome sight caused Beverley to make a gesture of weary disdain, though not so openly that Ewing could see it. The habit that Ewing had developed of crossing the hall and of establishing himself among us with the slightest encouragement was beginning to make a drain upon our fortitude.

"Hi, Lord Chesterfield!" said Ewing, slouching back farther in his chair. That simple greeting in itself was enough to demonstrate Ewing's coarse caliber and set him apart from our set, but his next action did even more to relegate him automatically to a lower status. From the pockets of his rather vulgar purple tweed coat Ewing produced a brier pipe with a curved stem.

At that particular time one recalls that no one worth consideration used a brier pipe unless the stem was straight; but worse far than this barbarism was the unavoidable sight upon the bowl of a letter and class numerals in silver inlay, a shocking display of bad taste.

"Isn't she a daisy?" inquired Ewing.

"I didn't know," Beverley answered, "that a pipe had a sex."

"Well, this one has," said Ewing with a clownish laugh, "and she cost fifteen dollars, not counting the silver numbers."

"Perhaps you are going to plant it like a bulb. It might sprout, by its looks," suggested Beverley.

"If you mean you think I paid too much for it," replied Ewing, "you simply show your ignorance. It isn't common brier like those things you have. It's *bruyère*, and it's been aged for twenty years—genuine old *bruyère*. Can't you see the difference?"

Beverley lifted the squat and vulgar implement and held it to the light. "Yes," he said, "now you speak of it, I do see a difference. Most pipes are made out of brier root and this one is genuine old apple wood."

Ewing pulled himself with difficulty from his chair. "Apple wood!" he cried. "You're jealous, that's all, my boy! Don't sour-grape a good thing because you haven't got money enough to buy one."

This aspersion on Beverley's finances, in view of the happenings of that morning, caused Beverley to wince. "You think," inquired Beverley, "that I'm as short as that?"

"Excuse me for mentioning such a thing," said Ewing, "but of course you don't know about pipes if you can't afford a better coat than that."

Beverley, who seemed to have forgotten his recent purchases, glanced at the coat of Alaskan raccoon which he was still wearing, and passed his fingers lovingly over its rough, uneven surface. "This coat," said Beverley politely, "which you think is an ordinary raccoon coat, is made from the fur of the Alaskan raccoon, and the fur, coming from Alaska, is longer. It has to be or the animal would freeze."

Ewing Slingsbee expressed his reaction to this statement by a loud and not wholly sympathetic laugh. "Coonskin, hell!" said Ewing vulgarly. "It's dog—maybe Alaskan dog."

There followed a moment of polite, pained silence. "Of course," said Beverley, "you're mistaken, Ewing."

"I'm not mistaken," said Ewing Slingsbee. "Look at the cab drivers. They all have it."

"Not this kind of a coat," said Beverley firmly.

At this point Ewing Slingsbee displayed a shameful lack of that *savoir-faire* which we all strove to cultivate. "Look here," he said, "if you're so proud of it, how much did you pay for it?"

For the first time in that exchange of ideas Beverley seemed restive. "As a matter of fact, I didn't ask," he said.

"Oh!" said Ewing. "Didn't you?"

"Are you trying to suggest anything?" inquired Beverley. A faint and not unbecoming flush overspread his face.

"Oh, nothing at all!" said Ewing. "Only I wouldn't have asked either. It sounds better."

Naturally, it was a time for anyone to act who had traditions to uphold. Beverley, without speaking further, opened the drawer of a flat-topped desk and, after discarding a half-empty package of cigarettes, a few strings and a broken bottle, produced a pack of cards.

"It occurs to me," said Beverley wearily, slithering the cards across the desk, "that the time has come to prove the Alaskan raccoon is a genuine animal. Ewing, shall we cut cards for a hundred dollars?"

As one may imagine, this offer attracted our attention, giving a pleasant zest to what otherwise might have been a dull morning. We gathered about with the usual expressed appreciation, even going to the length of urging Ewing Slingsbee, who betrayed an unfortunate reluctance, nearer to the cards in a somewhat forcible manner.

"But here!" cried Ewing with most deplorable taste. "How is cutting cards going to prove that coat isn't dogskin?"

"By inference," said Beverley patiently. "Would I be apt to cut for a hundred dollars if I wore an imitation coat?"

"But look here!" began Ewing. One can imagine a number of objections that Ewing might have made, both logical and otherwise; but Ewing himself, despite the loudness of his tweed coat and the silver numerals on his pipe, had certain respectable instincts. Glancing dubiously at Beverley, he finally extended a stubby hand.

"All right," said Ewing. "I suppose the low card wins."

The commendation which we accorded Ewing for his sportsmanlike stand had no taint of false enthusiasm. In order to see the result of this the better we crowded in a close circle. In spite of the closed door, the ensuing noise attracted others who were passing the morning in solitude and who also caught the spirit of the competition.

Curiously enough, although we represented that type of student who formed the most facile target for anyone wishing to cast aspersions upon college life, a hundred dollars had a definite meaning. Besides this, anyone could see, though dimly, that more than money was at stake, or rather not at stake, because by some alchemy mere money had preserved the honor of Beverley Witherspoon.

Amid the expectant silence of those who risked nothing and yet had all the luxury of vicarious pleasure, Ewing Slingsbee drew a card and flicked it face upward. It was the nine of spades, so high in the numerical scale that Ewing, in spite of himself, betrayed emotion. His hand trembled and a trace of moisture, like the nebula formed upon a glass of ice water, appeared upon his forehead. Beverley, with that indifference which one assumed, suppressed a yawn with one hand and drew his card. It was the ten of diamonds.

"Good!" he said, sinking into a near-by chair. "You win."

"Do you care to try it again?" asked Ewing in an uneven tone.

"No," said Beverley, suppressing another yawn; "before I was separated from St. Swithin's I found that once was enough for a hundred and over. More always made hard feelings. Do you mind taking a check?"

Other bills might run, but naturally one paid a gambling debt at once. As Beverley applied himself to his check book interest wavered, and only three or four of us remained in the study by the time Beverley had finished his signature.

As one may imagine, Ewing Slingsbee was not a friend, and not even quite a gentleman perhaps, according to our standards. The prying ordinary quality of Ewing's mind was manifested by his next remark. "Don't you ever fill in the stubs?" he asked.

"What?" said Beverley rather absently. "No! Why should I? The bank keeps tab —— Who's that?"

It was Mrs. Rooney opening the door. Mrs. Rooney was one of the dormitory bed makers, technically known as a goody, too familiar a sight to disturb us. When Mrs. Rooney had finished her daily duty of making the beds in our entry, we had noticed long ago that she was apt to happen in for a brief call when Beverley was there. Out of the submerged background came Mrs. Rooney, strong and capable—so capable, indeed, that anything as sweet and succulent as the term "goody" could scarcely be applied to her. Mrs. Rooney's stocky figure and heavy jaw and hand reminded one rather of some heroine in Fielding's wildest passages. There was a capable glitter in Mrs. Rooney's eye and a fearless tilt to her highly colored nose which betokened a long familiarity with college life. Mrs. Rooney herself had often told us that she had passed the better part of her days in those debatable regions along the River Charles, inhabiting one of those small wooden houses not far from our college gates, whose inmates frequently showered us with uncomplimentary epithets. Although Beverley did not seem anxious to see Mrs. Rooney, he was perfectly polite.

"Ewing," he said, rising, "of course you've met Mrs. Rooney professionally, but have you met her socially?"

At this juncture Ewing again betrayed himself. "Quit your kidding," he said.

"I'm not kidding," replied Beverley.

But Mrs. Rooney herself interrupted him before he could finish. "Here, darlin'," said Mrs. Rooney, "there's some letters for you now. Sure I brought them up myself now."

Beverley threw them in the wastebasket. They were all of a commercial character.

"Here!" cried Ewing. "Be careful! There's one there from your bank."

Beverley started slightly, but gained control of himself at once.

"Leave it," he said. "There is nothing you can do about letters from the bank. . . . Are you tired from walking up the stairs, Mrs. Rooney?"

As everyone knew who knew Mrs. Rooney, the letters were only a pretense. Her eyes brightened, she smiled at Beverley genially. "And why shouldn't I be now, darlin'?" asked Mrs. Rooney.

"You'll find something that will rest you in the upper drawer of my bureau," said Beverley. "There's a glass in the bathroom."

As Mrs. Rooney disappeared, Ewing Slingsbee frowned. "Do you mean to say you let her have a drink in your room?" he demanded.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Beverley. "Mrs. Rooney's a friend of mine. . . . What are you laughing at?"

"Because," said Ewing, "I can't see how Mrs. Rooney can be your friend. You're the biggest snob in college."

For a moment the weight of cares grew lighter on Beverley's shoulders; there were certain points of honor of which he was very careful, as we all were careful.

"If you mean I pick out my friends where I want them," he said, "you're right. Mrs. Rooney is a friend of mine."

Ewing looked at Beverley with the curiosity of one of the lower order. "Polite," he said—"polite right to the end. Yes, I will say you certainly do live up to 'em."

"Up to what?" asked Beverley.

"Your principles. Didn't you say you were always polite to any woman? Well, let me know when you want to cut the cards again." We stared in silence at the door after Ewing had closed it behind him.

"Yes," said Beverley, "he isn't quite a gentleman, and I'd been hoping—really hoping—to recoup my fortunes from him. I suppose it serves me right."

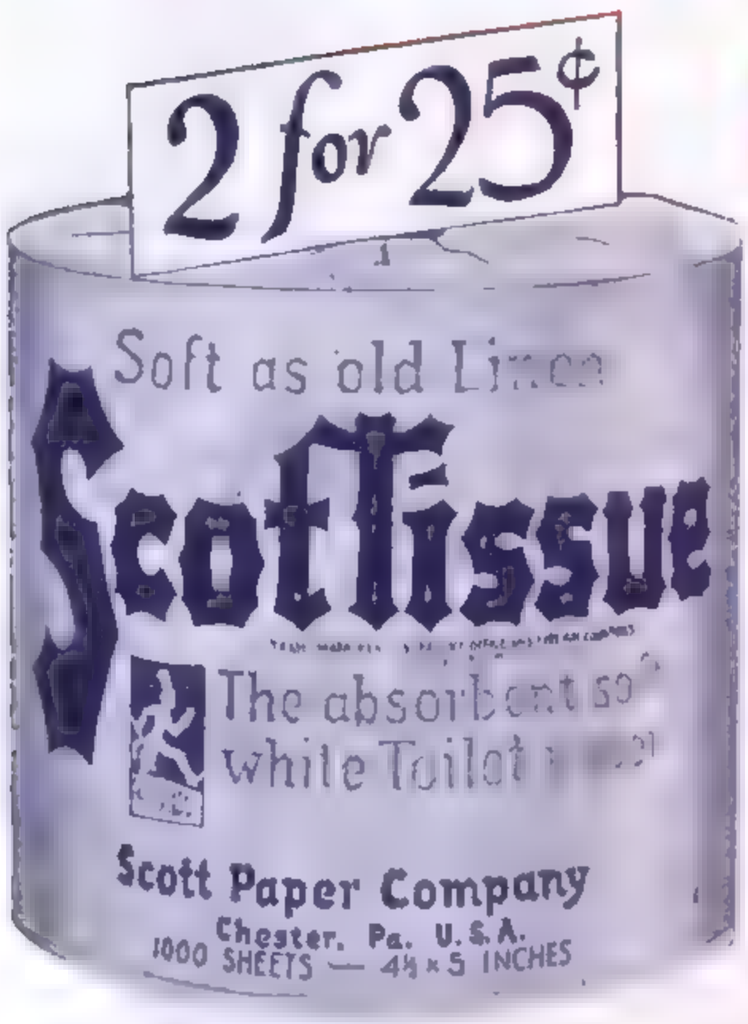
"Sure you're right! He's no gentleman." Mrs. Rooney, looking considerably more refreshed, moved noisily across the room. "Sure, darlin', I know a gentleman when I see 'm. And I've seen them that is and them that ain't. Saints help us! How many have I not seen now? I was sayin' to Jim just last night —— 'Lay off the booze, mother,' he was sayin', and what did I say?"

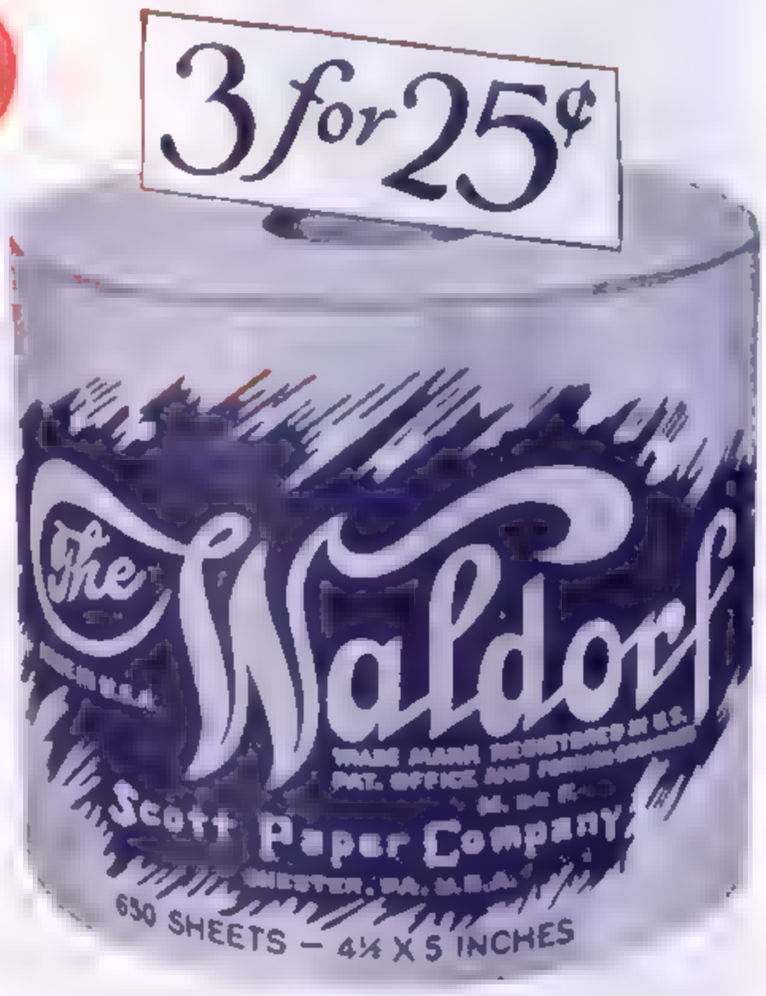
"What did you say?" we asked, interested.

"The truth!" said Mrs. Rooney. "I have laid off the booze unless it's offered me by gentlemen."

(Continued on Page 107)

No wonder 67 million rolls were bought over retail counters in 1926





Mothers everywhere appreciate these qualities:

Soothingly soft
therefore cannot harm the most delicate skin

Hygienically clean
therefore absolutely safe, even for children

Quickly absorbent
therefore the most economical to use

Uniform texture
therefore never varying in quality or appearance

This exclusive combination of qualities explains the tremendous growth and ever-increasing popularity of ScotTissue Products. Proving that mothers and housewives, everywhere, appreciate these qualities and insist upon getting them. Cleanness, softness, absorbency—all so essential to the comfort and well-being of the entire family—qualities which doctors recommend as safe and soothing, even to the most sensitive skin of a child.

In 1927, ScotTissue Products are being bought in even greater volume than during the record-breaking year of 1926. This growing acceptance has made possible volume production and, with it, constantly improved qualities, at lower prices.

ScotTissue comes wrapped and sealed in a big economical roll—2 rolls for 25 cents. Waldorf, also a ScotTissue Product, 3 rolls for 25 cents. Prices slightly higher in Canada and in other countries.

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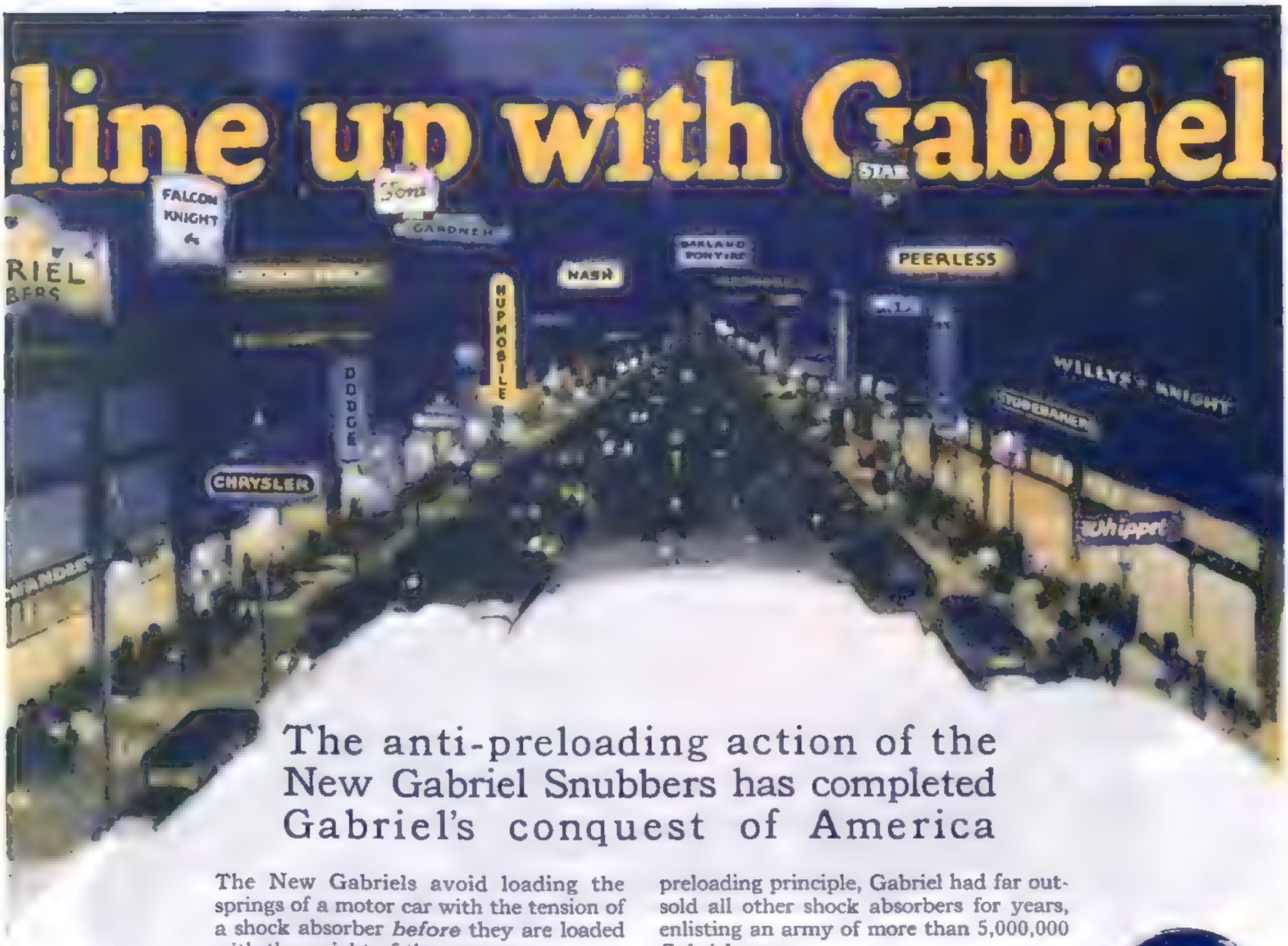
Motor car dealers

PUBLIC eagerness for the New Gabriel Snubbers is literally revolutionizing Gabriel's whole distributing system and increasing it tenfold.

In addition to Gabriel's own organization of 3200 servicing distributors —by far the largest in the shock absorber field—hundreds of leading motor car dealers are being appointed as additional sources of Gabriel supply, as rapidly as possible.

So today no motor car owner need go without the unprecedented riding comfort, provided by the New Gabriels, with their exclusive anti-preloading brake to let a car ride smoothly on a smooth pavement, and their exclusive multiple coils to stop the wicked pitch on a rough road.

Gabriel Snubbers are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the price will be refunded after 30 days' trial



The anti-preloading action of the New Gabriel Snubbers has completed Gabriel's conquest of America

The New Gabriels avoid loading the springs of a motor car with the tension of a shock absorber *before* they are loaded with the weight of the passengers.

For in simple language, pre-loading means that the springs are already restricted in their action, before a passenger ever steps into the car.

Gabriel's anti-preloading brake—and the multiple coils which only Gabriel has as well—make all the difference in the world in the way a car rides.

On pavements so smooth that you can't see the little humps and ridges, the anti-preloading brake lets the car springs and tires take up the jiggle and give you the smooth ride you want.

But cross a rough car track or come to a bumpy road. Like lightning the multiple coils, with the powerful *extra* friction, snub the wicked throw that tosses you to the roof.

Even before the discovery of the anti-preloading principle, Gabriel had far outsold all other shock absorbers for years, enlisting an army of more than 5,000,000 Gabriel users.

But the public found exactly what it wanted in the New Gabriel anti-preloading brake; the rush to Gabriel started all over again; and motor car dealers everywhere are hastening to meet this new demand.

Forty car manufacturers are now equipping their cars with these New Gabriels. Cars not factory equipped have their frames drilled for them. You can have the New Gabriels quickly and easily put on your car—whatever it may be—and the price will be repaid in comfort and in saving before the year is out.

Any Gabriel Snubber can be quickly changed to the latest anti-preloading type by any Gabriel service station, at moderate cost

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There is deep significance to all truck users in the increasing sales of Graham Brothers Trucks to the oil industry —buyers who know motor trucks, who demand maximum service of them and who check costs minutely.

Power and speed, always high spots of Graham Brothers performance, are even greater now with the new engine. Hot-spot manifold . . . Better fuel vaporization . . . Smooth, quiet operation.

Built ruggedly of high quality materials Graham Brothers Trucks are always dependable. Service when needed is available from Dodge Brothers Dealers everywhere.

Initial cost is extremely low. Only great volume production enables Graham Brothers to build so good a truck at so low a price.

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MORE POWER
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¼-TON CHASSIS	$670
1-TON CHASSIS (G-BOY)	885
1½-TON CHASSIS	1245
2-TON CHASSIS	1445*

Dual Rear Wheels Optional
Prices f. o. b. Detroit

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 102)

A ringing of the telephone in the corner interrupted Mrs. Rooney's somewhat incoherent discourse. Beverley, who, we all noticed, seemed absent and nervous, moved toward it with rather undue haste and snatched the receiver. "Yes?" said Beverley. There was a pause, broken by a sound from Beverley, which made us all stare at him. "What? I've overdrawn my bank account ninety-seven dollars? But I don't see —— Oh, don't worry. Of course I'll make it all right tomorrow morning. . . . Yes. . . . Of course. . . . Of course." Beverley set down the telephone hastily.

"Holy saints!" cried Mrs. Rooney. "What is it?"

The friendship of Mrs. Rooney—the friendship of anyone seemed welcome to him then. "Nothing, nothing," said Beverley. "Ewing Slingsbee has just cashed his check, that's all. It would be like him to cash it right away."

"Sure it would be like 'm," said Mrs. Rooney. "Weren't we all sayin' how he wasn't no gentleman?"

Beverley, however, did not appear to hear her. He scarcely nodded to Mrs. Rooney when she waved farewell and left us. "Look here!" said Beverley. "Something has got to be done. Somebody go out and find Bert Feinstein and bring him up. Do you know what the bank said? They said they would write my father if I didn't fix the account, and that means —— Well, at any rate, I shall have to sell my coat to Bert Feinstein right away."

Of course, the familiar face of Mr. Feinstein and his friendly smile was known to all of us. Mr. Feinstein was always on some street corner near our college yard, smiling at us, bowing, waiting like death, like the Fates and the mortician, in the confident knowledge that his turn would surely come.

From long experience, Mr. Feinstein knew that all of us would some day feel the pinch of poverty and would appeal to him to buy our clothes. This was the corner stone of his business success, the essence of his whole philosophy. Though chill winds whipped about his toes, though the tine of Cambridge winters empurpled his beaklike nose, he always knew that we could call on him at last. Thus it was not difficult to find him and bring him to our room.

Beverley rapidly passed over his effusive greetings and produced his coat. "There," said Beverley. "You don't often get a chance like this. It's brand-new and it's Alaskan raccoon. How much will you give me?"

Mr. Feinstein's dark Semitic eyes fell upon the coat. His fluttering fingers felt its texture. Wordlessly, he lifted it in his hands and tossed it back on a chair. "How much?" said Mr. Feinstein. "As a friend, I will give you five dollars. It is dogskin. What else have you got? Anything new since I was here last week?"

"No," said Beverley, "nothing new."

There was no use arguing. There was no use showing regret. There was no use even selling him the coat. As Mr. Feinstein vanished, bowing protestations of loyalty and service, Beverley stared at his credited Alaskan raccoon. In spite of the indolent way he stared, one could perceive that at last he was genuinely worried.

"Ewing was right," he said—"he was right. Who's that coming up the hall? Shut the door and lock it!"

That marvelous prescience for trouble which Beverley always exhibited came to his rescue none too soon. A loud knocking thundered on our door, followed by a series of kicks.

"Hush!" said Beverley. "It's that confounded bill collector back." We wondered what was to be done. Someone even asked, but even in that crisis Beverley's wit did not forsake him. "Tell him I was called suddenly away," said Beverley. "Tell him to keep the coat I gave him. Tell him to sell it on account, if he wants, and I'll give him a hundred dollars tomorrow morning."

"But where are you going now?" whispered someone.

"Under the bed," replied Beverley with a sigh. "It seems awkward, it seems undignified, but where else have I to go?"

YES, we had our principles; all of us had our principles. When Beverley emerged from beneath the bed, it was plain to see that his spirit was somewhat crushed; but still he had his principles. The effort he had made to stave off ruin, his purchase of the Alaskan raccoon coat, his attempt to extract a hundred dollars honestly from Ewing Slingsbee, were failures enough to upset one. Nevertheless, when we crowded around him with what offers we could to help him in his emergency, Beverley shook his head.

"No," he said. "It's a practice I've always made since I was severed from St. Swithin's. Borrowing from your friends only turns out worse in the end. Please don't think of it."

Lightly, carelessly, Beverley began dusting off his coat and trousers, for Mrs. Rooney seldom swept beneath the bed.

"What are you putting on a black necktie for?" someone asked.

Sure enough, Beverley was removing the striped creation he had donned that morning.

"I'm doing the only thing that's left to do," said Beverley. We remembered afterward there was an unwonted tremor in his voice. "I can only think of one way to get two hundred dollars legitimately. I'm going to call on my Aunt Amelia."

We had a vague recollection of having heard her name. "Your Aunt Amelia," said someone. "Didn't you mention her before?"

"Did I?" said Beverley. "Usually I've found it more comfortable to put our Aunt Amelia outside my mind as much as possible. We have never understood each other very well since I was severed from St. Swithin's. I shall have to go and tell her that I have changed my mind. If I can get two hundred dollars, I shall go into social service after all."

To the strongest of us, there was an appalling significance in the thought of Beverley entrapped, say in the South End, in a boys' club or a settlement house. Now and again the more unwary of us had sometimes been burdened with these activities. The idea of voluntarily assuming them seemed correspondingly incredible.

"You mean," we asked him, "you're going to sell your soul for two hundred dollars?"

Beverley looked at us sorrowfully and sighed. "It's the only way I can see," he explained, "of getting two hundred dollars from Aunt Amelia, and she owes it to me. Don't you remember? If she hands it to Slingsbee, she ought to do as much for me. Of course, I shan't sell myself exactly—nothing so crude as that. I shall simply endeavor to borrow while she is overcome with pleasure. Once I have told her that I have changed, that I understand how useless I have been ——" Beverley paused and suppressed a groan.

Now one must admit that there was something horribly depressing about it, something almost unnerving to see one of our number driven to Beverley's straits. To think of one of Beverley's fineness of taste and definite liking for things entirely different, teaching small boys how to light a fire without a match and spending his evenings taking part in amateur theatricals, possibly even acting as Santa Claus at Christmas, gave us an emotion which was more than pity. Anyone could see that there was a danger to all of us, that a blow was being directed at our whole order.

"You mustn't do it!" we cried. "You can't!"

But Beverley only sighed. "It's amazing," said Beverley—"almost uncanny the things you can do when you're driven. Wait for me, will you? I shall need some refreshment; I feel sure I shall when I am back from Aunt Amelia."

At that time in our lives, the idea of relatives was apt to be mixed with differing emotions. There seemed to be about us always a cloud of nervous inquiring men and women, too old to know the actualities of life, too crystallized to realize how things had changed since their own distant and flyblown youth; and somehow of them all, Boston relatives were the worst. Until you knew better, it was safe always to suspect that a puritanical rectitude, coupled with a desire for reform, was in them all—particularly in maiden aunts.

With these generalities to go by, one can understand the perturbation we felt. As we waited for an hour, for two hours, for Beverley to return, we all of us knew, without voicing the knowledge, that our friend had gone on a perilous mission beyond our counsel and beyond our help. It was well after our lunch time when Beverley arrived, but we had waited for him. A single glance as he entered the room and closed the door behind him was enough to confirm our worst fears. The glazed look in his eyes and the fixed smile on his lips bore the imprints of some experience which he had scarcely been strong enough to endure.

"No, thank you," said Beverley. "I don't care for any lunch." And he stared beyond us vacantly at the wall.

"Was your Aunt Amelia in?" asked someone.

Beverley removed his hat. His hair was moist and lay limp and plastered on his forehead.

"She was in," said Beverley.

"Well," we asked, "did she do anything for you?"

The lightness which Beverley attempted to assume was somehow horrible. "Aunt Amelia is always doing something for someone," he said. "But—well, it's generally for someone else."

"But you," we repeated—"what did she do for you?"

The repression which Beverley had put upon himself was growing weaker. He threw his hat to the floor violently and ran his fingers through his hair. "I'll tell you," said Beverley. "I'll have to tell someone. I told you that Aunt Amelia was interested in doing good for others—making the poor happier, she calls it. I told you she had always been cold to me, not exactly sympathetic; but she received me, and do you know what she wanted me to do? She wants me to help her. She hadn't forgotten. She wants me ——". Beverley's voice choked, he seemed to find it hard to speak. "She wants me to be Pierrot in an entertainment for the Italians in the North End."

At the idea of Beverley being driven to such extremities, we could only feel indignant, not amused. "But you didn't say you'd do it?" we asked.

Beverley groaned helplessly. "You have to do things when Aunt Amelia asks you," he answered. "She's determined"—Beverley groaned again—"determined to do good."

"But of course," we added, "anyone must work for two hundred dollars. Naturally, you asked for it."

Beverley gave a start. His face was drawn and old as that of a man of thirty. "You don't know her!" cried Beverley. "I tell you, you don't know her! There wasn't time to ask. You can't do those things all at once, and besides my courage seemed to leave me. . . . Do you mind taking down those pictures there and hiding them?"

"But what," we asked, "have the pictures got to do with it?"

"And those glasses," said Beverley—"take them away, and the tobacco and all the cigarettes. Didn't I tell you—haven't I told you?" Beverley sank into a chair and clasped his head. "Aunt Amelia is coming to tea," he said. "She says she wants to see a college room. She hasn't been to one since she went to father's in 1885."

"She's coming here?" Involuntarily we asked it, and it was difficult to suppress a tremor of uneasiness. The hopelessness, the broken appearance of Beverley could not

(Continued on Page 109)

Milano befriends your tobacco and never offends your tongue. It is the mildest, sweetest pipe you ever smoked.

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"WATCH ALL YOUR INVESTMENT"

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"My friend, that cash that you count and balance daily—which you guard so carefully against mismanagement and theft—is only 5% of your working capital . . . Are you watching the remaining 95%?

"The money invested in customers' accounts represents approximately 20%. Can you tell me this minute how much each customer owes and the total outstanding? Do you get a trial balance daily? Are statements mailed promptly? Do collections keep pace with sales?

"Yet cash and accounts receivable are only one quarter of your working capital. There is another single asset three times as large, three times as important—the merchandise upon your shelves. It represents probably 75% of your total investment.

"Mere good business demands that you know each day how large this merchandise investment is—whether sales are falling behind purchases—whether costly items are standing idle while new stock is moving. Not to know is dangerous.

"Why not watch *all* of your investment? Don't claim that this will take too much of your time or call for extra help. Listen to me—your own Good Judgment! The local Burroughs man has a simple plan which will give you the vital figure-facts of your business every day—in less time—with less labor—and at lower cost. Call him now!"

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(Continued from Page 107)

but affect the morale of all of us. Appealingly, almost timidly, Beverley turned toward us.

"How could I help it?" he demanded. "Didn't I have to be polite? Could I refuse her when she invited herself to tea? Why, I wouldn't refuse anyone! No, I've still got manners. I haven't fallen so far as that."

Though it seems difficult now to understand exactly what Beverley meant, we understood it then. Things were involved. Our whole code was involved in it.

"Of course," said Beverley, "I knew you'd understand. You're gentlemen, and besides it's policy. Don't you see? She can't help but be more approachable when she gets here, can she?. It will be easier to touch her once she's out of her own house."

"Touch her?" we echoed.

Beverley looked startled. "Colloquially," he answered—"colloquially—that's all. Touch her for a loan. Up here it will be a great deal more polite. Don't you think it will be more polite?"

There were many things which we wished to say to our friend, bits of advice to give him, bits of consolation. We were even considering offering him a small amount of stimulant, when once again we were greeted by the not wholly welcome sight of Ewing Slingsbee, who entered without knocking, puffing placidly at his obnoxious pipe.

"Alcohol!" Beverley cried. "I can't! You don't know Aunt Amelia! She would know if I'd been near it."

"What's that?" said Ewing stupidly. "What's the excitement now? You're not still talking about Mrs. Rooney?"

Beverley started up with hardly a vestige of the indifference which convention demanded. "Mrs. Rooney!" he cried, with a somewhat wild laugh. "No! Put away that pipe! Don't blow the smoke in here. Aunt Amelia is coming to tea."

Looking back later, we remembered that Ewing seemed astonished. He removed his offensive curved pipe and stared at Beverley gapingly. "Here?" he said in a strange voice.

"Here," repeated Beverley.

"But," said Ewing, still staring at Beverley, "how did you do it? She talks a lot about social work and charity, but she's particular where she goes."

"I was simply polite," said Beverley, "that was all."

Ewing's mouth opened wider. Suddenly he burst into a peal of vulgar laughter. We watched him, hoping that he would check himself, but instead his laughter became more vulgar still.

"Will you be quiet?" said Beverley at length. "If you won't, I'll get you in here, too, with Aunt Amelia."

This threat had almost the desired result. Ewing controlled himself, coughed and moved toward the door. "Polite," he said—"polite right to the end. See you later, Chesterfield."

VI

BEVERLEY, whenever he has alluded to the matter, has always said his Aunt Amelia frightened him. Those of us who saw her, even for a brief instant, as she swept up the corridor that afternoon with Beverley beside her could understand. There was a simplicity about Aunt Amelia, the starkness of an earlier age which should long ago have hurried to its grave. Beverley did not seem to be escorting her. It seemed quite the other way. She marched erect and incisive, and her black coat rattled briskly and the long string of jet beads she wore clicked accurately as she walked. Even the glimpse which we had of her face—eyes that were too sharp and nose that was too thin—showed us that she might be difficult. That was what Beverley said afterward. The whole thing was difficult, as Beverley told us afterward. As he stood facing his Aunt Amelia alone in that room of ours, all the ideas, all the pleasing speeches which he had framed faded and grew misty. What he had wished, what he had planned, was to ask Aunt Amelia for two hundred dollars, and now that he had reached the point it seemed impossible to ask her. Nevertheless he tried.

"Aunt Amelia," said Beverley, "it is nice to see you here."

"I'm always glad to do good where I can," his relative replied.

But how shall we go on? When all is said and done, it was Beverley who told us what happened in that singular interview. Can it be that Beverley touched up the scene, giving it a grotesqueness, fostered by deep emotion? Somehow you can never get to the bottom of it. You can never tell exactly what Aunt Amelia was like, for instance. In Beverley's description, she was as cloudy and indefinite as a character in a medieval masque, representing the antithesis of all that is debonair.

Beverley looked at his Aunt Amelia's broadcloth coat and jet beads. Downstairs, Henry, the chauffeur, was waiting in a limousine. Soon she would be going back to the security of her house between Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street. Was there any wonder that Beverley nearly groaned when he saw the life of infinite possibility wasted in such dull toil?

"This room is very dirty. Who sweeps it?" she inquired.

Beverley was endeavoring to light a spirit lamp beneath a dilapidated teapot. Of course, we had done everything we could for him. We had borrowed teacups; we had even borrowed napkins. These could easily be found, because nearly all our elders persisted in the idea that all young men indulged frequently in tea parties.

"Mrs. Rooney does the room," said Beverley. "By the way, you'd be interested in Mrs. Rooney." Beverley was suddenly stirred by an unexpected thought. "I've been helping her out, you know. She's told me a lot about herself. Once her husband hit her in the eye."

At this juncture Beverley always said that he felt very strange. It was as though he had never known his aunt before. He thought that she would be interested in this bit of human gossip, but she was not.

"What?" she inquired. "What was that?"

She was seated on the edge of her chair, staring at him, quiet and blank, with her hands folded in her lap.

"Nothing," said Beverley—"nothing. I just thought it might be in your line."

After all, as Beverley always said, there was no reason why he should have known much of Aunt Amelia. Yet finding her wholly different from what he thought disturbed him. He felt cold, almost uncomfortable.

"In my line?" Aunt Amelia raised her eyebrows delicately. "I don't remember ever having seen anyone struck in the eye."

"Of course, it wasn't serious," said Beverley. "More in fun than otherwise. You know how people are."

"I'm not used," replied Aunt Amelia, "to knowing persons who do such things in fun or otherwise."

At this juncture it occurred to Beverley that the conversation was growing difficult. Yet for some reason he was irritated—definitely irritated. Somehow there was something wrong.

He stared in silence at his aunt. There she sat on the edge of her chair. She had raised her hand and was playing with her black jet beads.

"You will find," said Aunt Amelia, "it is better not to be familiar with the lower classes. It is better just to do good for them—nothing more."

"But if you're not friendly with them," remonstrated Beverley, "how can you understand them?"

"The teacup is dirty," said Aunt Amelia. "Give me another, please. . . . You will find very, very little to understand about the lower classes, and one does not need to associate with them much to understand it."

Knowing little about such things, Beverley did not endeavor to pursue the subject. "The fact is, Aunt Amelia," he said, "I'm in rather a mess."

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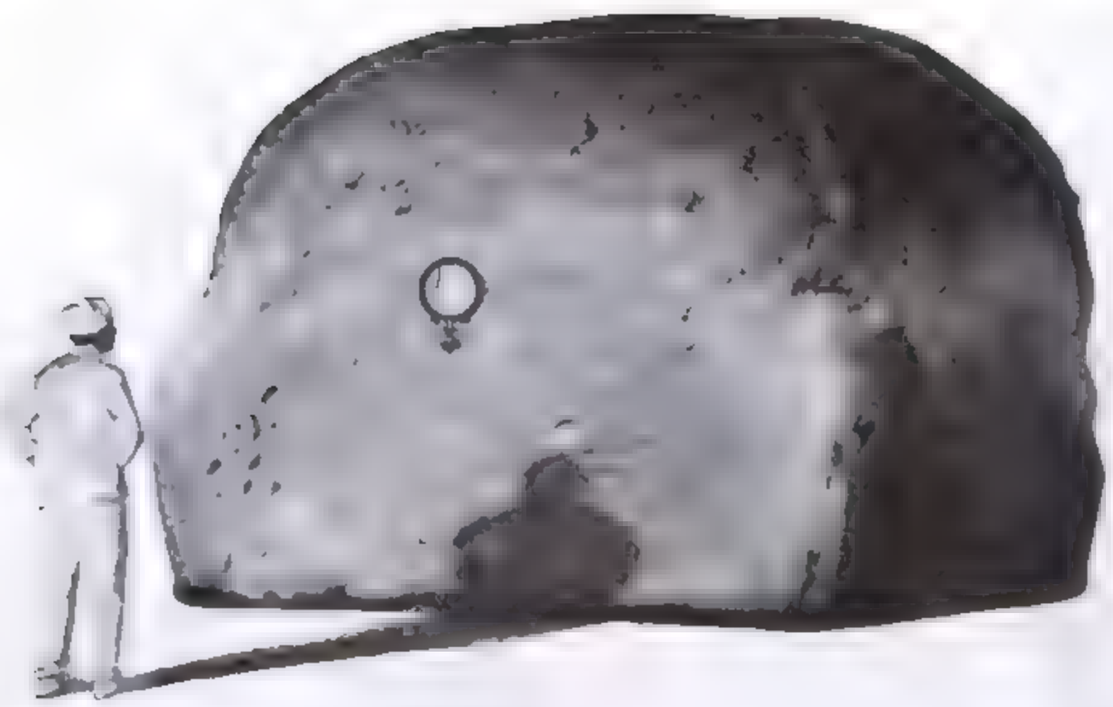

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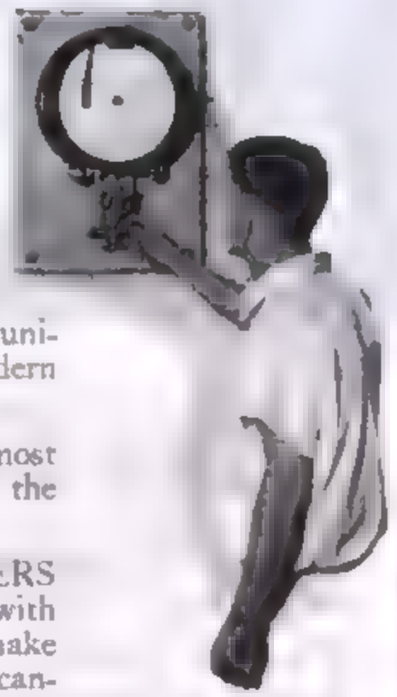

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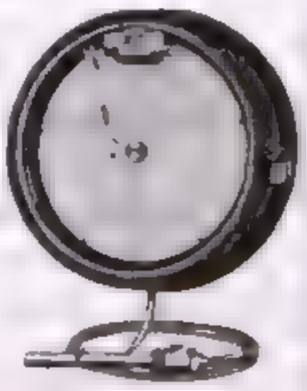

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"When I go home," replied Aunt Amelia, "I shall send two of my maids back to clean this place out."

"I didn't mean it in quite that way," said Beverley. "The fact is I have just made rather a fool of myself."

His aunt set down the teacup delicately. "Never mind," she said, and actually smiled. "Let us forget all about it, Beverley."

"But, you see," said Beverley, "I can't forget."

"I know," said his aunt, raising her hand gently to prevent him from further eloquence. "I know quite how you must feel. Here you have been two years, Beverley, without ever calling on me of your own accord—almost avoiding me, it would seem. Of course, you feel badly about it, but it will be all right."

"Of course," replied Beverley, as rapidly as possible—"of course. But I wasn't thinking of that. What I'm trying to get at ——"

"I know," said Beverley's aunt. "I know. You are thinking of all the mistakes you have made, all the pain you have given your father. You are thinking of the letters I have written to you about it which you have never answered. We can let bygones be bygones."

"But the trouble is," said Beverley, "that the thing I am referring to hasn't quite gone by."

"But it will," said Beverley's aunt—"it will."

Beverley passed a hand across his forehead. "I wish that I could be quite as sure," he said. "You see, the truth of the matter is ——"

"The truth of the matter is," replied Miss Witherspoon, "that at last you are learning how to conquer yourself, as Ewing has long ago. You've conquered yourself this morning, Beverley, in coming to me with submission and apologizing for your avoiding me, in offering to help me, in offering to help others, in admitting that your life has been unwise. These all show how you have conquered yourself."

The position in which Beverley found himself was in no sense new. Others of us may possibly remember almost similar conversations with our relatives; nevertheless, it was not pleasant. He felt like a deceiver, a hypocrite.

"Yes, of course," he said. "All that is true, but the fact is, Aunt Amelia—can you lend me two hundred dollars?"

Some note in Beverley's voice made his aunt look up, not exactly suspiciously, but queerly. Her black jet beads clicked, her dress ruffled. "Two hundred dollars!" she said. "Two hundred dollars! Why?"

Then for the first time Beverley told a falsehood directly and hated himself for telling it. "For a good purpose, Aunt Amelia," he said. "For a very deserving purpose. I'd rather not tell you what, but I can pay you at the end of next month."

There is a time in the life of everyone when fate hangs upon a gesture. Until matters had reached this point, Beverley did not realize that he was excited, nor how completely he was overcome by anxiety. He felt his hand tremble. He could hear a distant drumming in his ears, and then his heart seemed nearly to stop.

His Aunt Amelia Witherspoon was opening her black-beaded bag. She was taking out her check book. "Very well," she said. "It seems a little sudden. I can't exactly say that I understand, but very well. Have you a pen and ink?"

"Over on the desk," said Beverley—"over there."

It was victory—nothing short of victory, and yet it was horribly short-lived. Even as his Aunt Amelia was dipping a pen into a battered inkwell, even as Beverley was still stunned and wondering, disbelieving the fortune which had fallen to his lot, there was a sudden knock on the door.

"Faith, darlin'," came a voice, strong and unmistakable, "sure I've climbed all the stairs to come up with you to tea."

It was Mrs. Rooney, with a duster in one hand—Mrs. Rooney who was swaying slightly, who was standing on the threshold. It was a time—Beverley himself knew that it was a time—to bring out either the best or the worst in one. In the brief but pregnant pause which followed, he perceived, much as he regretted it, that the worst—the more narrow-minded—side of his Aunt Amelia's nature was responding. He involuntarily recalled Ewing's remark that Aunt Amelia was in the end particular. The pen, which she was holding poised above the check book, dropped from her hand. Her face, as she stared at the doorway, was like something in a rare old marble, as delicate and as cold.

Mrs. Rooney, more even than usual, was a sight to stare at. A wisp of hair had fallen across her broad but honest face; now and then she blew at it impatiently, seemingly in the hope that a single breath might blow it safely into place. It struck Beverley forcibly that her breath was very strong; obviously Mrs. Rooney had been drinking gin.

Of course, Beverley had ideals about courtesy, chivalry, yet it was hard to get things straight. He rose automatically from his chair, gripped by a pervading coldness.

"How," said Beverley—and was obliged to swallow at something in his throat—"how did you know I was having tea?"

It was a silly thing to say. He said afterward the question came to him unconsciously.

"Faith," said Mrs. Rooney, "weren't they tellin' me across the hall how you was expectin' me now? They was sayin' your aunt was after wantin' to see me."

Beverley felt himself growing white. "Who?" he said. "Who was sayin' it?"

Mrs. Rooney, as if matters were not bad enough already, gave Beverley a playful jab with her feather duster. "And how should I be rememberin' now which of the young divils it was who told me? So there's your aunt, is it? Happy to meet yez, ma'am. Many's the time I've brewed somethin' over that burner in the mornin' when the boy there wasn't feelin' so good. Boys will be boys."

Beverley leaned against the mantelpiece until its sharp corner cut into his shoulder. The whole thing was so terrible and unexpected that he seemed able only to listen dumbly.

His aunt's voice, cool and vibrant, brought him to himself. "Beverley, who is this?"

"It's Mrs. Rooney," said Beverley.

Mrs. Rooney, beaming happily, moved unsteadily toward a cup. By the aid of gin, Mrs. Rooney had reached a stage of partial oblivion. Little social values were lost upon her; only her large-hearted personality remained untouched. Mrs. Rooney did not know what she was doing. As Miss Witherspoon stared at her she began to sing a country ballad, but a moment later the sound of Miss Witherspoon's voice made even Mrs. Rooney stop.

"Beverley," inquired his aunt, "is this one of your jokes?"

Beverley felt his face grow red. "No," he said, "of course not. I never knew —— you don't think I intended ——"

Somehow his words choked each upon the other and he did not finish. There was something in his Aunt Amelia's tone and whole attitude which seemed to him unkind, and somehow for no particular reason he felt a lump rise in his throat. At first he could not believe it himself, but he was actually sorry for Mrs. Rooney, much sorrier than he felt for his aunt in her broadcloth coat, and the way he felt had nothing to do with social values or ordinary manners.

"Beverley," said his aunt—she had risen, small yet menacing, behind the teacups—"tell this woman to leave the room at once."

Beverley stood irresolute. You see, all his fortunes were bound up in his Aunt Amelia in a most peculiar way, not by his choice, but by his destiny; yet he hesitated.

Mrs. Rooney was still singing her song. "What th' divil is all this about now?" inquired Mrs. Rooney suddenly.

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 110)

Miss Witherspoon spoke again, without bothering to answer: "Beverley, if you don't intend to insult me, tell that woman to leave the room at once."

Beverley leaned again against the mantelpiece, as though he needed self-support. "I can't," he said, "do that exactly."

"You can't?" cried his Aunt Amelia. Her voice was still quiet and perfectly well-bred, but it was such a voice as made empires tremble.

Nevertheless, Beverley had his principles; we all had our principles. "Don't you see," said Beverley, "she didn't understand? I know it's awkward, but Mrs. Rooney came here thinking I expected her. Didn't you, Mrs. Rooney?"

"Faith, and didn't yez?" inquired Mrs. Rooney. At last she was beginning to understand. She was looking mystified and hurt—childishly hurt.

"You see," said Beverley, "it was a mistake. I can't ask Mrs. Rooney to leave the room."

"Beverley"—his aunt spoke in exactly the same way; there was no misunderstanding her—"if you do not tell that woman to leave the room, then I shall leave it."

Beverley pushed himself away from the mantelpiece. He felt pulled and torn, but he knew perfectly well what he was doing. He knew that his Aunt Amelia was going to leave him—leave him forever. He knew the scandal that it would cause. He remembered his overdraft at the bank and the bill which would reach his father. Nevertheless, he knew there was only one thing for a man in his position to do. Though it is somehow harder for one to understand such ethics now than it was then, Beverley's answer rings still with a certain courage and an idealism, perhaps misguided, but still not wholly without beauty.

"I am sorry," replied Beverley. "I can't tell her to go. I've asked Mrs. Rooney here often before, and Mrs. Rooney is a friend of mine. . . . Mrs. Rooney, will you have another cup of tea?"

VII

THAT was how it ended—just like that—because Beverley had his principles. After all, there was one thing about all of us which still is pleasant to remember. Yes, there was one thing; though in looking back it almost seems as though we had no merits, no seriousness of purpose, no industry, no brilliance. We were only prodigals in that endless army of prodigals who will always cumber the earth in their youth. We stuck by our guns when our ship was going down. Our ship might be made of poor stuff, but we stayed with it. When we entered that silent room a few minutes later, it was plain to see that a deck no longer rested beneath our friend. Mrs. Rooney, somewhat bewildered, but with a face that was growing each second redder, was just setting down her teacup. Beverley, with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders drooping with more than that nonchalant droop of which Mr. Hutton spoke, was staring at the cold ashes in our fireplace, but as soon as he heard us, he looked up. We saw that his face was pale; we noticed his voice was hoarse and unmelodious.

"She's gone," he said—"gone because I gave Mrs. Rooney another cup of tea; because I was just decently polite. Why is it—I wish you would tell me—that I'm always a martyr to my principles?"

Of course, we gathered about him; of course, we endeavored to give the occasion a brighter air, a hopeful note; but it was very difficult, for Beverley did not rally.

While we all were speaking, Mrs. Rooney moved toward him and patted his shoulder gently with her calloused hand. "There," she said. "Sure 'twas my fault now—my fault all the time."

"No," said Beverley, "it was just fate, that's all."

"Fate, in the pig's eye!" cried Mrs. Rooney, staring at the rest of us and seized evidently by a new idea. "Who was the young divil who sent me in here? Which of you was it now?"

We looked at her blankly, and once again tried to treat everything lightly, to infuse the situation with the breath of hope; but Beverley only sighed wearily, although at the same time endeavoring with pathetic futility to be light and debonair.

"No," said Beverley; "no, you're only clouding the issue. It's always better to face these facts. It occurs to me that once again I must bid my surroundings a premature farewell. When the old gentleman hears of that overdraft and gets a copy of that theater bill, the result will be inevitable. Don't worry—please don't worry. I know how to take these things from experience, but it does pain me ——" Beverley leaned against the mantelpiece nonchalantly, but also limply. "It pains me to think she was just writing out a check for two hundred dollars when I was forced to defend my principles."

"There, darlin'," said Mrs. Rooney, and the odor of juniper was about her like a halo, "don't be worryin' now. The saints will watch young gentlemen. Aha!"

Mrs. Rooney's exclamation startled us. It was loud and warlike. She was staring toward the open door, and suddenly she seized her duster. "There he is!" cried Mrs. Rooney. "There's the young divil now who put me up to it! Come here, you fat, useless, good-for-nothin' lyin' imp!" Mrs. Rooney waved her duster violently.

Ewing Slingsbee was standing in the doorway, staring at Mrs. Rooney stupidly. "What?" he said, "You still here? Didn't he throw you out?"

It was not a pleasant moment. It was difficult to think or speak, though we could all understand Ewing Slingsbee's perfidy. It was he who deliberately and with forethought had shattered Beverley's hopes.

But it was Beverley who spoke first. Beverley pushed himself away from the mantelpiece with really surprising alacrity. "So you sent Mrs. Rooney in here?" inquired Beverley.

There were certain redeeming features about Ewing. If he was not quite one of us, not quite a gentleman, still he was not a coward. He did not quail before the righteous indignation of his cousin, Beverley Witherspoon. "Of course I did," said Ewing. "Why not?"

At the question, Beverley stopped. "Why not?" echoed Beverley. "You miserable sneak, I'll show you why not!"

"You don't understand!" cried Ewing, edging somewhat hastily away. "It was a bet!"

"It was a bet?" repeated Beverley. "What bet?"

"You remember it!" cried Ewing, still more hastily, for Beverley's hand had descended upon Ewing's collar. And though, of course, we hardly ever went out for athletics, being usually in trouble with the college authorities, Beverley was very muscular. "You took me up on it!" cried Ewing. "I bet you a hundred dollars that you wouldn't be polite if it wasn't worth your while! Don't shake me like that! You win! I'll write you a check right now if you've got a pen and ink."

Beverley's hand fell limp at his side. He seemed dazed, he seemed to be racking his memory in vain.

"Yes," said Ewing, "you win, Lord Chesterfield. Hasn't anybody got a pen and ink?"

As Beverley answered, his voice seemed to choke, his hand was trembling. "Over on the desk," he said—"right over there."

When one comes to think of it, Ewing Slingsbee in his way also had his principles. And in those days we had marvelous powers of recuperation. Now that Beverley understood it, for that was all it was—a sporting proposition, which had caused Ewing to send Mrs. Rooney there to tea—now that Beverley understood it, of course, he entered into the spirit of the thing, as anybody would who adorned our little group. He was almost gay as he took his Cousin Ewing's check. We all were gay.

"You know what occurs to me?" said Beverley suddenly, his voice rising above our enthusiastic comments. "It occurs to me that the old gentlemen won't hear about my balance at the bank. It occurs to me that they haven't got me yet."

Naturally, we greeted this remark with the enthusiasm that it deserved. Mrs. Rooney herself shrieked and waved her duster.

"In the upper drawer of my bureau," began Beverley, "there may be some refreshment left if anybody wants it. . . . Yes, it definitely occurs to me that they haven't got me yet."

Who was the mortal who defied the gods? The retribution which Beverley received was just as swift and sure, and it all came of not keeping the door securely latched. It was a lesson to us all. Scarcely had Beverley spoken when the door flew open in a decisive way which we remembered. Before we could utter a protest or even bar the way, a red-headed man, obviously not one of our little group, wearing a hideous reptilian overcoat and bearing a fur coat in his heavy red hand, plunged decisively into our midst.

"Here," he cried, "take back this hunk of hair! I'm tired of having my friends at the Square kidding me about it. They think I'm one of you guys when I have it on."

Naturally, we all were loyal. We did our best. "If you're looking for Witherspoon," cried someone, "he isn't here." But it was too late. Beverley himself saw that it was too late.

"It's the bill collector," he said, and leaned against the mantelpiece. "It's funny how I forgot him. They've got me after all."

And it did seem so. In all that day of hope and failure, it seemed that Beverley at last had reached the end, when a singular incident occurred. Mrs. Rooney, whom we had all temporarily forgotten, gave a sudden exclamation. But the bill collector—he was the one we noticed most—the hardness and sneering arrogance which we had noted in the morning had left him. He was looking at Mrs. Rooney with an expression of pained rebuke.

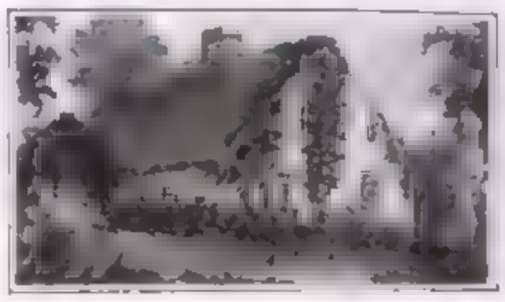
"Mother," he said suddenly—"mother, after what the priest said to you, have you been drinking again?"

Mrs. Rooney seemed annoyed, perhaps justly so. "And who are you," she cried, "to be calling shame on me before all these nice young gentlemen? And who are you, Tim, to be persecutin' a good polite young man like Mr. Witherspoon? Be off with ye now, and don't let me hear of ye troublin' him again!"

Yes, the face of that red-headed man was entirely different. He looked injured. He spoke to Beverley in an injured tone. "Why the blazes," he inquired, "didn't you say you were a friend of hers? Never mind the bill. Pay it any time; it'll be all right."

The telephone was ringing insistently and regularly. It was for Beverley. Someone pushed him toward it. "Yes?" said Beverley. "Yes. . . . Oh! . . . I wish I had known it earlier, but that will be quite all right. . . . Yes, Mr. Hutton, we all make mistakes sometimes, don't we?"

Beverley set down the telephone. It was marvelous to see him. The last trace of despondency had vanished. "It was Hutton," he cried. "What do you think he said? He showed me the wrong coat. He is sending around the right one right away. Would someone mind seeing if Bert Feinstein is out there on the corner? And do you know what occurs to me? It occurs to me that it pays in the long run to stand up for your principles."



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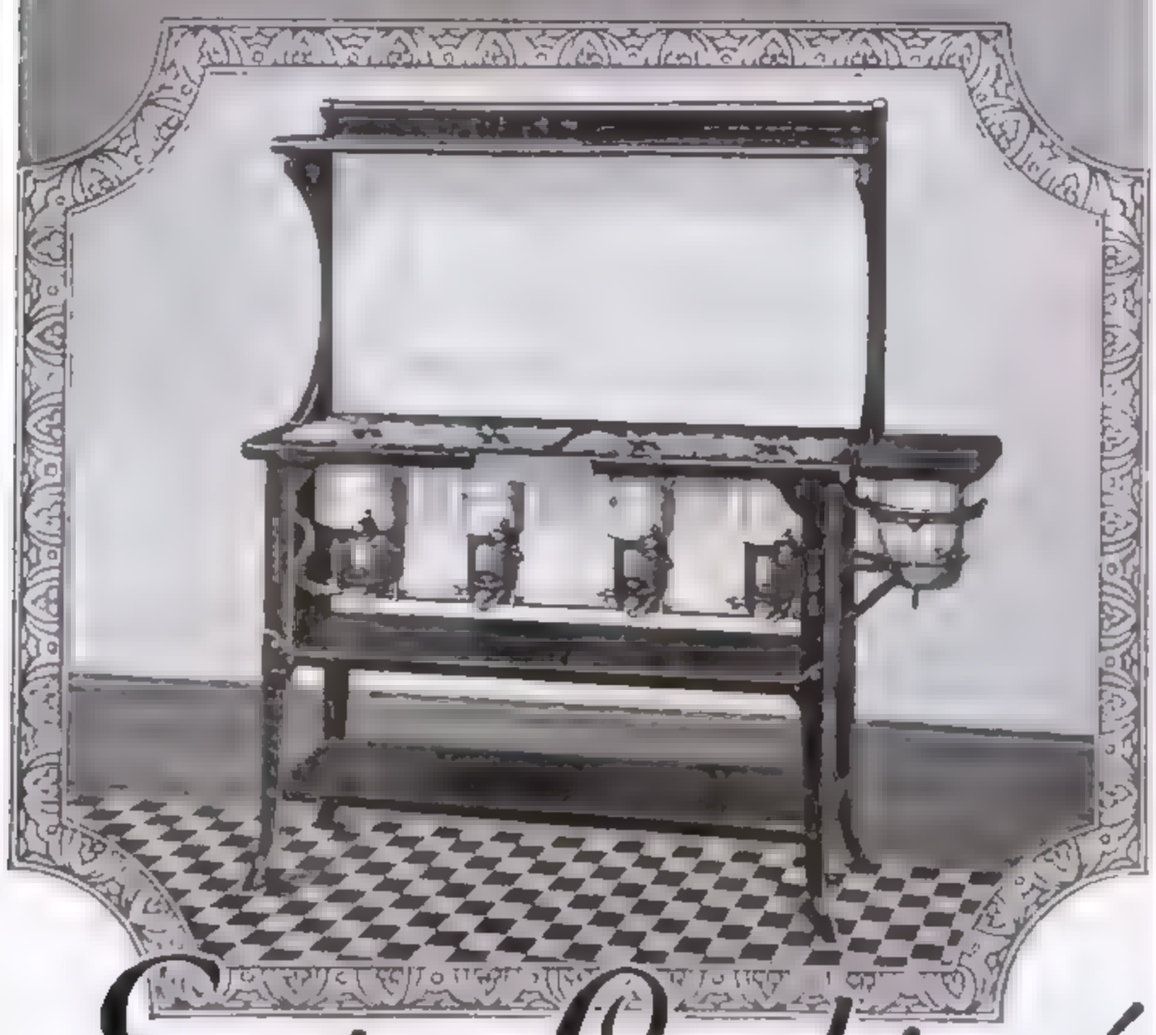
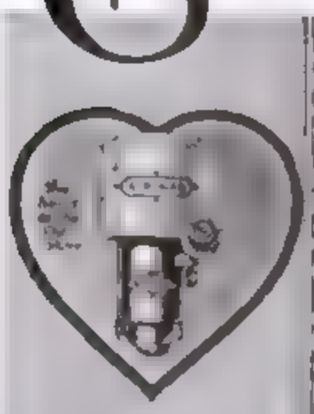


Easier Cooking



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DEALERS' NOTE: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners.

THURSDAYS OFF

(Continued from Page 23)

I said, "You mean your property, O'Brien. You'd be surprised at the inquiries we're getting. You can expect me to ask you shortly to sign a contract for Lot 1 there on the corner, and then the ball will be rolling."

"How much can you get me for Lot 1?" he asked, fishing me out.

"Well, O'Brien," I said, talking out of policy, "your price is something to lay before the grand jury, but I think I can get you seven hundred dollars. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth."

"I just sold it for twelve hundred, the schedule price," he said.

"Who was the broker, O'Brien?"

"King & Winkle. They sold Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in a block."

"But I'll get the commission just the same," I said, thoughtlessly warm. "I got an exclusive brokerage there, O'Brien."

"Say the word, Cheevers," he said, looking me in the eye in a mean way, "and I'll hold up the deal until you get your brokerage."

"Oh, not at all, O'Brien," I said heartily. "I was just shooting off my face. If King & Winkle can sell and we can't, let them have the business, say I, and darn the exclusive brokerage."

"I'm glad to hear you take that attitude, Charley," he said. "In fact I was just on my way down to my lawyers to give you a battle on that exclusive brokerage, being that you were not selling. You will let King & Winkle in? May the best firm win. Good luck, Charley. How is the missus?"

This was a nice how-d'ye-do—pop goes our stranglehold on the best new development in Brightwood. What could I do? I had a contract and if I'd been younger I'd have stood on it and made O'Brien as sore as a muzzled bear in a beehive, and have him crabbing all over town, and a fat lot of good that would have done me. I felt blue and wanted sympathy. I wasn't going to get it from Margie; the business to Margie was nothing but a cow that I was supposed to milk and bring her home a bucketful every night.

Nannie and I saw a very good game, and you'd be surprised how quick that girl was to pick up the fine points of baseball, and so interested. She was a man's woman, Nannie was. We took in a show and supper in the Front Trench night club, and I had her back in Bronxville at half-past two.

Margie said, "So it was a good show, was it? How about you and me going in one day next week for dinner and a show? We haven't been in almost a year."

"I can't stay out every night," I said. "It's all right for you, with nothing to do the next day but lie around the house. If you were a woman with children ——"

"What's that?" she said, lifting up her head.

"I said, 'If you were a woman with children.'"

"You are a mean, nasty fellow, Charley Cheevers," she said to me. And we were all set for a heart-to-heart family talk, if I did not fool her by going to bed in the spare room. I can't abide family rows. If people will only use a little judgment they can be avoided, as it is always some such unnecessary crack as Margie made to me that starts the fun.

Business didn't boom at the office in the next few weeks. In fact it went rather sour and thin. Looking back now, I can see that things turned with the coming in of King & Winkle, or you might say, with the disaster of the battle of White Plains. It is always that way, if you will look back in your own line. A man's life is like a slice of bacon, streaks of fat and streaks of lean, and it used to be before we understood the art of psychoanalysis, and all this and that, people just used to blunder along, instead of following the fat and jumping over the lean. But what I am getting at is there are changing points.

King & Winkle sold the Dilbetter property of forty-three acres to Moon Brothers, the developers; that was a jolt. The Cheevers Organism had the inside track there, and they might just as well have picked my pocket. I could have sold the Dilbetter tract to the Moons any time, but first I was trying to pass them the Conroy property of about the same acreage. And why? Because I owned the Conroy property, holding title in the name of a dummy. I had it for two thousand an acre, and I was figuring on giving it to the Moons for thirty-two hundred and fifty an acre, which would have been very nice. With my winnings I could pick up the Dilbetter property. And now I had not only lost the sale of the Dilbetter property, meaning a cash commission of five thousand dollars, but I had to figure ways and means to carry the Conroy tract over the winter. I was in it for twenty thousand dollars and there was another fifteen thousand due right away, what with installment, interest and taxes. You know what country stuff is; you got to have a buyer, particularly with the winter coming.

I went over to see Frank Hanley, the president of the Brightwood Trust, where I bank. He said, "I didn't know you had that Conroy property, Charley."

"I haven't advertised it," I told him. "Not while I'm offering it as a broker."

"Fifteen thousand is quite a sum," he said. "What security can you give us?"

"Security!" I exclaimed, scandalized. "From the Cheevers Organism?"

Well, it was a good attitude if it went, and I was holding it with his eye on me when Ted Burgess drifted into the bank—the big mouth. He cut right in on us with: "It's a wonder you wouldn't recognize your friends, Charley. Just because you have a good-looking girl with you is no reason to be so strange."

"You were mistaken," I said coldly.

"Oh, no, Charley. Last Thursday afternoon at the Polo Grounds back of third base? It was you, all right. Pretty soft for you, Charley. I wish I had your money."

Now there was nothing in that. Frank Hanley said, "Let me have a statement, Charley, and I'll take it up with the board, and let you know Tuesday. . . . Sit down, Ted. What can we do for you?"

I certainly didn't like to give the bank a new statement just at that time; I couldn't make a good one. I had the Conroy property, which was a liability, my own house with two small mortgages on it, four hundred dollars in the bank, and the goodwill of the Cheevers Organism. Nothing liquid at all.

You understand that if things were right, as they had been and would be again, I was worth considerable, but you know how it is with a banker; he wants to know what he can sell you up for on the day of the date of these presents.

This was Saturday morning. Margie was waiting for me over at the office, all dolled up to go in to the city, and we promptly had a row. Do you know what she wanted? She wanted twenty dollars to buy bridge prizes for a bridge she was going to give the next Thursday afternoon. Absolutely no consideration for me and my troubles at all. No, she didn't get the twenty dollars.

"Was anybody here?" I asked Miss Brennon, our bookkeeper and secretary.

"Mike Franchini, the builder, was here."

"What did he want?"

"He wanted a building plot at Lakeville-on-the-Lake."

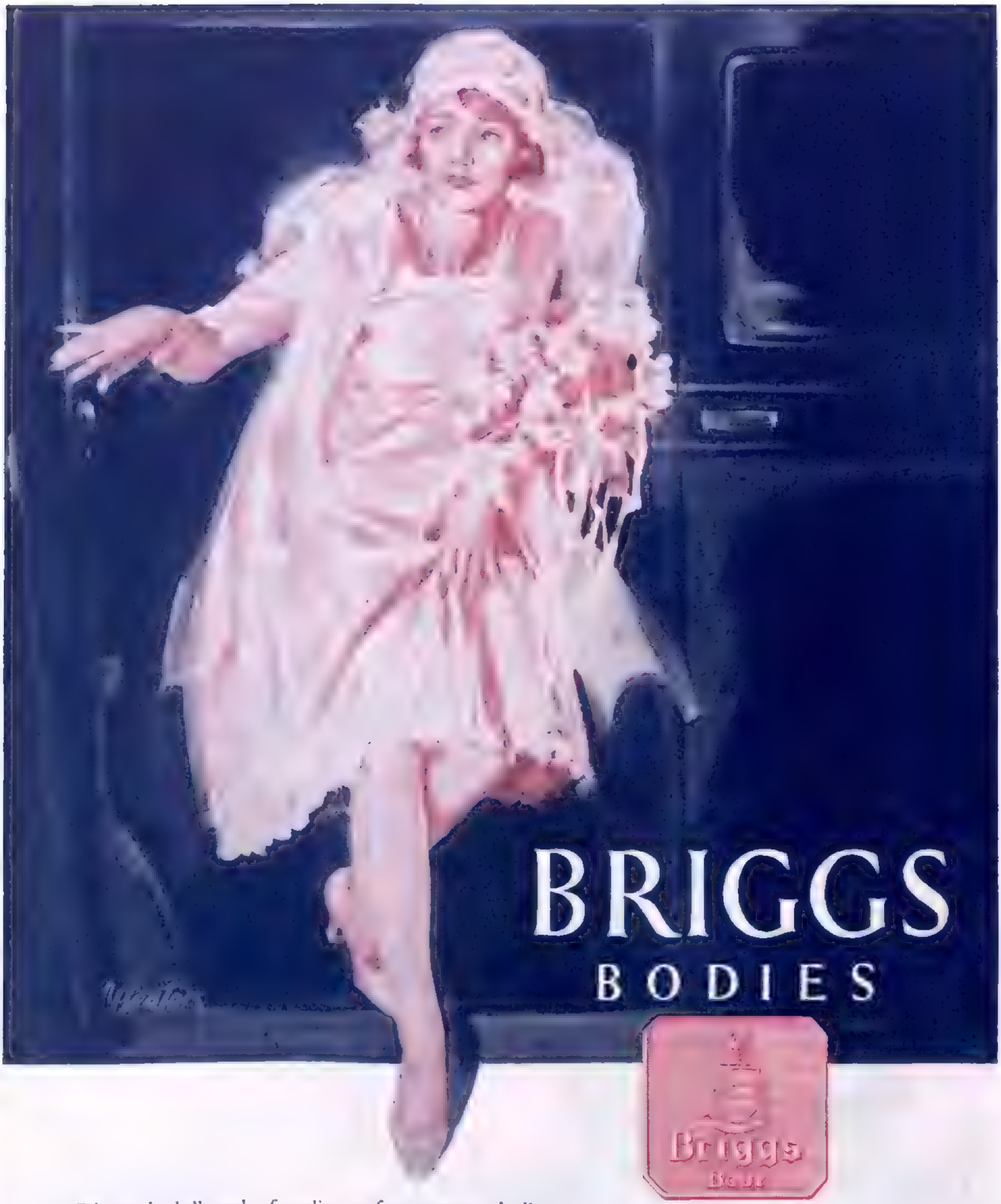
"And you let him out? Where is he?"

"He said he'd be back. He went over to King & Winkle's."

"I declare," I said, disgusted. "Where's Mindorf?"

"He went home early today, Mr. Cheevers."

(Continued on Page 117)



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"YOUR CAR DESERVES ONE"

(Continued from Page 114)

This was the limit. A commission of upwards of two hundred dollars coming into the office, and sitting around for an hour, and walking out and across the street. I went downstairs, jumped in the bus and lit out for Tuckahoe. I could have punched George Mindorf right on the nose.

He lived in a small house of cement blocks between the Italian tenements on Columbus Avenue and the marble quarries; I had to drive up a goat track to get to it. In fact I followed two milch goats who went up to the house and turned in under the side porch. Three sturdy towheads whom I judged to be Mindorfs opened their mouths at me and shouted for their mamma. She came out, a solid block of a woman, pleasant-faced, and followed by an aroma of molasses cake. She said that George was in the cellar and that I might go down. I went down.

It was a daylight cellar. The rear half had been partitioned off into a combination storeroom and workroom. There was a long worktable thickly set with pint bottles; friend George was filling these bottles with a reddish liquid. He was piping the liquid from a tub or half barrel on horses.

He started guiltily and said, "Why, hello, Mr. Cheevers."

"Good morning, Mindorf," I said. "You left the office early today."

"Well, yes, Mr. Cheevers, just a little. There wasn't anything doing, so ——"

"What are you doing here?"

"It's a little business I've been conducting on the side, Mr. Cheevers," he said, growing as red as his preparation. "I wouldn't let it interfere with your interests, but ——"

"What is that stuff?"

"A family remedy, Mr. Cheevers. It's really wonderful for what it does in the way of preventing and stopping diphtheria. It's been handed down in the family, and I'm the first one to put it on the market. I'll give you a bottle, Mr. Cheevers, in case anybody in your family is liable to get diphtheria."

"Thanks," I said, declining. "What is the stuff?"

"You mean what's into it? Well, that is the secret, but I don't mind telling you, Mr. Cheevers—it's herring brine."

"What?"

"The salt pickle from herrings. I get the real genuine imported brine from a delicatessen man in Yonkers for two dollars, that being the deposit on the barrel. The red color has nothing to do with it; I get that from the paint store and mix it in. It's really a wonderful remedy for diphtheria, Mr. Cheevers. There's nothing so opening to the throat and the insides as a good drink of herring brine. My grandmother came from the old country and she cured many cases that the doctors gave up."

"You recommend this stuff and charge people money for it, Mindorf? Look me in the eye!"

"Certainly, Mr. Cheevers. Though I don't charge them for Mindorf's Remedy unless it cures them; I don't charge them more than just expenses. I advertise all over—a hundred papers for four dollars—and just ask them to send me six cents for a dollar-size bottle, and put it on their shelf until they need it, and then send me the balance of the dollar after they're cured. You wouldn't want fairer than that, Mr. Cheevers."

I got hot. "And it is for this swindling scheme that you've been neglecting my business, eh? You had particular charge of that Conroy property, and I told you to keep after Moon like a process server, and this is what you've been doing."

"Now, Mr. Cheevers, I resent that," he said. "Your business has always been first with me, but what harm is it to slip away for an hour or two when there is nothing doing? There's a tremendous lot of detail and correspondence to these mail-order businesses. And it's no swindling scheme; I certainly object to that. It's a tried-and-true family remedy."

"You scoundrel," I said with quiet scorn. "You poisoner!" I cried, warming to my topic. "For this low and degrading employment you neglect the real-estate business? For this wretched subterfuge you sabotage the noblest work given to man—the provision of homes? Look at what you are doing here; compare it with what you turned from. It was given to you to provide young couples with a rose-covered cottage by the roadside, to find acreage and a mansion for folks of maturity and substance, to bring pale children out into fresh air and sunshine—you left that work to mix a horrid beverage and to press it to the lips of families. Don't talk to me; I won't hear you. You're fired. Good day and good-by."

And I stamped out. I was really worked up. He ran after me, and Mrs. Mindorf came out on the porch with her apron gathered in her hands, and the three towheads howled beseechingly, but I was past pity. He had been disloyal, and that I couldn't forgive. That was all poppycock about giving my work the first call on his time. While he was working for me from nine until five, I was entitled to all his time, all his attention, all his thought. Yes, I wanted his heart and soul as well as his mind.

I wouldn't give desk room to a man who looks on his relation to his employer as just a matter of contract; that's a clock watcher. I want a man to have his feelings wrapped up in the business; I want him to be prejudiced and single-minded and enthusiastic. And I guess I don't want any more than anybody else.

It's like the married state. A man ought to be married to his job, and by that I mean loyal as can be, with good will and good humor, and not just seeing how little he can get by with. Not that all married people are all they should be; I had an example of that before me right then in the case of Margie. She would be sulking. Instead of coming to the door and kissing me and welcoming me in and making me forget the cares of the day, she would be sulking. I hated the thought of going home; I decided not to go. I ate out, with Nannie Atwater. I was entitled to a cheerful face across the table, wasn't I?

I saw Frank Hanley on the following Tuesday. He said that one of the board had gone to St. Louis, and suggested that I let the application ride for two weeks. Well, I could just about do that, but I couldn't afford to appear too anxious.

The following Thursday, or perhaps still another Thursday after, Nannie and I went up to Stamford to see the tryout of a show that was booked for Broadway. We left the theater about eleven o'clock and were back in Brightwood at 11:45. I went to the office to pick up the afternoon's mail, leaving Nannie waiting in the bus. It seems that a man passing by spoke to her and frightened her; when I was coming downstairs I met her in the dark hall.

Well, I kissed her. You know how those things can happen in the best of families, almost as a joke—pshaw, there was nothing between Nannie and me. She clung to me for a moment, and then she was gone from me; I heard her going down the stairs. She was sitting in the bus when I got to the walk.

"Angry?" I said, getting in.

"No; but sad, Charley," she said. "You kissed me once before, twelve years ago yesterday, after a dance in Jersey. Remember?"

Well, now, that was a large order. "Indeed, yes," I said, turning the bus into the Parkway. "Could I forget it?"

"Charley," she said, "you're not happy with your wife."

I glanced aside at her, a bit startled. "Why, how do you know that, Nannie?"

"Sometimes I think I'm psychic," she said, staring right ahead. "And then from what you told me, too, about Mrs. Cheevers."

"Well," I admitted, turning this and that over in my mind, "eight years is a long time. Sometimes I am not quite sure that Margie and I are altogether compatible. Still, I believe in sticking it out."

"Why don't you and Mrs. Cheevers go and see a psychoanalyst, Charley?" she suggested. "Maybe you or she have something on your mind. You know what psychoanalysis is, don't you? It's the newest thing, and everybody goes to get analyzed when they're not adjusted. I could recommend you to a wonderful woman. She did wonders for me."

The idea didn't have much appeal for me at first, and I couldn't just seem to vision it, but the more I turned it over the more angles it developed. Certainly, Margie and I weren't synchronizing; we were always jarring, and I couldn't see what made her like that. If psychoanalysis could help us, we ought to have some. I don't pretend to be an expert on psychoanalysis, but I know it's great stuff, or so they tell me. Some people think it is just mind reading, but it is not; mind reading is telling you what you are thinking of, but psychoanalysis is telling you what you are not thinking of, and that makes it a little hard to check up on. Another ticklish point about it is that there are no rules to it. For instance, they take a lot of stock in dreams. Well, an old-fashioned dream book will tell you that if you dream you are in swimming, that means you are going to get married, and to dream of fire means money coming, but not by psychoanalysis. In the latter case what your dream means depends on the psychoanalyst you go to. It is certainly getting to be a big thing, because more and more people are going in the business every day, and all making money.

So I took a brace and said to Mrs. Cheevers, "Margie, dear, this strife has got to stop. I've given this thing very serious thought to find out why you and I don't hit it off any more, and it beats me. What's the matter with us going to a psychoanalyst and have our minds examined and see if we can find out what is the matter?"

"I'll go you," said Margie. "You have certainly been acting very strangely lately, Charley Cheevers. You blame me for everything. If you are willing to have your head examined, I will have mine examined, too, at the same time, as a guaranty of good faith. Really, Charley, something has come over you."

We went in to New York to see this Dr. Virginia Schad who was recommended to me by Nannie Atwater. She had a swell apartment on Lexington Avenue in the Fifties. We had to be there at six minutes after two sharp, and then we had to wait an hour until the doctor came in from lunch.

She was a woman of about forty-five or fifty, I judge now, but I thought she was much younger when I first saw her. She was a well-developed lady and a good looker; she wore corsets. I'll bet she was a good fellow outside of business hours; that's the impression I got. She gave me and Margie about one minute, both to talk at once, and then she said she understood perfectly, and would put us through.

She said to Margie, "Dearie, I'm going to repeat a list of words, and each time I say a word you say a word."

"What word should I say?" asked Margie.

"That is up to you, dearie," said the doctor. "Say the first word that pops into your head. Are you all set? Let's go. Potato!"

"White," said Margie.

"Ink," said the doctor.

"Red," said Margie.

"Trip."

"Foot."

"Blue."

"Wash," said Margie. And the doctor wrote down these answers and added them up according to her method. Then she took me by the hand and smiled into my face and said nicely, "Now we'll try you, my dear."

"Pardon me," said Margie. "Are you feeling his pulse?"

(Continued on Page 119)

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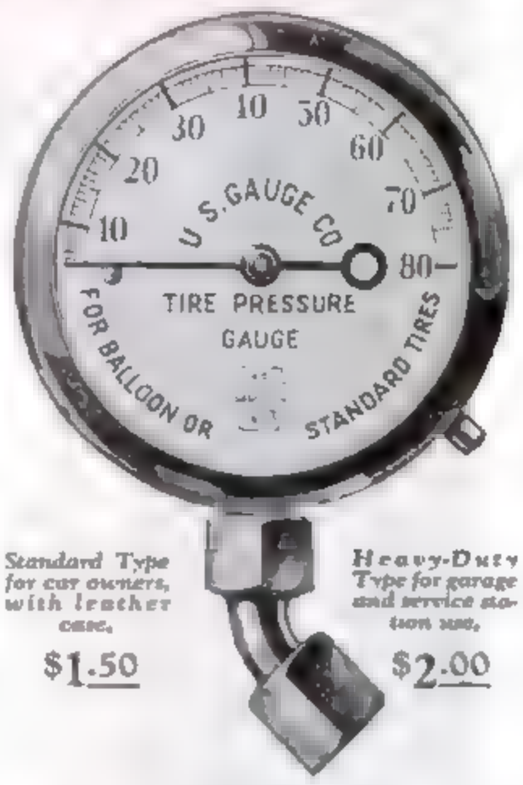

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See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

(Continued from Page 117)

"No, dearie," said the doctor. "I must pet him a little to facilitate the transference to the doctor, if you know what I mean. You see, he probably loved his mother very much, and he still longs for her in his unconscious. This phase would probably be more successful if I had him alone."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Margie.

"Cough drops," said the doctor to me.

"For a cold," I said.

"Shingle nails!"

"To nail shingles."

"I see you have an intelligence complex," said the doctor.

"Well," I said modestly, "a man don't go far in the real-estate business without a pretty good article of brains."

"I mean," said the doctor, "that you long to appear intelligent. You are a definition type. This is not a final proof of imbecility, by any means, but only some evidence. Do you ever dream of numbers?"

"Once I dreamt of six hundred and forty-one," I admitted. "That was the last three numbers of the clearing-house report for that day. Our colored elevator boy had a bet down on five hundred and fifty-one in the Harlem lottery, he having dreamed that number after paying a Harlem voodoo woman. That was the reason that I happened to dream that number."

"We will find out why you dreamed it," said the doctor. "What time do you get up in the morning?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Seven," said the doctor. "In your unconscious is a superstitious respect for that number. It is composed of six and one. How old are you?"

"Forty."

"There it is—six-forty-one," she said satisfactorily. "But I can show you another way. How long are you married?"

"Eight years."

"And you stayed out every Thursday night, or fifty-two times a year. Eight times fifty-two is four hundred and sixteen, which is simply an anagram for six hundred and forty-one. We must allow for distortion."

Well, that will give you an idea of the way this lady doctor could figure things out. It was really marvelous. I don't pretend to be an expert in it by any means, but it seems it is all in your subconscious, and that it goes by contraries, which they call resistances. So whatever you would figure out with your brains, which is your conscious, is all wrong according to your subconscious, which is in the back of your neck.

When we had been put through the doctor said to Margie, "Dearie, I see it all. Your husband is unhappy with you, and has been for eight years, and you better give him his liberty. You are much opposed to each other and always will be; you are an extrovert and he is an introvert; I do not need to resort to anamnesis to reveal the traumatism, it being in the spheres of emotion and reason. Morals are relative, dearie. Refuse obedience and be yourself. Give my regards to Mrs. Shook. Now I will recommend you a good lawyer. Call again, my dear. . . . The fee is twenty dollars."

I put Margie in the bus; we started back to Brightwood. There was a cold wind on the Grand Boulevard and Concourse, and it got in Margie's eyes so the tears ran steadily down her face. At first I thought she was crying, but I saw she did not sob.

She said to me, "Who is Mrs. Shook?"

"Search me," I said. Nannie had never told me her married name.

"Have you been going out with some woman, Charley?"

"I tell you I don't know any Mrs. Shook!" I said strongly.

"You're lying, Charley," she said. "I wonder what kept me from snatching the hair off that doctor's head—the nerve of her, interfering with married people."

"Oh, no, Margie," I said. "Science is science; you got to admit that. Naturally we don't understand."

"Charley, do you want to leave me?"

"We will have to talk that over," I said.

"I know it is all my fault, Charley. I didn't make you a real home, or you wouldn't want to leave me. Of course, when there's another woman ——"

"Now, see here," I said. "We're going to be sensible and practical about this matter, and not discuss it on the basis of tears and reproaches. Perhaps we are just tired of each other. Then we will try living apart for a while, and see how that does. In any event, we will act like sensible, civilized people, and with up-to-date ideas."

"Charley Cheevers," said Margie, "I will follow you and I will find you with that woman, and I will kill her. Now I've warned you. How much did that doctor charge you?"

"Twenty dollars," I said. "Well, if you want the very latest ——"

"Twenty dollars!" said Margie, laughing loudly. "She found out what the trouble was and took it away, didn't she? Our quarrel started over twenty dollars. Oh, I must be crazy. I feel crazy."

I had a job to quiet her down too.

I left Margie at home that evening to have a good rest, and I went out and called Nannie up and took her to dinner, and we had a good talk. Nannie was sympathy itself, and she could advise me for the best, because she had been through the mill herself. I finally saw that the kindest thing to Margie was to see a lawyer and arrange for a separation; if we were incompatible, it was cruel to the poor girl to go on living with her. As Nannie pointed out, a woman very soon gets over a thing like that and finds another man.

Nannie said, "That is, if she has not another man already." Somehow when I was with Nannie, everything was clear, and I could see the best thing to do for all of us, and my duty as a gentleman.

When my date came around I went in to see Frank Hanley about carrying me into the spring. He said, "Charley, I don't know what came over the board."

I said, feeling cold all over, "What do you mean, Frank?"

"They turned down the application," he said. "There was some personal talk in the board about you, but I don't suppose that weighed much, and I shouldn't mention it, except as a friend. The fact is, we feel that Brightwood is overbuilt and won't be ready to absorb any more acreage soon. Nothing doing, Charley—not without security, and your statement doesn't show anything we'd take."

"You'll take a part of it, won't you?" I said, feeling worse.

"Sorry," he said, preparing a smile for the next borrower in.

I went over to the office. Zeke Conroy was waiting there with his lawyer; they looked like two crows on a branch. I said, "I regret I can't make good on what I told you, Mr. Conroy, but I'll want a short extension. The bank thinks your land is no good, ha, ha!"

"We'll give you a week, if you pay the interest and taxes now," said the lawyer. "That's only thirty-five hundred."

"Sorry," I said.

"Is that final?"

"It is. I must have time, Mr. Benjamin."

Benjamin got up and walked over to our bookkeeper and said, "You are May Brennon, madam? Summons and complaint in foreclosure." And he handed her simply that. They sighed and walked out.

And that was a jolt. How did they know that Miss Brennon was the dummy? In the deed and mortgage her address was given as down in the Bronx. Who could have tipped them? I found that out. My next caller was a long, skinny, suave gentleman of about fifty, in golf togs—a country gentleman to the life. He looked familiar.

He said, "We should know each other, Cheevers. My name is Winkle."

"Not King & Winkle?"

"No, just Winkle," he chuckled. "King is very much a part of the firm yet. Nice offices you have here, Cheevers; even more suitable than ours. How'll you swap? But to come down to brass tacks, I understand you're open to a proposition to sell the business."

"What makes you think that?"

"Talks I've had. By the way, would you care to dispose of that Conroy property?"

"You are certainly up to the minute, Mr. Winkle."

"Let's not fence," he said amiably. "I understand that the property's in difficulties. I'm not generally a deed buyer, but I fancy that tract. I'll give you five hundred dollars for your deed."

"It's an offer," I said, trying to be sarcastic.

"And a good one. Find out how much anybody else will give you for the shoes of a dead horse. But I'm more interested in the business. I've had my eye on Brightwood, and on you, too, Cheevers, and I'd like you to handle the Brightwood office for us."

"On what terms?"

"The same as the managers of any of our twenty other branches," he said, with an effect of doing a handsome thing. "Thirty-five a week and a percentage of the gross."

"Mr. Winkle," I said, "I made sixteen thousand net in this office last year."

"If you think you'll make it next year," he said, with a flirt of an eye toward his black-and-yellow sign, "you'd be wrong to come in with us."

"And that Conroy property," I said, "in which I have twenty thousand dollars, and which you are trying to take in for the mortgage, is worth sixty thousand dollars over the mortgage—of anybody's money."

"I agree with you," he said. "It's all a matter of financing it. It wants to be fed fifteen thousand dollars right away."

"You certainly know my business, Mr. Winkle," I said. "Would you mind telling me how you matched up the Moon Brothers and the Dilbetter tract so quickly? Why, you had just come."

"That deal was made by our Bronxville office, Cheevers," he said. "I really haven't the details. It was made in half an hour. Somebody brought in the dope, and pop went the weasel. So you don't think my propositions are attractive? Good day, Cheevers, and very glad to have had this chance to talk to you. Good day!"

"Mr. Winkle," I called, running after him, "I'll think it over and let you know tomorrow!"

He reflected on that and shrugged his shoulders. "All righty."

Pretty, eh? But that's what can happen to you when you get extended, when you got to touch money. The whole scheme of your business is liable to break up together. I could see that the Conroy property, in which was practically all my winnings of eight years, was sunk; the quicker I reached for that five hundred dollars the more likely I was to get it. I was to take five hundred dollars and step out. Twenty thousand dollars, the winnings of gosh knows how many deals, with sweat and wrinkles in every dollar of it, gone, lost and gone.

And the business looked shaky to me. Well, it was my nerve was shaken there. You know what a country real-estate business is—it's all brokerage. In a city you get flats and stores and lofts to manage, and the collections float the office and the brokerage is velvet, so you're always secure. My overhead was five hundred and fifty a month; I hadn't five hundred dollars in the bank. With winter at hand when nothing can be done but missionary work, and the bank gone sour on me for some ridiculous reason appealing to gossiping old women, I couldn't see very far. It's funny how weak a man's business position can get to be without his noticing it, if he is not alert; that very morning I had added myself up and thought I was worth more than a hundred thousand. Well, so I was, with time and credit and financing. Otherwise, five hundred dollars and a job, and step out. Sweet, eh, after eight years?

I got up and said, "Miss Brennon, I feel a little sick. I must have eaten something.

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

Two of the "keys" have already appeared, but you can still enter the contest by checking back and finding them. You'll find the third "key" on the opposite page. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.*
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

RULES

• Do not mail this entry before the first week in August. You must send all answers [illegible] so that we receive them not later than [illegible]. Postmark will not be accepted after [illegible]. Entries must be mailed by midnight August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company and members of their families. Write plainly on one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

Play the SILVER KING*

A GREAT captain of industry bought a dozen Silver Kings and insisted they all be No. 3's. He says they make him play better golf, and most likely they do. The number, we maintain, has nothing to do with it, but the fact he is playing the King *does* help to inspire the confidence which inspires good golf.

Most golfers find they get 15 to 25 yards longer flight when they play this best of all good golf balls.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

[IMPORTED BY]

John Wanamaker

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO MEMPHIS LOS ANGELES

Wholesale Golf Distributors

Take a message if anybody comes in." And I got in the bus and went home.

There was a cab in the street. I asked the driver whom he had brought to my house. He said, "Nobody; I'm answering a call."

I went into the house. Margie was there with her hat and coat on and bag packed, and she was just propping a letter up against a book end on the table. I sat down and looked at her.

She said, "I'm going to my brother's house."

I said, "Uh-huh."

She said, "It's the only way out. I won't live here."

I said again, "Uh-huh."

She said, "What the matter with you? Have you been drinking? However, good-by." She picked up her bag and walked to the door. She stopped and said, "What's the matter with you?"

"Margie," I said, "I'm feeling terribly sick. I'm ruined, Margie. They're foreclosing a mortgage on the Conroy property. The bank won't lend me any money. I'll have to give up the business and go to work for King & Winkle for thirty-five dollars a week. But never mind me. . . . Good-by, Margie. I hope you have luck. Will you kiss me good-by?"

"Certainly not," she said, glaring at me. "Everything that's happened to you serves you good and right, Charley Cheevers. You've acted like a mean man! Don't think you can ever make up to me again."

And she was in such a fury that she threw her hat one way and her coat the other, and kicked her bag so that her things flew all over. Then she went into the kitchen to make me a cup of tea. She poured it down my throat like an executioner giving hemlock. There is nothing soft and sentimental about Margie when she once gets going. She put off going to her brother's in Jersey City until the financial situation cleared and we could see where we were, but she was no comfort to any man in trouble and I went back to the office with strict instructions to report at 6:30 P.M. for dinner. I said, "Yes, sweetheart," without recollecting it was Thursday and my night out.

I called Nannie up to beg off on our date for the evening. Something in my voice apprised her that all was not hunkydory, and she came up to the office in the afternoon. We pretended she was a client and that I had to show her property; I took her for a ride in the bus and told her just where I was. She was entitled to an explanation; I'm not one of those fellows that thinks every woman falls for him with a thud—pshaw, when a man gets to be forty years old, and forty-four around the waist, and all naked under the hat, he's no maiden's dream—but I feel sure that Nannie Atwater was in love with me. It sounds inflated to say that, but from the little I know of psychoanalysis I can see that in Nannie's unconscious there was a complex to cut Margie out with me. And what was her reaction when I told her that I had come to understand and to see that I had acted like a fool and that I ought to be kicked? For after all, when real trouble came on me and the world had gone black, I had gone home like a child to Margie; and that's the infallible sign.

"Charley," she said nobly, "don't consider me for a moment, or my feelings. I declare myself out. But I want to say I respect and admire a man who will not leave his wife when he is down and out and broke, not for any woman in the world. And that little girl, Charley, is an ace if she stands by you. I guess I know where your feelings would bring you, but we must forget about that now, and only remember that your duty lies with your lawful wedded wife. Let me out here at the station."

And there we parted. I do hope that time healed the wound, and that she got over it in good shape and can look back now without pain.

I talked everything about the business over that evening with Margie, and you'd be surprised what a head that girl had for business when she put herself to it. The next morning I called up Winkle at the main office in Forty-second Street and asked him to come out that day and we would make a dicker. I was going to take his five hundred dollars for the Conroy farm, and see how good I could make his offer for the business.

George Mindorf came in. I got up and pointed to the door. I said in a choked voice, "I don't want any comments from you. You have something on your conscience, George Mindorf. Be on your way."

He said, "Mr. Cheevers, won't you let me speak? I know I don't deserve for you to listen to me, but I really never meant you any harm. I want to tell you, Mr. Cheevers, what you said to me that day is burned in my hide. Mr. Cheevers, what I have come to speak about is this: If you will forgive me and believe that I did not mean any harm, could you see your way to us going in business together?"

"You mean to sell your herring pickle?" I exclaimed thoughtfully, grasping his arm. "Is there so much money in it? Well, after all, and as I always said, what do the doctors know? Here is a tried remedy; perhaps it might be a cure for something."

"Oh, no, Mr. Cheevers," he said gratefully, "though you are very kind to speak that way. You know and I know now that it is a sneaking and underhanded business and one to be ashamed of. I certainly couldn't sell the stuff if I would label it as herring brine—not for a dollar a bottle. I am referring to the real-estate business, Mr. Cheevers. I would like to buy into your business, which I know best. I have made quite a little money in selling Mindorf's Remedy, and I do not say it is dishonest money, but I am giving the business up."

"Have you fifteen thousand dollars?" I asked, sitting down and holding on.

"Yes," he said with a gulp.

"With you?" I said, getting up to lock the door.

"I will give you a check now for a half interest," he bargained.

We compromised on a third. I called up Winkle and stopped him dead in his tracks, and then I called Conroy and told him to come the next day for his money. And that afternoon I deposited fifteen thousand dollars cash in the Brightwood Trust, and the whole building shook as I walked out. Frank Hanley hid behind a column; I saw him. He had me on the wire for a peace conference in half an hour.

"George," I said, taking my new partner to the window and showing him King & Winkle's across the way, "that means fight!"

Did we fight? Say, we made monkeys out of them. George Mindorf is a good man when he gets down to it, and we certainly buckled down. We were on the job night and day. In the spring I gave the Conroy tract to Moon Brothers for three thousand an acre, cleaning up forty thousand net, and then we took after King & Winkle's hide for our barn door. Darn his crust. Offer me thirty-five a week, will he?

Maybe that's all I'm worth, but I'm fooling somebody. Last year George and I split forty-two thousand dollars, and that's not bad for a couple of young fellows starting out against competition. Cut it three ways and multiply it by two, and you'll know as much about my bank account as the income-tax people.

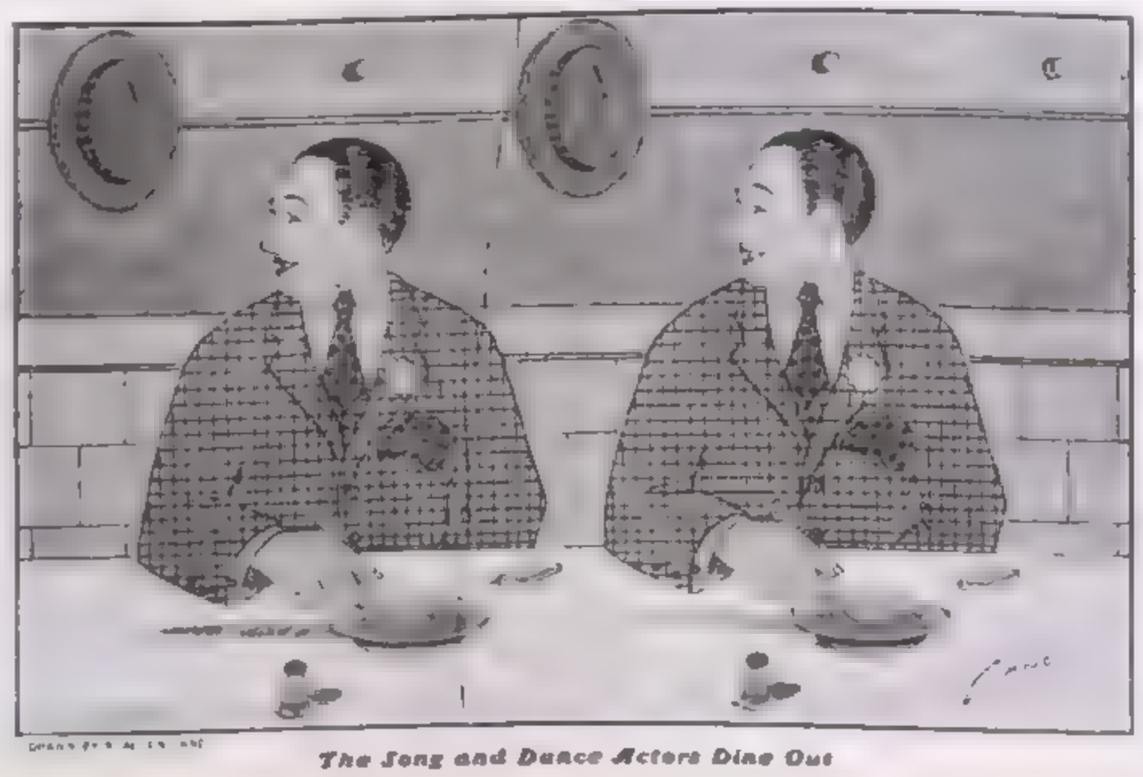
Thursdays off? Well, Margie and I seem to have discontinued that. I guess I'm getting old. Getting old and stuffy; hand me my slippers and I'm in for the night. The fact is, there isn't any place I'd rather be than home. You see, the kiddie is as independent as a hog on ice and that makes him always interesting, and I like to get home to him—or didn't I mention about that? Oh, yes. Ever since that next September. He's a real boy now; his mother brought him in here on the seventeenth of last March—the better the day the better the deed, eh?—and, mind you, the child had never walked, and at 5:15 to the dot he got up and walked out of the office—a born commuter.

Oh, there's no question at all but that Thursdays off is the right idea, and I recommend it to any young married couple to keep the chain from chafing. It's the civilized and refined way; marriage on the old basis of until death do ye stick together seven days in the week is *passé*. Sometimes nowadays the wife don't even take the husband's name; other times they only meet once in a while and go on a party. It all helps to keep the spirit of youth and romance alive, and adventure. I was saying something to that effect to Margie, but you know women are really not romantic, and she said, "Oh, give us a breeze. To hear a respectable married man like you talking about such things—don't be silly, Charley."

Ah, but I've had my romances. Duty first, of course, but still there is what might have been, if I had not been strong to withstand the siren song. Sometimes I think of Nannie Atwater; was I entirely fair to her? And yet, what could I have done?

A broker named M'Quade spoke of her lately. He said, "That gold-digger! Did you know her? She was a tipster for a real-estate office in Bronxville. Her game was to pretend to be a buyer, and to go to various offices in the county and have them trot out their special bargains, and you know every office has a few private things that are good. Then she'd pass the tip back to Bronxville and cut in on the commission. She snapped an eight thousand dollar commission out of my fingers in the sale of that acreage at Port Chester to the golf club. So you knew her, eh? Well, what did she get to you for?"

M'Quade is coarse fibered. I shivered while I listened to him, and turned the conversation adroitly.



The Song and Dance Actors Dine Out

DOES YOUR WATCH HARK BACK TO THE FLORODORA DAYS?

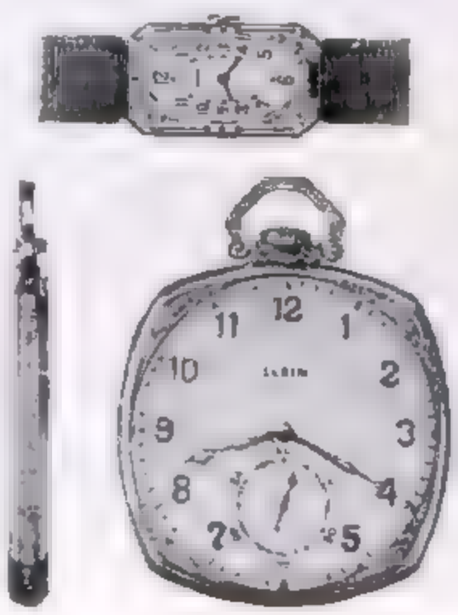
A watch may never lose a second yet be many years slow

Tick—tick—tick. The old watch has many tales to tell, but they are only for the ears of him who wears it. Tales from out the Book of Memory . . . tales of youthful romance and adventure, tales of triumphs and of trials, tales of college, courtship, marriage, achievement. Tick—tick—tick. If that watch be yours, it is more than a reliable mechanism; it is a wellspring of memories that you like to recall. But in the eyes of others, it is just a watch and nothing more . . . a watch old-fashioned and out of style. And by that watch, you are often judged, or misjudged, as a man of yesterday. At your jeweler's is a watch more in keeping with your present business and social status . . . a modern Elgin Watch . . . that can only confer dignity upon you. In your pocket or on your wrist, it will mark you for what you are . . . a successful, forward-looking man. More, it will engender your pride and your trust alike, for rare artistry and fine craftsmanship are welded in it. It, too, is a watch of age if you count the sixty years of experience that have been concentrated in it . . . sixty years of patient study, test and refinement to the one end that Elgin Watches may be truly fine and faithful. . . . Conceded to be the world's standard for watch integrity, to such efficiency is wedded exquisite beauty of design.

THE WOMAN'S WRIST WATCH, in a diamond-set case of 18-karat solid white gold, sells for $150.

THE MAN'S WATCH, a 17-jewel movement in a case of 14-karat white gold, is priced at $100.

Your jeweler will show these and other Elgins to you gladly. No other watch is offered in so generous an assortment of styles nor at a price range so liberal



ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

© Elgin, 1927

CROOKED

(Continued from Page 29)

Fargo was smiling again. Almost it was to be called a grin. "I see. You're one that looks ahead—prepares."

"I am," agreed Bertha, and, her chin on one hand, she looked across the table at him. "You're in railroads, aren't you?" she remarked.

A murmur suspiciously like a grunt escaped him. "No, just a railroad—one," he returned.

Bertha laughed amusedly. To her, "railroads," the plural, had sounded so much more effective than a mere single railroad. "I see you're blunt," she said, mocking him for what he'd said of her. Fargo merely shrugged; so she took another puff at the cigarette. Inwardly, though, she marveled at herself for the air of light, bantering inconsequentiality she had managed to put on. She had not forgotten the bit of news that Fargo had dropped to her. So that was where her husband had been! He had been out on Long Island, yes; but though he, Charley, had told that truthfully, it had not been all the truth. The part he'd omitted to tell was in itself an untruth, open deceit.

Said Bertha as she smiled across the table:

"I'd love it to be in a railroad! Think of going everywhere whenever you wanted to go there! You can't imagine how thrilled I was that night with the Reades when you spoke of running down to Florida!"

"Florida?" He shrugged. Bertha caught the shrug.

"You don't mean you're not going then?" she exclaimed, and a smile, the smile visibly sardonic, curled on Fargo's lip.

"Florida's done for, Mrs. Maddox."

Done for? She was mildly bewildered. His tone, too, was queer. "But I thought you had it all arranged. Miss Harcourt had it fixed with you."

"Yes," said Fargo, grinning, "but now along with Florida—I'm done for too."

"You?"

"Hasn't your husband told you, Mrs. Maddox?"

Her husband? He had told her nothing. She caught her breath, though she did not betray herself to Fargo.

"You mean that your engagement is broken?"

It was pretty direct, that question. It was blunt and it was intimate. Fargo, however, seemed not to think of that. As it looked, he was willing the talk should have taken that closely personal vein.

A rumble came from him. "Yes, the engagement's broken, Mrs. Maddox. Fanny broke it Saturday night. It was after your husband left."

Bertha gasped. She knew now, too, that the color had gone out of her cheeks. "You mean Charley—my husband—that he had anything to do with breaking it off?"

Fargo made no bones of the blunt truth.

"He had everything to do with it. He came out there and talked to her. I never stood a chance."

The waiter arriving at that moment with the consommé gave Bertha a chance to get herself together.

So this, then, was it! She could feel her breath drum hollowly. The blood was surging in her ears. To think that was how she had been fooled! About Bertha, though, were none of the usual pitiful, painful reactions familiarly associated with the stricken woman, the wife. She did not droop. She had not wilted at what she had learned. After the shock of the initial blow had passed, she was, instead, laced with a slow cold anger that stiffened and armored her. If, in other words, she had been tricked and befuddled by the man she loved, she would not lie down now and let him trample her. Oh, no! If she had been struck, she could strike back. It was the one way a woman could teach a man like him respect.

She had no doubt of what Fargo told her. She herself had, of course, made a fumble on Saturday of what she had suspected; but nevertheless she had been right. The mere identity of the woman was unimportant.

It might be one woman or again another; that was nothing. However, in this instance there was a concise corroboration that left no doubt of the facts. Her husband had admitted, hadn't he, that he once had loved this Fanny Harcourt? Either that or he had admitted having courted her; it amounted to the same thing. And this in mind, Bertha saw the rest of it. If that girl had refused him before because he had no money, money now was no barrier. Now that Charley Maddox was successful, Fanny Harcourt had picked him up as she would have picked up a glove she had dropped. And what, far more, was worse, more shameful, Charley Maddox was willing to let her.

Bertha looked up from her consommé. With Fargo watching her, she had gone on sipping it methodically. "Just why did you tell me all this, Mr. Fargo?" she inquired

"About your husband?"

"My husband and that girl—yes."

"Because the chance was too good to be missed," he answered deliberately.

"A chance for what?" questioned Bertha.

"To hit back at him," supplied Fargo.

Bertha nodded. She rather admired him for his blunt frankness, almost brutal as it was. It confirmed her own opinion that the thing for her to do was to strike back too. She hadn't decided as yet in just which way she meant to strike, but she meant to do it somehow. She would think up a plan. When she had it formed she would coolly carry it into effect.

She did not go to Mrs. Hodge's that afternoon; neither did she join the other women at their committee meeting. Having finished with his cigarette, Fargo pushed back his chair and was preparing to rise when she stopped him. "Don't go, Mr. Fargo. Sit and talk to me, won't you?"

He looked at her from under his heavy lids. "Don't you think I've said enough?" he inquired, and Bertha smiled.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" she said cheerfully.

He looked at her a moment. "Do you mean you want me to talk about Fanny?" he suggested sardonically.

"Her?" Bertha laughed. "Why not talk of something interesting?" she responded.

Fargo grinned. "Well, you are a cool hand!" he remarked.

"A woman is a simpleton if she isn't," assented Bertha.

Fargo drew out his cigarette case again. "Have one?" he asked. "Thanks," murmured Bertha. She had finished with the consommé and had begun on her salad, but she took one of his cigarettes and lighted it. The cigarette in one hand, the fork in the other, she went on eating and smoking together, a bite of salad, presently a puff of smoke. It seemed insouciant. Fargo's eyes smiled lazily as he watched her.

"You know," he drawled, "you don't seem to me like the woman I met before. The change is—well, surprising."

"Indeed? Surprising in what way, for example?"

Fargo made a slight movement with his heavy shoulders. "Older. Better seasoned. More sure of yourself."

Bertha had to laugh. She did not resent the purely personal trend the talk had frankly taken. She rather enjoyed it. It was a chance to show him and perhaps those friends of his that Charley Maddox's wife was not the dowd, the untaught and untrained little nobody they perhaps had been led to think she was.

"I know what you mean," she said amusedly; "you're thinking of the show I made of myself the night you met me. I'd lost my temper, if you care to know."

"Yes, I see now," nodded Fargo; "she was there, I remember."

"She?" Bertha looked at him indolently. "If you mean Fanny Harcourt, don't be silly! What had happened was that we had some of my husband's business friends in tow—vulgar people. Their noisiness and vulgarity got on my nerves. As for that girl, your late lady love—oh, yes, my husband's too—I'd never so much as heard of her before, much less seen her."

Fargo leaned back on his chair. "You look a lot like Fanny, I suppose you know?"

"Yes; she's fortunate," nodded Bertha.

Fargo laughed aloud. "Perfect!" he chuckled.

Bertha nodded to the waiter to take her plate; and nonchalantly she dipped her finger tips in the finger bowl the man set before her.

"I'll tell you a little something, Mr. Fargo. Since you don't seem able to wrench yourself away from the topic, it's my impression that you're not so hopelessly and woefully smitten with that girl as you pretend."

Fargo leaned back a little farther. "Really? You interest me," he mocked.

"I think I do," nodded Bertha. "If you were—you know, smitten—you wouldn't have been likely to make me the repository of your woes. You are principally sore, not lovesick; that's your present malady. Of course, I'm frankly personal, I know, in saying this; but that's what our talk has been, hasn't it?—personal. However, as you started it, I may as well continue. You are sore; and instead of having a pathetic wish to weep your heart out, your desire is to break someone's head. The someone's head, too, happens to be my husband's; though I do not think I can blame you. If I were a man I'd have the same inclination. If I were like you, a successful man, I'd more than ever have it. You are accustomed, in your success, to getting what you wish, and if others get in your way you crush them. The long and short of it," added Bertha, "is that having decided you would have Fanny Harcourt, and then losing her, it's not the loss of Fanny herself you mind; it's that you have failed in your plans—failed in what you set out to do. . . . Well?"

It was outlandish, Bertha knew. One ordinarily does not talk to men like that—strangers especially. But that she had landed fair, hit the mark, she knew accurately. The look in Fargo's eye told her so.

The look was sardonic. "H'm—interesting," he remarked. "Pathological, too," added Fargo.

"Isn't it?" acquiesced Bertha.

"And where does it all get us?" inquired Fargo.

"I was coming to that," said Bertha. She smiled at him. "You've helped me—helped unwittingly, perhaps; but you have done it; and perhaps sometime I can help you. I don't know how; I don't even know that I ever can. Just the same, here's a bit of advice I can give you: If ever you pick another woman for your truly own, be sure of one thing about her—that the woman is one who knows her own mind."

Fargo grinned. "It's a good wager you know yours," he said, and Bertha took the cigarette from between her lips.

"Thanks. You may be sure I do!" she said.

They talked for a few minutes longer. Bertha called for her check; and while the waiter was getting it, Fargo leaned his arms on the table, his eyes smiling across at her.

"Doing anything tomorrow, Mrs. Maddox?"

Bertha looked at him leisurely. "I don't know—why?"

"How about lunching together?"

"I might," she answered carelessly.

"If you decide, telephone me," said Fargo.

She went straight home. She wished quiet as well as solitude in which to think things over. Before she settled herself to it, though, and even before she had taken off her hat and furs, on a chance she went direct to the closet where Charley Maddox's things were hanging.

This time success rewarded her. It was in the breast pocket of the tweeds he'd worn on Sunday.

She had no sense of vulgarly prying. No feeling of underhandedness dissuaded her. "Charley," the brief note read, "I'm out on Long Island at the Congdons'. Come to me; I'm desperate. Be here Sunday morning."

The signature was simply "Fanny." After she had read it again she replaced the note where she had found it. She was neither hysterical nor overwrought. Cool, practical, prepared, she meant to let him have no inkling that she knew.

She was dressing leisurely before the glass that evening when he came in. "Hello, dear!" greeted Bertha. "Have a nice day downtown?"

And that note was not all she had found either. In his pocket with Fanny Harcourt's note was his private check book, and on the final stub was the entry of a check drawn to that man over in Brooklyn—Baronov. The amount was for a hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred dollars; and, as Bertha saw, her eyes narrowing, if he had paid out that much from his personal account, he must have had the money. He must have had much more, to be blunt.

So he had been holding out on her, had he? Why?

xx

WHY? Why, indeed? To put it plainly, it was this question rather than the rest of what had happened to her that piqued if not outraged Bertha the most. All that afternoon she sat there, her mind filled with it. She must think it out, she knew.

The affair of Fanny Harcourt seemed secondary. If Charley meant, as it looked, to go back to his former flame, she, Bertha, would not raise a hand to stop him. Let him go if he liked! The other way, though, in which her husband had tried to trick her was a different, more significant happening. She was, in fact, shocked that the man she had done so much to help should try to deceive her in a way so calculated and deliberate. As she asked herself, Whose money was it? Who had made it possible for him to get that money? But for her, Charley Maddox would have still remained a penniless clerk, grubbing away his life in some dingy downtown office. And this was how he had repaid her!

Bertha shook as she thought of it. One may imagine her bitterness. It was a discovery, to be frank, that might have embittered any woman. She was not the sort, however, to brood. For one thing, she was too vitally energetic to let herself lapse into a state so morbid and so futile; besides which, the picture of Mrs. Hodge was too fresh in her mind to be overlooked. Mrs. Hodge, defeated, might mope away her life in misery—not Bertha, though! And alert now to what was in the wind, she wasted little time in vain wretchedness. She must keep her head, she knew. She told herself, too, with a sturdy detachment from emotional impulses and other feminine weaknesses, that she must exert her common sense. However, though she now was quite self-collected and calm, she could not altogether rid herself of the anger he had excited in her by that trick he had played, the way he had been secretly hiding away his money. A safe wager, of course, the Harcourt girl had put him up to that. He hadn't the sly imagination to think it up himself; though all that is beside the mark.

(Continued on Page 127)

Fight preventable fire with common sense

Once upon a time the roar of cannon, the racket of giant crackers featured every Fourth of July celebration—and disaster, death and crippling injury featured the news on the following day.

Celebrations there will be next month, throughout the land. But the part played by fireworks will be carefully supervised in every home and every community where common-sense controls the activities of the day.

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Snider's

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add zest

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Bertha had her future course mapped fully out and planned before Charley Maddox came uptown that night.

They were dining out as usual. Afterward they were going to a theater, though not with their usual sort of guests. When Charley told her whom he had invited, merely as a whim, too, Bertha had stared "Those people!" she had exclaimed.

"Why not?" demanded Charley.

"But they haven't any money!" she returned.

They were not, in fact, customers. The guests were their former neighbors, Pease and his wife, the pair that had lived next door in the four-room flat uptown. Frankly Bertha wondered at his unreflecting impulsiveness and lack of foresight; but Charley was adamant. "I don't care what you say, they were decent to us when we hadn't anything. I want to show them I haven't forgotten their kindness; so I've asked them to dinner."

"But at Armand's, Charley?" Armand's was, in fact, one of the smartest restaurants in the Park Avenue quarter. "They're not used to such places. And think of having any of our friends see them!"

She was right. Pease was likely enough to turn up in his business clothes. Worse than that, he might hire a dress suit for the occasion.

"Just the same," Charley said stubbornly, "they're going with us."

Bertha had said no more. It was no moment then to make a stand, much less was it now one. She dressed herself and was ready before Charley. When he eventually came out into the living room she had the lease of the new apartment lying open on her writing table. "The agents say to sign it here," she said. She quietly dipped a pen into the ink and held it out.

"Sign here? Sign what?" he asked stupidly.

She told him what it was he had to sign. "You know you said I was to take the apartment," she reminded.

He picked up the lease and began to turn over its pages. "What? Nearly eight thousand a year?—only four rooms too?"

"Five, Charley. There's a dressing room also."

"And a three-year lease!" he ejaculated.

"I saved money by taking it for three years," Bertha answered evenly. And she added, what she'd saved would help toward the decorations.

"The decorations!" He stopped glancing over the lease and looked at her. "And how much are those?"

Not more than three or four thousand, she thought, and he gave another exclamation.

"Four thousand! How much do you think I've got, Bertha? I'm not made of money, you know."

"I'm not so sure of that," Bertha said.

Her eyes were on him. It was almost on her mind to tax him with what she knew his deceit, the money he had made without telling her. Charley's eyes dropped, however, before her even, level look; and confused and uncomfortable, he took the pen, dipped it again in the ink and wrote his name. Then, after he had stared at the paper on the desk for a while, he spoke again: "I've got to say something, Bertha. I'm making money enough, but we ought to pull in our horns somewhere. We mustn't go on spending the way we have."

She smiled obscurely. "Why not? You said you were making enough."

"I know, Bee. I may not always be able to make it though."

She smiled again. "I see. So you want to cut me down?"

"I want to cut down my own expenses, too, Bertha."

"Why?"

"I've told you—so we won't spend so much."

"And to do that, you mean to limit me?"

"But, Bertha—"

She was again looking at him steadily. "So that you can tuck it away in some bank?" she asked.

He did not answer. She did not expect that he would. Again his eyes fell uncomfortably, and with a shrug she turned away. She knew, frankly, exactly where she stood now. He not only was secretly hiding away his funds; she had as good as guessed now why he was doing it, and in that instant she knew that what she had mapped out and planned was the one course she must pursue. No use now to confront him with his treachery. It would do no good even to let him see that she suspected. If it was to be a game of wits, she felt with renewed certainty that she would not come out second best. She laughed inwardly, in fact, at the thought anyone so guileless and chuckleheaded as her husband was could think to hoodwink her

"Get a cab, Charley," she directed; "I'll be right along."

"I thought you were ready," he returned.

"I will be by the time you have the cab," she replied

She went into the bedroom and made a pretense of looking for something in the bureau drawers. Then, when she heard the door close and her husband's footsteps retreated along the hall, she went hurriedly to the telephone. She knew the number she wanted, and when the operator answered she gave it. Presently she got her connection.

"Is Mr. Fargo in the club?" asked Bertha.

There was a pause. During it, Bertha looked at her finger tips, then rubbed her nails lightly on the sleeve of her evening wrap. A brief while afterward a voice spoke at the other end of the wire.

"Hello! Is that you?" she said. Her eyes were bright. "This is Bertha Maddox. I rang up to say I'll have luncheon with you tomorrow. I'd love to."

A pleasant, friendly voice came in answer. "Thanks. That's nice of you. I'll love to, too, Bertha."

Bertha? She was a bit nonplused. "Aren't you rather—well, rushing things?" she asked.

Fargo laughed. "I don't know. Am I?" he returned.

Bertha laughed amusedly. "All right—Jim," she replied, "I'll be at the same place at the same time tomorrow—one o'clock sharp. And don't you dare to keep me waiting!"

She was smiling faintly as she reached the street. She still was smiling as she got into the cab Charley Maddox had in waiting. "Give me a cigarette," she directed negligently; and when she had taken the cigarette from his case and lighted it she leaned back in a corner of the cab, her head nestling luxuriously in the furs of her wrap, and puffed out the smoke reflectively. She had her plans all made indeed.

First the apartment. After it had been furnished and thoroughly decorated to her taste, she meant to settle down there as in a stronghold. Then, if in his underhanded effort to crimp and cheapen her career, Charley Maddox went on complaining of the way she lived, she would show him what living really meant. For why should she deny herself? Why should she be made to skimp and stint in any way? One thing, at all events, would be certain: If she herself was not to enjoy the fruits of all she had suffered and endured to attain, she meant to make sure no other woman should none—no woman. No, no, no!

"Why, Bee!" The exclamation Charley Maddox gave was startled. He peered at her sharply in the light of a passing street lamp. "You are not crying, are you?"

Bertha flung her cigarette through the open window. At the same time she dashed a hand across her eyes. "Let me alone! Don't speak to me!" she cried angrily.

It was in April, a month later, that she moved into the new apartment.

XXI

ONE may as well make haste now. In that brief interval, the time at hand, they themselves perhaps saw nothing, nor would it have been apparent, perhaps, to the casual observer; but the shadow of the impending climax now was treading close upon their heels. In fact, it is because of this that one has that sense of haste, of hurried happenings onrushing and inexorable. Thus, if Bertha Maddox had fixed on that new home of hers as a goal, a definite achievement, it was such in more ways than one—not in any way she could have imagined though.

Winter had gone. Already in the streets the last sooty mounds of snow had melted, the last raw gusts of February and March had blown themselves away; and in the afternoons, when she found time to take a turn around the park in her new car, she saw that the grass was tinged with green and that the elms and oaks were budding. She had bought the car with the special custom-built body, it developed. There had been another tilt, of course, when she broke the news to Charley Maddox—an outburst that very nearly had turned into a vulgar scene—yet she had had her way.

The car, a cabriolet with a collapsible leather top, made a pretty show, and to drive it, Bertha had engaged a young Frenchman for a chauffeur. "H'm," said Fargo, when he first saw the cabriolet, "you seem to have a taste in cars, Bertha."

Bertha smiled indolently. "Not only just in cars, you'll find," she replied. It was true too. If Fargo had seen the new apartment and the way in which she was furnishing and redecorating it, he would have had an impressive confidence in her taste—in her lavish method, too, of expressing it.

She stepped into the cabriolet and made room for him beside her. "Where to?" asked Fargo. "The Monastery?" The place was an inn up near Riverside Drive. Bertha, however, shook her head. "We were there yesterday, Jim; we mustn't be seen too often in the same place. People, you know, might talk."

"Suit yourself," grinned Fargo; and after a moment's reflection, Bertha decided. They could drive out along the Boston Post Road, and if they saw a nice place to have tea they could stop there. Otherwise they could drive about for a while, then turn back.

"*Allez*, Michel," directed Bertha.

It was only two or three times a week, though, that Bertha found time to give an afternoon to Fargo. Her time was almost entirely involved with the decorators and the furnishers. There were chairs, sofas and divans to be selected: the decorators had tried not less than three different color schemes in the drawing-room before they chanced on the one that suited. Then, though it would seem to have been simple, the choice of chairs and tables and other settings had been difficult in as much as she had decided on having it a period room.

In a few days now she was to take possession, and to signalize the event she planned a small dinner. The Fair Lane cuisine, as she already had learned, was exceptional, and she had decided on covers for six. It would be served in the drawing-room—that was the smart thing nowadays in these high-class apartments that had no dining rooms—and afterward she and the guests could cut in for a little bridge. "I'm asking you, Jim," she announced.

Fargo's eyes widened briefly in a stare. "Rather like crowding the mourners, isn't it?" he asked.

Bertha laughed spontaneously. "You mean sitting at the same table with my husband?"

Fargo nodded deliberately. "A bit," he drawled, and Bertha tossed her head.

"Don't be silly, Jim. If he had his way, in all probability my husband would invite your old lady love, your Fanny."

"Not mine," growled Fargo—"not now."

Bertha knew it without being told. She had begun to feel a sort of fascination in Fargo. He was a big, almost formidable figure in his bulk and his ruthless self-sure indifference, the trait of all men whose success is firmly established. He was self-made, too, and proud of it. He had, in fact,

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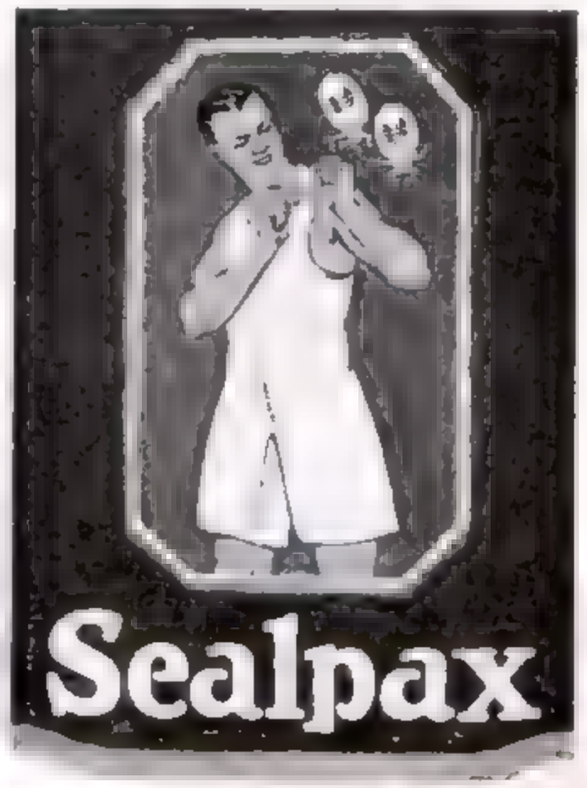

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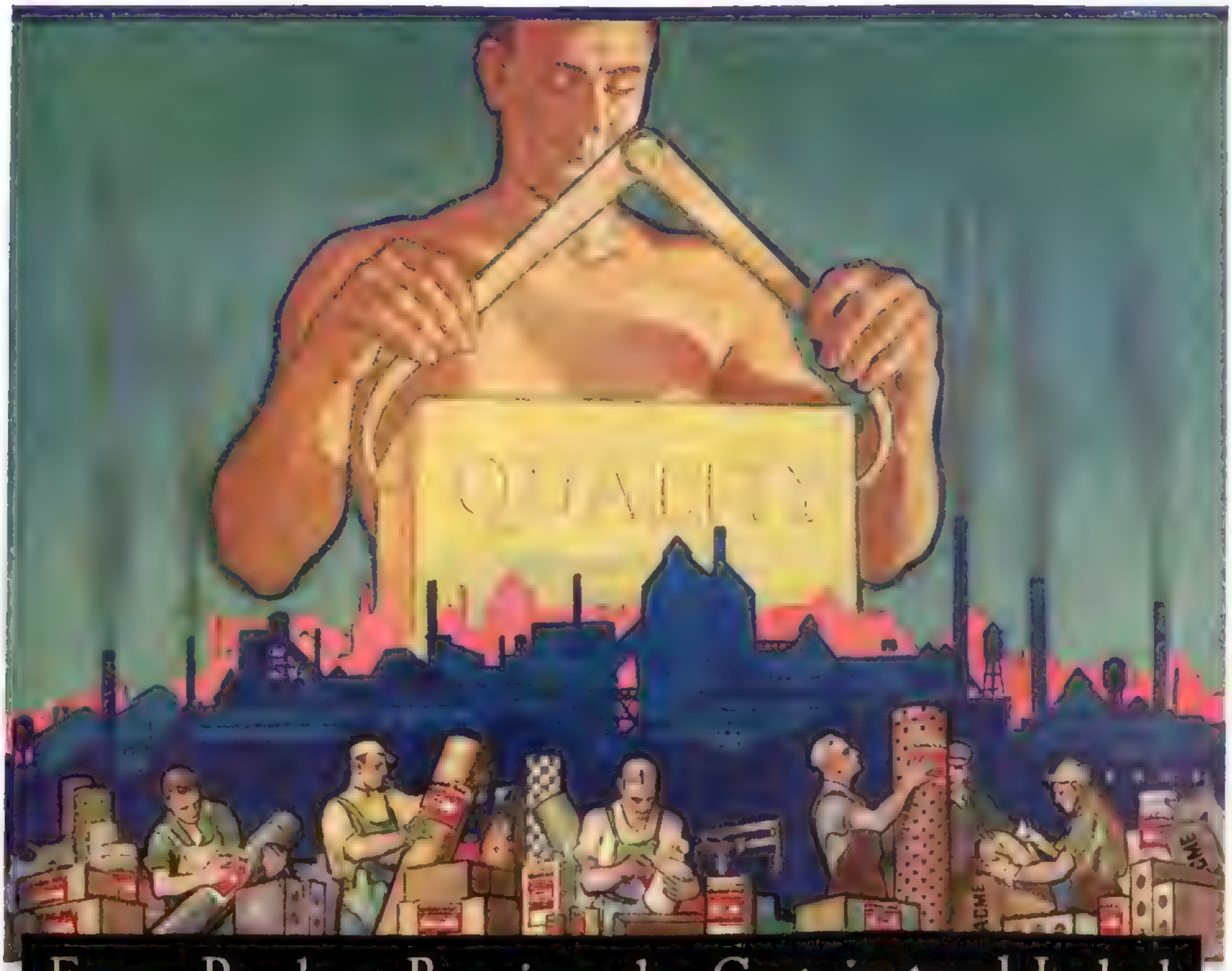

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OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

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lifted himself by his own boot straps into place and power; but in that he prided himself less on its rewards and the wealth it had brought him than he did on the way the wealth had been made. That is to say, if he had built a fortune, he had built with it something more than the mere money. A sort of empire lay behind the Northwest railroad he managed and virtually owned. Some day, when the country there at its back developed, it would be a big and powerful section of the continent; and, as Fargo said, in doing that he had made money, not merely "got" it.

The observation, that remark and the distinction it made, somehow startled Bertha. She had not looked at it in that way before. "You interest me, Jim," she murmured.

Fargo gave her another of his slow, somewhat oxlike looks.

"I wouldn't wonder if that was what I meant to do," he returned.

Bertha made no reply. She had a definite plan here as elsewhere. So far as Fargo was concerned, and whatever his interest in her might be, she was not more than mildly interested as yet. She had reason to believe him serious in intent. She had really known him only a few brief weeks, but she saw without vanity that he was somehow stirred by her. And she saw, too, whatever her hold over him was, its power was her indifference. He must not think he had any hold over her. She must steadily keep him at a certain distance. Shrewdly she realized that he was, as so many men are, a good deal like a child in one thing—the less he was able to get a thing he wanted, the more he wanted it.

That had been the trouble before. That was why she had lost her grip on the other man—her husband. She was certain that if she hadn't been so weak-spined and indulgent with Charley Maddox, giving in to him irresolutely in the wish to have him satisfied, Charley now would not have slipped out of her grip. The fact is the breach between them had grown wider. It had now the aspect of a gulf.

They were less and less together. He had almost given up taking her out at night. Not that this, though, gave her much regret, since she long had wearied of the interminable evenings spent at some restaurant or a theater or a night club with the stodgy, dowdy people to whom he was trying to sell his stupid bonds. Or was it stocks? It was one or the other, a matter of slight importance either way; though she had not forgotten the first evening when he'd told her she must stay home.

"You say you don't wish me to go? Why not?"

His look was uncomfortable. "I don't want you mixed up in it," he mumbled, and her lip had curled.

"That's no answer. Funny you should have grown so careful of me all at once! Are they just some of the people you're selling stuff to?" Charley muttered a reluctant yes, and she had smiled amusedly. "And you don't wish me to meet them—mix up with them, as you say?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I don't want to say," he replied.

He didn't need to say. She knew—or she was sure she knew—exactly with whom he meant to spend the evening. As if any of that buncombe—business, business acquaintances—could fool her now. Once he had dressed and left, Bertha had gone directly to the telephone. "Take me out somewhere, Jim; I'm lonely," she had telephoned.

She wished, though, that when she spoke to Fargo about the dinner she was giving he had taken it in a less critical way. The last thing she intended was that he should think her disloyal to her husband. Rather he must be made to see that Charley Maddox was the disloyal one. She realized shrewdly enough, in fact, the effect a woman's disloyalty has on any man, no matter what the provocation. If she and her husband were to break, she intended fully that her position should not be altered—that she had made every effort her self-respect permitted to prevent the break. She would be dignified, too, no matter what. She even went so far, when Fargo made some slighting reference to Charley's business associates, as to resent the remark. "That pair of housebreakers," he termed Harnett and Gershon.

"You mustn't say that!" she said.

"Why not?" he inquired. "They are, aren't they?"

"It makes no difference," replied Bertha decisively; "you forget my husband. I'm still married to him, you know, and he is their partner."

Fargo whistled softly. "Well, you are a wonder, Bertha!" he remarked.

Bertha smiled at the remark and a certain element of admiration it expressed. She might not have smiled in such satisfaction, however, had she glanced out of the window of the cabriolet.

The car was at the curb in front of the restaurant where she and Fargo had had luncheon. It was the day before she was to take possession of the new suite at the Fair Lane; and as she stepped into the car, then made room for Fargo, whom she was dropping at his uptown offices, two men moved in leisurely from the corner where they had been standing and edged down toward the car. One was a youngish, lean-faced fellow with quick ratty eyes; the other was middle-aged and thickset, with the stub of a cigar set rakishly in the corner of his mouth. Rolling the cigar over between his jaws, he spoke sidewise to his companion: "That's the dame, Buck. Hop a taxi and trail along. I'll be waiting out front of husband's hotel when you've made that big guy with her and where he goes."

He pulled the brim of his hat down over his eyes and sauntered off. That evening when Charley Maddox came uptown the two men were standing in the shadow of a doorway up the street, though Charley didn't see them. He had an engagement that evening and he was hurrying. His pace was brisk, almost feverish. As he passed through the main entrance hall and headed toward the elevator, the clerk at the desk looked up at him, staring curiously. Charley, however, didn't see the clerk, or the clerk's look either. There were lines about his mouth, and the hollows he'd had of late beneath his eyes seemed to have grown deeper. Upstairs, as he unlatched the door, Bertha was dressing. "That you?" she asked.

"Yes, Bertha," answered Charley.

He took off his hat and coat and came into the bedroom. Hastily Bertha flung a negligee over her bare shoulders, and halting for a moment, Charley fumbled in his breast pocket. "I—I've brought you something, Bee," he said hesitantly, and crossing toward the bureau where she stood, he pulled a flat leather case from his pocket. "It's something I happened to see, and I thought you might like it." He smiled shyly. "It's Russian, they said."

Bertha reached out her hand for the leather case. A flat platinum bracelet lay inside. Set in the center of it was a *cabochon* of unusual size and purity, so that even Bertha was a little startled. She repressed herself, however. "Yes, very nice," she murmured, and after giving the bracelet another glance, she dropped it into a drawer in the bureau. "Thanks, Charley," she murmured.

Charley was gazing at her. "Thanks?" he repeated. "Is that all, Bee, you can say?"

Bertha had resumed her dressing. She stopped momentarily. "Why, what else is there to say?"

"Can't you kiss me? It's a long time since you have," said Charley.

Bertha went on dressing. "You're going out tonight, I suppose?"

"Yes, Bertha."

"A business engagement, I infer," she remarked, her accent stressing the "business."

"Yes." After a moment he spoke again. "I am going up to see Reade," he began,

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ALBERT LEA, MINN.
Branches in New York and San Francisco

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
Dept. K. 18, Albert Lea, Minn.
Send me full particulars about Albert Lea Kitchenkooks, and name of nearest dealer
Name
Address

England acclaims America's choice of *swimming suits*

At Brighton, Henley, Bournemouth . . . at all the famous English beaches, "Jantzen rules the waves." For active swimming is the vogue in Europe, even as in America today.

What a contrast with the timid wading of other days! The change is notable wherever you go. Throngs of graceful, dashing figures, plunging in the water—actively swimming.

And look at the trim-looking suits they're wearing! Note the Jantzens! Tightly knitted by a process called Jantzen-stitch. Long-fibred wool entirely. These suits fit smartly—without a wrinkle. And light as a summer breeze. The elasticity of fabric made this way, explains why a Jantzen *retains* its fit.

The stores are showing Jantzens now in distinctive colors. And being dyed-in-the-wool, they're color-fast. Jantzen's size-by-weight system insures perfect fit.

Ask your merchant for red diving girl sticker or send us 4c for two. Style sheet sent free upon request. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada

Entrance to Selfridge's, the great London department store, where Jantzen suits are always in demand.

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

when her low exclamation cut him short: "That fellow?" Charley went on steadily. "I want to talk to him. I—I need his help in something; but if you say so, Bertha, I won't go. I'll stay home with you if you like."

"Thanks, don't bother," replied Bertha.

Charley was silent for a moment, a troubled look on his face. "I wish you could be a little kind, Bee." She saw his lip tremble boyishly. "I'd like it if you would be tonight." Why tonight? Why then more than any other time? Charley gave her a thin smile. "I'm frightfully tired, Bee."

Was he? If he was, though she didn't say so, why didn't he go where he could get rest and consolation? She thought she could name the place, the person, too, who would give it to him.

"Won't you kiss me, Bertha?"

"Don't be mawkish," Bertha told him.

XXII

THEY moved on the day following. The decorators had finished, the furniture was in place. In fact, Bertha could have had possession three or four days earlier had it been necessary; but, wisely, she had wished to have everything effectively at its best when she gave her dinner. The dinner was to be the first of a little series she had planned to round out the season. Afterward, as a rest for her, she meant to go away for a while to one or two places she had in mind—Narragansett, Fisher's Island, perhaps the Jersey shore. She had heard that Southampton was very nice.

Besides Fargo, there were to be three other guests at tonight's dinner. Two were Mrs. Howlands and her husband, Mrs. Howlands being the woman who had introduced Bertha to those other smart women, the ones interested in Dawn Harbor, the home for narcotic cases. Howlands was some sort of professional man, Bertha didn't know what; but as his name frequently was mentioned in the newspapers as a member of various committees, she fancied it would do to have him meet Fargo. The third guest, however, had caused her somewhat more concern to select. The problem was to find a suitable unattached woman—one to round out the party; but when Bertha tried to think of one who would be available she was nonplused, not to say disconcerted, to find how few people she really knew. Having dropped her old acquaintances, the friends of her early and seedy married life, she had not had time to take on very many newer ones. Finally she compromised by telephoning Flora Beals.

Since that memorable morning when Flora had telephoned last, Bertha had seen nothing of her erstwhile intimate. Apparently, however, Mrs. Beals' philosophy was forgive and forget, for she accepted readily, if not eagerly. "Is Mr. Fargo coming too?" she asked.

For a moment Bertha was conscious of a little shock. What did that woman know of Fargo? How had she heard that Bertha even knew Fargo? She managed to control her voice, however, when she replied, her tone distant, "Why do you ask, Flora?"

Mrs. Beals gave a light, gurgling laugh. "I've heard, my dear; A little bird whispered it to me." Then again she laughed indulgently. "You sly puss! Think of you capturing a man like him! I mean for dinner, of course," added Mrs. Beals.

Bertha was sorry she had telephoned her. She knew now, and impressively, how she disliked and distrusted Flora Beals. How was it that Mrs. Beals knew her affairs so intimately? It was not the first time the woman had betrayed that secret knowledge. However, it was no time at the moment to think of that. There was too much on her hands to let herself be fussed by anything so slight and inconsequential as Flora Beals or Flora's curious activities. After this, though, Bertha would drop her, naturally. Hurriedly she went on with her final arrangements.

It was along toward four o'clock when the last bag was packed and locked. The trunks had gone the day before. Downstairs the car was waiting.

What a day! Bertha felt she never had known one more hectic. She had awakened at eight, two hours or more before the usual moment; and somewhat to her astonishment, she had found that Charley Maddox already had dressed and gone. Queer, that. He seldom left before half-past nine. She had wished to speak to him, besides; to warn him that he must not be late in getting home. Furthermore, when she rang up the office later she was told that he was not there. The same reply was given to her when she telephoned at noon. She left word that he was to ring her up the instant he came in.

At half-past three Charley had not yet telephoned. She was too frantically busy now, however, to think of that. One delay after another had followed throughout the day—the storage van hadn't come for the furniture, the maid she had engaged to help pack the bags proved clumsy and inefficient, so that the bags had to be repacked twice; in one of the closets, at the last moment, she found at least a trunkful of things Charley Maddox had neglected to pack. However, around noon the moving van arrived, and after that, things went better.

The van was taking the old furniture to the auction rooms. Naturally, even though it had been in use only a few brief months, not a stick of it was fit for the Fair Lane suite, and with relief she saw it go. It seemed, at any rate, somehow to symbolize if not directly link her to that drab, sordid life she had left so far behind now—the time when she had existed miserably in that uptown four-room flat. True, when she had bought the things she'd thought them smart, effective, and the memory made her smile. She had gone far since then. As she reflected, too, she had still to go farther; and when she tipped the movers after they had carried out the last chair, the final table and the rococo gilt-legged sofa, the three men were perhaps astonished at the generosity of the tip, its munificence.

Michel, the chauffeur, had taken her personal bag. The others had been sent in a cab. In her own hand Bertha carried her jewel case, and after a final look about her, and a shrug, she went downstairs.

"If you please, Mrs. Maddox," said the clerk, hurrying toward her.

He had a paper in his hand. "What is this?" asked Bertha.

The clerk said it was the month's bill to date, and Bertha stared. "Send it to my husband's office," she directed.

She was almost at the door when the clerk intercepted her. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Maddox; it is the management's orders. We must be paid before your bags and the furniture go."

Bertha hardly could believe her ears. "What! You mean that they haven't left?"

"No, madam. The porter is holding them."

She was white. Her indignation shook her. She could not believe that because she was leaving their seedy second-rate establishment they would dare subject her to such an indignity. Her eyes flashing, she took the bill from the clerk, glanced at it, and then opened her hand bag. The bill amounted to something a little over seven hundred dollars, and she fortunately had her check book with her.

She still could hardly believe her ears when she wrote out a check and handed it to the hotel clerk. "Just a moment, please," he said; and while she stood wondering and outraged, she heard him ring up her bank and ask if the check and its amount was valid. "Sorry, madam," he apologized; "it was the management's orders."

"You shall hear from this!" said Bertha icily.

She swept out of the place, her face frigid. As she did so, the clerk glanced at a thickset, stodgy-looking man seated in the lobby. He rolled over the cigar he held between his jaws and rose. Outside in the street, he signaled a cab that was standing there.

(Continued on Page 132)

Get more for your money!

If you knew what good work UNITED STATES TRUCK TIRES are doing all over town you would call up the U.S. Truck Tire Dealer *before you leave the office tonight*...

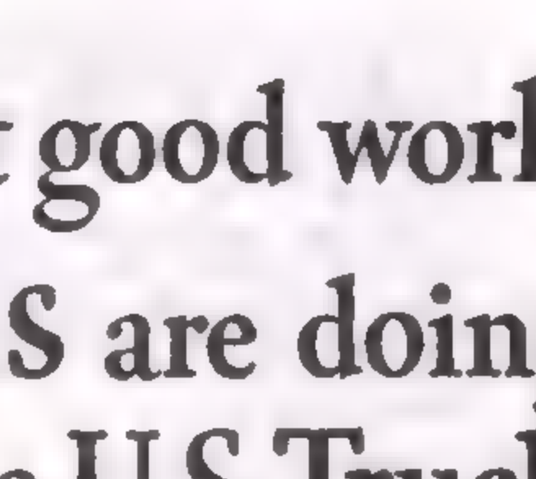
United States Heavy Service

United States Cushion

Two things he can do for you. He can give you the type of tires best adapted for your truck and the service you demand of it. He will give you the *best* tire of its type—the United States Truck Tire.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark



United States High Size

United States Twin Cushion

UNITED · STATES · TRUCK · TIRES · ARE · GOOD · TIRES

"Put the New AUTOMOBILE Pyrene Fire Extinguisher on my car before you deliver it"

"I WANT to be protected from fire, now that I can get a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher small enough for the car. I intend to do my riding without fear of what may happen—loss of the car, breaking up of a tour, or even loss of life."

The new AUTOMOBILE Pyrene Fire Extinguisher will stop any incipient automobile fire. It is as perfect in action as the regular sized Pyrene—but small enough to fit in with modern compact car design. Requires no attention—no refilling until used. Lasts the average life of three cars.

Brass Finish, $9.00 Nickel Finish, $10.00
(Complete with Bracket)

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Makers of all types of hand Fire Extinguishers, Off'N'On Tire Chains and Chromine Radiator Freeze-Proof.

A NEW Pyrene TRADE-MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Specially designed for Automobiles

Caution: *Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.*

(Continued from Page 130)

Bertha settled herself hurriedly in the cabriolet. "*Allez*, Michel," she directed. Michel touched his hat.

Uptown, however, once she arrived at the Fair Lane, her new abode, the first glimpse of the apartment, with its chaste and at the same time rich embellishments, restored her to something like her usual bright, vivid self.

The room was gorgeous with flowers, and she gave an exclamation.

"Oh, you darlings!" Bertha cried.

There was a box of roses, their stems a yard long or longer—American Beauties. Another box contained a spray—an armful, rather—of freesia. There was also a smaller box in which was a knot of waxy gardenias nestling richly against their background of metallic dark-green leaves. "Who sent these?" she asked; and smilingly, the maid handed her a card.

All three boxes were from the same source. The card was Fargo's. Fargo had sent them all; and with a sudden faint twinge of consciousness—or was it indifference?—all at once it occurred to Bertha what Charley Maddox had sent her in the way of flowers—that or any other symbol. Charley had sent her nothing.

"Ring for tea, please," Bertha directed the maid.

She had her tea. It was served to her on a Duncan Phyfe rolled-edge occasional table that stood in the effective visual center of the drawing-room. Afterward Bertha had another look about the new apartment, giving it a touch here and there to make more perfect its perfection. How lovely it looked, with its slim, delicately designed period pieces! How luxurious and alluring, too, was her bedroom, with its old-rose brocade hangings! At half-past six, with the aid of the maid, she began leisurely to dress. She had ordered a new dress for tonight—a black Chantilly lace with black chiffon—one she would have occasion to remember ever afterward, and at half-past seven she stood before the glass to give the dress and herself a final look.

"*Merveilleux! Chic! Exquis!*" murmured the maid. Bertha thought so too.

Charley had not yet come in. She grew irritated at the thought. Why, of all nights, should he choose this one on which to be late? Then, as a frown ruffled the serenity of her brows, she brushed it hastily away. Frowns mean wrinkles. She must let nothing mar the complete effectiveness of her looks and bright vivacity; and with a charming grace of lithe indolence and youth, Bertha sauntered into the drawing-room, ready to meet her guests.

It was a minute or two after half-past seven when the bolt fell.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MISFORTUNE FOLLOWS THEIR FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 17)

of the management, but that is less important than to know it from the viewpoint of the guest. Will he, or she, come again, and will he tell his friends to come to our houses? We can't tell those things from the experiences of the management. I have a man traveling about whose only duty is to report to me how it feels to be a guest of the Faraday organization. I had a girl doing the same thing; it is she I am replacing. Her usefulness ended for me because it became known that she was in my employment. You understand? It is essential that no one, in or outside of the organization, should know of your connection with it. It is not a spy system; you do not report to me on the conduct of individuals. You report on the conduct of the organization. Even my managers are not to know that you are the one doing that. I am the only one who is to know of your connection with the Faraday organization."

"I would go only where you send me?"

"Yes; I would furnish you an itinerary," said Steve.

Her eyes darkened a little and he hesitated. He wanted this girl; she was more exactly suited to his purposes than anyone he had even hoped to get for the position. He had not, indeed, so far in their interview, been able to place her; he was at a loss to know why she was answering his advertisement. It was not, he was certain, mere adventure—mere escape from ennui. He could not associate her with ennui. It was not, he thought, the need of money; that might exist, but it was not her motive. She was, he was certain, applying to him for some reason of her own, but in good faith; whatever her private reasons might be they would not affect her usefulness to him.

"Within certain limits," he said thoughtfully, "you will have discretion. I mean if information comes to you which makes you think that the Faraday organization will be benefited by your going to some hotel not on your list, your judgment as to that will be accepted. Do you take the position?"

"Yes." It was plain that he had satisfied her now.

Steve drew before him an employment form. "Let me have your full name."

"Corinne Caryl."

"Your address?"

"New York." Steve waited, and she asked, "Isn't that enough, Mr. Faraday?"

"You're from the South," said Steve.

"I was brought up in the South; yes, certainly—that is my home. But my present address is in New York with friends whom I am visiting." She leaned toward him intently. "I fill perfectly the requirements of your advertisement. I am unmarried; I have no ties to hinder me from traveling about. I am capable and I am accustomed to good surroundings and right ways of living. I could make for you exactly the kind of reports you want. I want very much to take this position." She was, Steve realized a little to his surprise, eagerly pleading to him. "You have reasons, Mr. Faraday, why you want me to be anonymous to the members of your organization. Can't you imagine that I might have perfectly honorable reasons, which would not affect my usefulness, for wanting to be anonymous to you?"

"You mean," asked Steve, "that if you told me about yourself I would know you?"

A little color crept into her cheek. "You might. Won't it be enough, Mr. Faraday, if I give you an unquestionable reference? I have brought the card of a friend with me. But give me a chance to see him first."

She arose and laid a business card on the desk. John E. Rettine was a name unknown to Steve; its possessor appeared to be vice president of a firm at Wall and Broad streets. Evidently she did not expect the name to be recognized.

"Please let Mr. Rettine know what you decide about me." She gave him her hand—a slender, lovely hand—in an impulsive, friendly grasp. Then she was gone.

Steve stood gazing at the door, his pulses perceptibly hurrying. Someone tapped; it was his secretary ready with another applicant, but Steve wanted to see no one else.

He would have gone at once to Wall and Broad streets, or have communicated with John E. Rettine, but she had asked for time to see him first. What, Steve wondered, had she meant by saying the position was exactly what she needed? Not the employment or the pay it offered, he felt certain; in some definite and particular way it met some great necessity of hers.

John E. Rettine, upon whom Steve called late that afternoon, proved to be what his card had indicated; he was the

gray-haired vice president of a firm favorably known on Broad Street, and he guaranteed Miss Corinne Caryl brusquely and completely "for any position anywhere."

"Under that name?" Steve asked dryly.

Somewhat of the brusqueness disappeared from Rettine's manner. "Caryl is not her real name," he admitted. "I know her well. She was a classmate of my daughter at Wellesley and has visited at my home, though she is not with us now. I knew her family. They were Southerners of social position. It is not remarkable that, in taking a business position, she prefers to use a name which has not those associations."

"That's understandable," said Steve. "Will you tell Miss Caryl that I engage her and will see her in the same office at the same time tomorrow morning?"

At eleven the following morning Steve, therefore, was at the Madison Avenue office. The girl did not disappoint him. Steve had ready for her an itinerary with the names of his hotels and a mass of letters composed of complaints and complimentary letters from guests addressed to the managements of his various houses and suggestions from employes for the improvement of the service.

The Beauregard, at Atlanta, appeared halfway down the list. When they had finished their interview, Steve was for a moment thoughtful; then he drew a pencil through the name of that hotel and rewrote it at the head of the list before he gave it to her. She left that evening for Atlanta, and her report on the Beauregard reached him the week following. It was, Steve noted, excellent, and contained one suggestion which he decided he would initiate in all Faraday houses.

Ten days later she was at his Chicago house, the Tonty, and he received from her a report even better than her first. Then, quite unaccountably she was in Memphis. Steve had no house in Memphis and that city had not been in her itinerary. She had stopped there at two hotels and she wrote him excellent comments on several features of their service. Steve replied only with his usual brief letter acknowledging the receipt of her report.

About a week later business called him for a day to his Cleveland house, the Commodore Perry. She should now be at the Perry, and he saw her name, "Corinne Caryl, New York City," on the register; but he did not try to see her nor she to see him. He received later her report on that hotel. From there she went to Denver, and some three weeks later he heard from her in St. Louis. Again, he realized, she had departed from her itinerary, and this time the departure seemed more serious. For an entire month he got no word at all from her. He became anxious and wondered whether he ought not to set on foot an inquiry as to what had become of her; but to circulate any inquiry through the managements of his hotels would, he knew, destroy her usefulness for him.

He was debating this question with himself when, returning in the late afternoon to his rooms on Park Avenue next door to his Hotel Colony, he found a communication from her. It was, as all her reports had been, on ordinary hotel stationery but not, this time, on that of any of his own hotels. The envelope carried the name of a house in Birmingham, Alabama. It had been postmarked, however, at Atlanta. Steve tore it open swiftly. He read:

Dear Mr. Faraday: I am asking you something very important. Will you please come to Atlanta to the Beauregard immediately on receipt of this? This is very important to me and I think almost as much to you. I will explain when I see you. CORINNE CARYL.

Steve had several social engagements for that evening and a number of business appointments for the day following, but he left word to cancel all of them and took the first train to Atlanta. Arriving there, he went at once to the Beauregard.

There was no need, he knew, of making any explanation of his arrival to the staff of the hotel. His policy was always to visit his houses unexpectedly and without notice that he was coming. He never registered. Montgomery greeted him, therefore, without surprise.

"Anything unusual going on?" Steve inquired of him.

"Nothing whatever."

Plainly, whatever had happened to cause Corinne Caryl to summon him to Atlanta was not known to the Beauregard's manager.

"Any development at all in that Fremont matter?"

Montgomery shook his head; the subject was sore with him.

Looking over the register, Steve saw the name of Miss Corinne Caryl, of New York, opposite Room 638. He asked for any mail for himself, but found none. He sent his bag to a room on the eighth floor by a boy and went out and sat in the lobby. He made no effort to communicate with Miss Caryl; the next move, he considered, was entirely up to her.

She would have computed when her letter would arrive in New York, she knew the trains and would have been able to judge the time of his arrival if he responded at once to her request.

He had, in fact, been waiting less than fifteen minutes when an elevator descended and Corinne Caryl emerged from it into the lobby. She passed close to him without any sign of recognition and went to the front office desk, where she looked over the register. She then left the hotel.

Her ignoring him was in accord with the instructions he had given her; she would not, in any case, have recognized him, and she perhaps had even more important personal reasons for her manner now.

He saw that he would probably have some time to wait and he went to the news stand to find something to read. As he stood looking over the publications he was aware that she had come back into the lobby. She looked quickly around, came to the news stand and inquired of the attendant:

"Will you tell me where to find the nearest bookstore?"

Receiving the direction, she went out again; and Steve put his own interpretation on her inquiry. He did not follow her to the street, but waited a few moments after she had gone and then went out by another door of the hotel and around the corner to the bookstore. She was, as he expected, there awaiting him. It was not, he realized at once, a place where they could talk.

"Shall I call a cab?" he asked, after he greeted her.

"I have one waiting," she replied. "Oh, we are not going anywhere. I thought, as you do, that it would be a good place for us to talk."

They went out to the cab and Steve waited for her to give some direction to the driver. She did not, so he himself said to the man, "Drive to a park." Then he closed the window between themselves and the driver.

She was plainly excited, he saw now as he turned back to her; she was nervous and also she was thoughtful. She smiled, however. "You don't seem to excite any great commotion in one of your own hotels, Mr. Faraday."

"What do you mean?" Steve asked her.

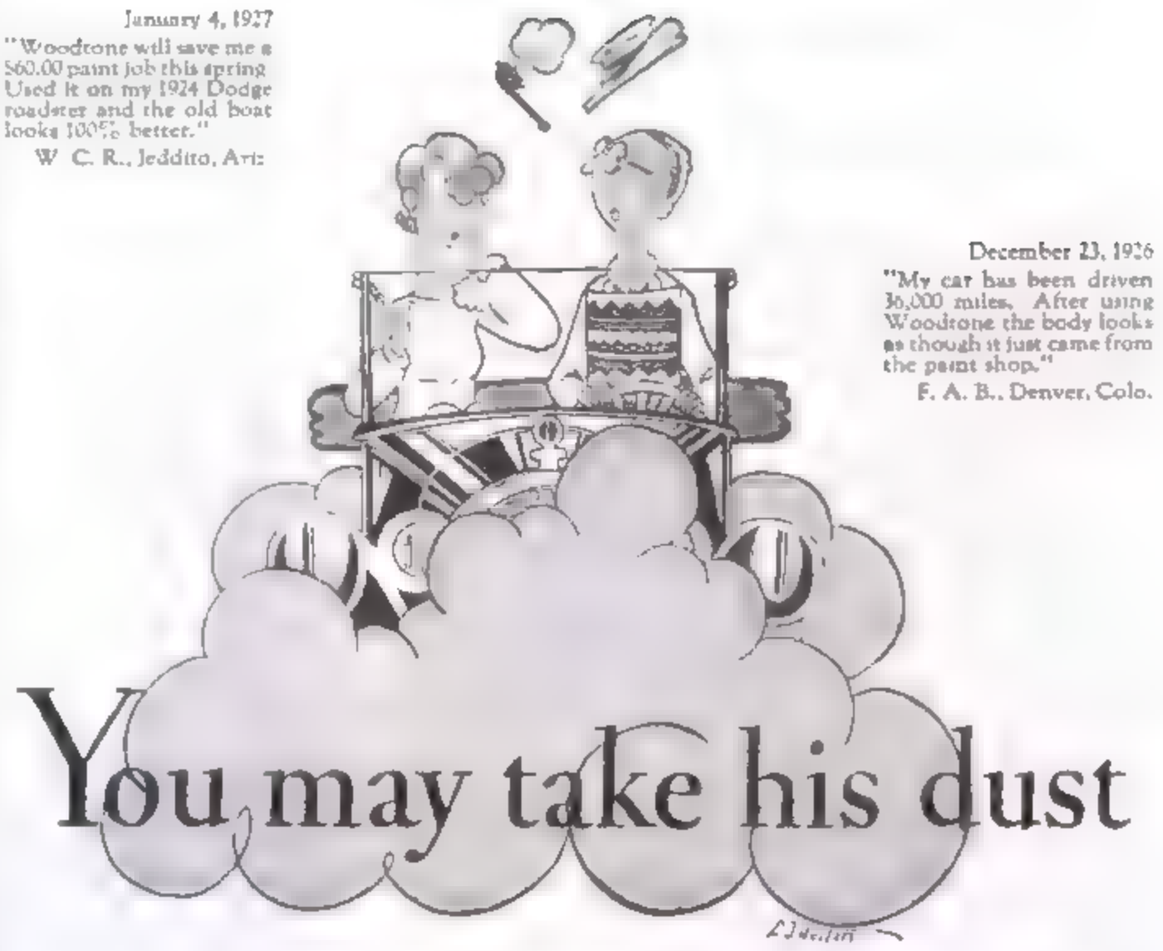
"One would think that when the proprietor, or at any rate the president, of seven great hotels arrived at one of his own houses, there would be a great rushing about of bellboys and excited consultations among clerks. Instead, I find you lounging in the lobby as though you meant no more in the hotel than any one of your own guests—were less important even; for your name was not even on the register."

He wondered what she was driving at, why she had commenced this way; he followed her lead, however. "It is one of our most definite regulations that members of the Faraday organization are to receive no different service and attentions than those given regularly to the guests,"

(Continued on Page 136)

January 4, 1927
"Woodtone will save me a $60.00 paint job this spring. Used it on my 1924 Dodge roadster and the old boat looks 100% better."
W. C. R., Jeddito, Ariz.

December 23, 1926
"My car has been driven 30,000 miles. After using Woodtone the body looks as though it just came from the paint shop."
F. A. B., Denver, Colo.



You may take his dust

....but you won't keep it!

REMEMBER the last time you polished your car? You stood back and admired the brand-new shine. And then you rolled out for the Sunday afternoon drive. Remember the homecoming? Your shining machine came back as gray as a ground mole. Dust from license plate to license plate.

You tried to dust it off—but the shine was gone! "What a waste of time," you thought.

Then you wondered how that fellow next door keeps his 3-year-old car looking bright and shiny. Boy! how he makes the old bus shine! He doesn't seem to get all lathered up doing it either. And when he comes home he just dusts it off to look like new.

Try a greaseless polish on your car

Why just stand around and wonder? Why don't you ask him what he uses! He'll probably tell you Woodtone, the new greaseless polish for furniture *and automobiles*. That's what he's using if he can dust it off. And try making finger marks on his car after he's polished it with Woodtone. They just won't "take"!

If you are one of the many car-owners who have decided to have the car painted, *try Woodtone before you spend your money for refinishing*. 50c worth of Woodtone may save you a couple of hundred dollars.

Sound too good to be true? All right, be just as skeptical as thousands of others who first sent us 6c for a **FREE** sample of Woodtone and then stuck with us as regular customers. If Woodtone isn't the finest, fastest, easiest working polish you ever tried, just say so and we'll return your postage money. That's fair enough isn't it?

For
FURNITURE

Make your own test. Compare the polish you now use with Woodtone. The free bottle of Woodtone is enough to do a dining room table or the piano. You will be amazed at the beautiful polish Woodtone gives your furniture. Being greaseless, it doesn't gather dust or show finger marks. It doesn't die out or later bring a bluish blur. And it is so easy to work with. Mail the coupon today. You'll be glad you did.

Ask your druggist for

Woodtone
TRADE MARK

the original greaseless polish for furniture and automobiles

Of course your garage, automobile accessory, grocery or department store will supply you with Woodtone

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., DEPT. S10, FAIRFIELD, CONN.

☐ Enclosed find 6c (to cover postage and mailing) for a FREE trial bottle of Woodtone.

☐ Enclosed find 30c for a 4-oz. bottle of Woodtone and Winnifred Fales' new book FREE.

Name _____ *Address* _____

A *land of unmeasured richness where the tawny Missouri flows*

When the flood of agricultural development, moving westward across the Dakotas, touched the green banks of the middle reaches of the Missouri, it halted, spreading north and south through the extraordinarily rich basin that drains into this mighty river. Here ended one of the greatest phases of the long migration westward.

Settlement in this region resulted in the swift growth of such thriving modern prairie cities and towns as Fargo, Aberdeen, Mobridge, Pierre.

Within the last ten years five new bridges have been flung across the middle Missouri. Settlement, halted for a while, is now flowing with increased impetus into the wonderful region beyond where the lofty peaks and green-clad slopes of the Black Hills rise like a lovely, incredible island above the broad prairie, and the upland plains of Montana sweep away to the Rockies.

Agriculture: Though the top soil varies in different localities, the subsoil is a free clay, rich in nitrogen and phosphates. The rolling prairie land is highly productive of a wide variety of crops. Corn, the gauge of settled agriculture, increased from 32,000,000 bushels *west of the river* in 1900 to 145,176,000 bushels in 1924. Some of the best alfalfa and alfalfa-seed land in America. All cereal and root crops for this latitude are grown with great success. Livestock flourish on the range.

Climate: A hot summer with cool, refreshing nights. A land of sunshine, with ample rain during the growing months. A dry, clear atmosphere that makes winter stimulating, and keeps country roads open all year round.

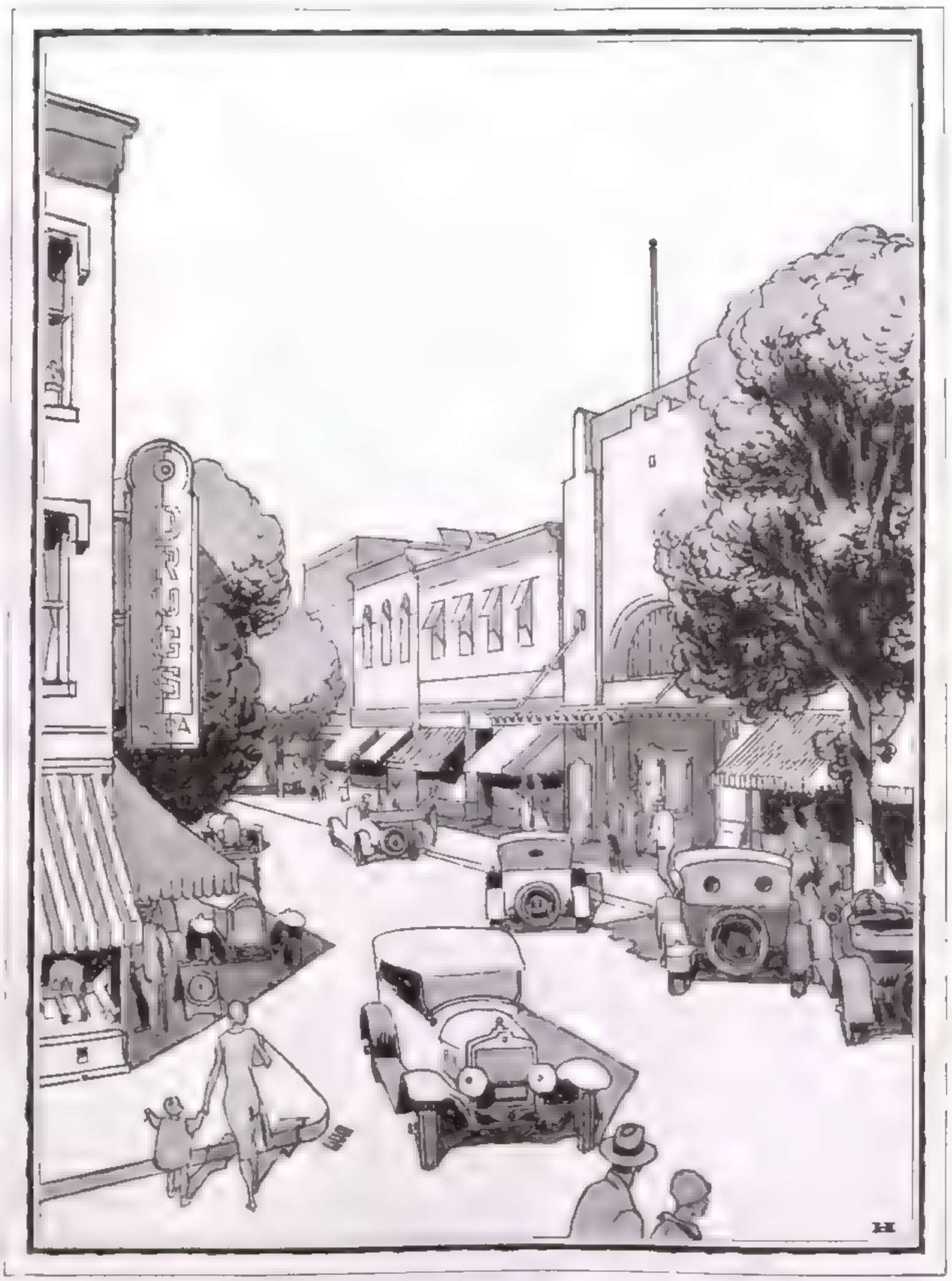
Industry: This region includes the world-famed Black Hills. These mountains—highest between the Rockies and the Alps—are said to contain the richest hundred square miles in the world. Here are the richest gold mine, great timber resources, extraordinary natural beauty, and much untouched mineral wealth. Industries of the larger region include packing, milling, cement.

Transportation: This country was homesteaded prior to and immediately after the building of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway which crosses it with four trunk lines.

A changed race of pioneers

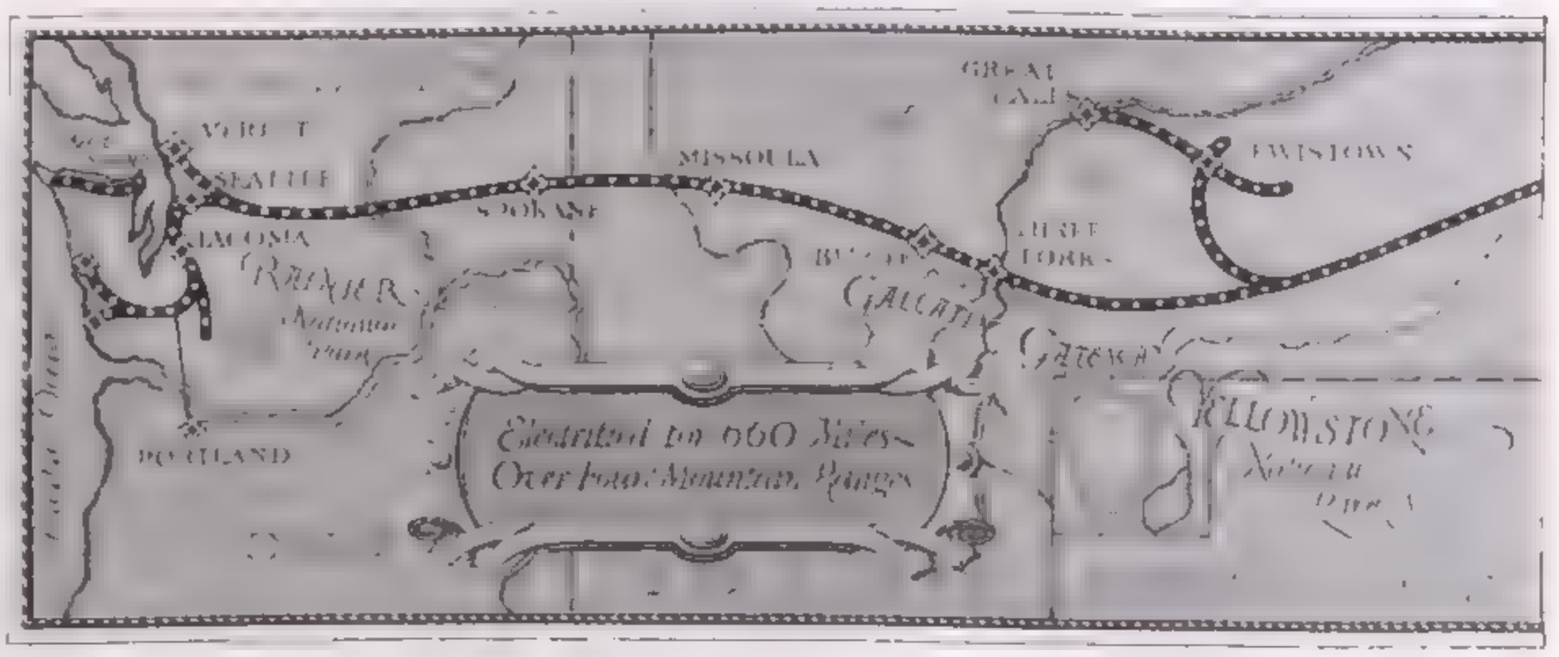
As the Indian became a new ethnic creature with the introduction of the Spaniards' horses into America, so the character of the western pioneer has completely altered with the introduction of modern machinery. The horse changed the Indian from a confined village dweller to a plainsman, free to go where he willed. The development of modern railways, automobiles, state roads, farming implements, household conveniences, magazines and newspapers, telephones and electricity, has opened the wide world to the modern pioneering farmer.

Isolation is gone. The farmer or cattleman who is developing his rich holdings in the upper Missouri Valley today lives in a modern cottage, surrounded by modern conveniences, and in close touch with the outer world. Schools, churches, universities even, are in comparatively easy reach of all. Community life is active and delightful. Transportation is so swift and comfortable that distant neighbors have drawn close. This magnificent region, where the death rate is lowest in the world, is close to the heart of the Nation, and in quick reach of the East and West Coasts, and all points north and south.

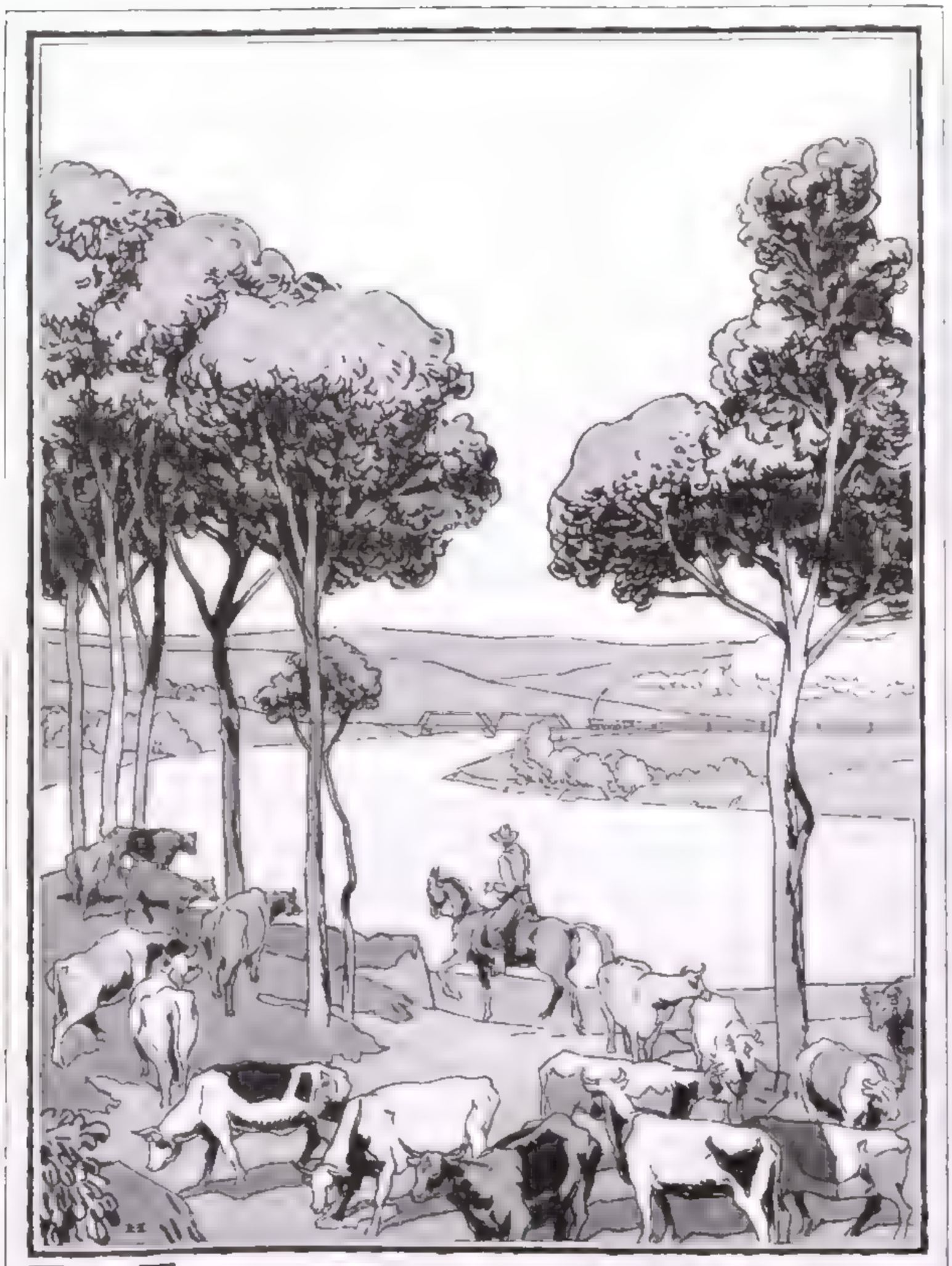


SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,



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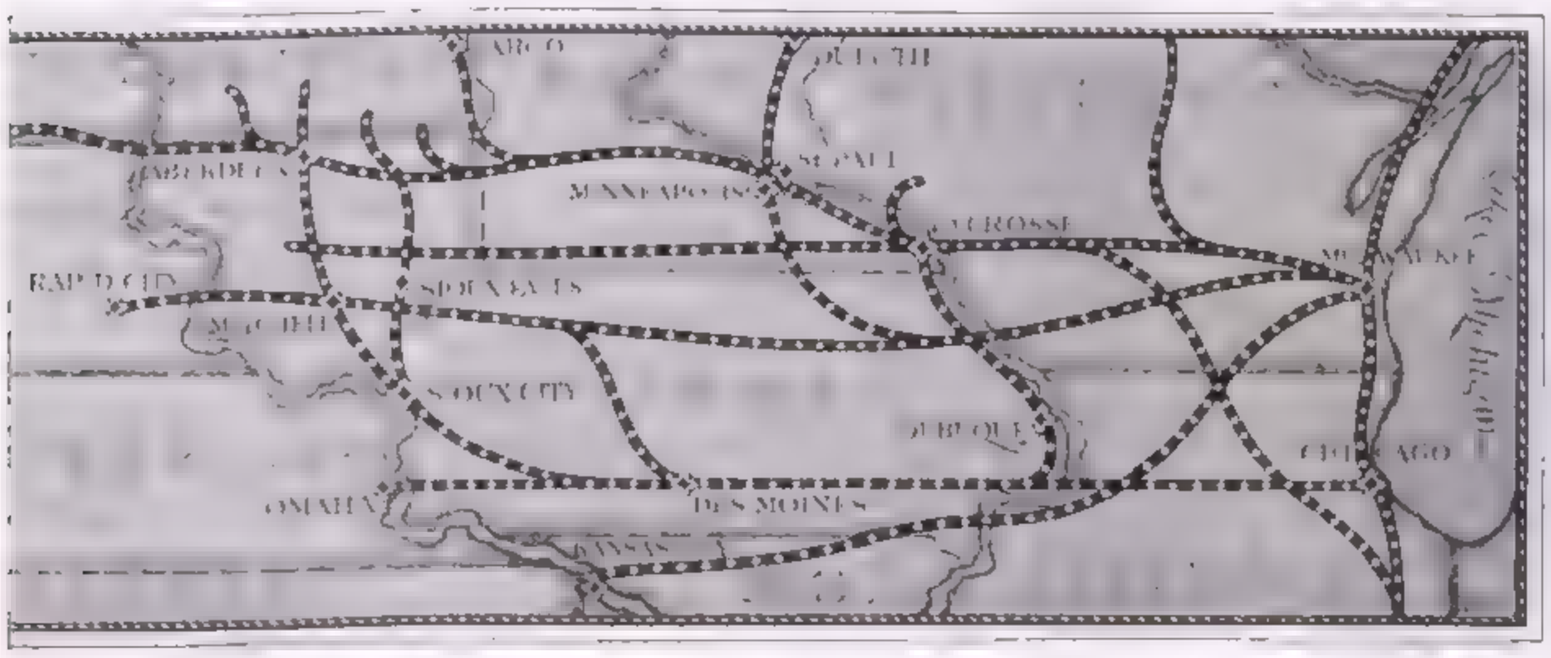

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(Continued from Page 133)

he explained. "My usefulness to the organization would be much less if our employes did not treat me exactly as they treat everyone else in the house."

She was silent for fully a minute; her blue eyes glazed with thought. "You could do that then?" she questioned finally.

"Do what?" Steve asked.

"You could go to one of your own hotels—to the Beauregard—and be like any other guest, so that the guests of the hotel would not suspect that you were not one of themselves?"

"Certainly I could do it. It would take rather special orders, that is all. If I gave instructions to my manager that no one in the house was to call me Mr. Faraday, he would transmit that order to the heads of his departments and it would go, step by step, down through every branch and item of our service, until the most unimportant dishwasher in the basement would know that, if I passed that way, I was not to be spoken to, or of, as Mr. Faraday."

She drew a deep breath. "Mr. Faraday, will you do that?"

"You mean, will I register at the Beauregard as someone other than myself? I think the atmosphere beween us will have to be cleared up a bit," he told her with asperity, "before I can answer that question."

She seemed entirely willing to do that. "Will you clear it or shall I?" she asked.

"I'll clear it. You are Charlotte Calhoun, are you not?" he stated as much as asked. She was surprised. "Charlotte Calhoun," Steve repeated with somewhat greater assurance, "who was engaged to marry Alfred Fremont?"

"You knew that?"

"No," said Steve. "I suspected it, however, from the first. You refused to tell me your name because if I heard it I would know you. You showed an obvious interest in only one of my houses—the Beauregard—the others were unimportant to you. I had never seen Charlotte Calhoun nor a picture of her, but some facts about her developed during the inquiry about Fremont. When Rettine spoke of you as a classmate of his daughter at Wellesley, I remembered that Charlotte Calhoun had been at Wellesley.

"I sent you first to the Beauregard because I believed you were Charlotte Calhoun; and recently you have rather confirmed my impression by following a route of your own, instead of that suggested to you."

A hot flush passed over her face. "I have, Mr. Faraday. But I think you will not be sorry."

"I never expected to be," said Steve. "Have I at any time objected? I believed you must be following some search of your own into the fate of Fremont; all mine had failed. And there is nothing I would rather have uncovered than that. Now, what have you?"

"First, something which I should have told long ago, perhaps; but I do not see how it would have helped anyone."

She was silent for an instant; then impulsively she opened her hand bag, took out an envelope, and shook out upon Steve's palm a tiny circlet of platinum set with diamonds. It was, Steve perceived, a wedding ring, and the diamonds, though small, were of unusual purity and blue whiteness.

Steve merely waited; and with a second impulsive gesture she put into his hand the envelope, which he now saw was postmarked at Atlanta on January twenty-fifth.

"Someone sent this to you?" Steve prompted her.

She choked. "He sent it to me—it is his handwriting. He was in Atlanta, you see, Mr. Faraday, three days after he disappeared from the Beauregard. Until I got that I had no doubt at all that he was dead. I could not imagine any circumstances which would account for his disappearance except that he was dead. I can't even now imagine what it was that happened to him, but I am sure he is alive. He had bought the ring, you see, while he was abroad; we intended to be married immediately after he had finished his commission for Mr. Vale. He had saved up the money. He wrote me every day from the Beauregard after he got back, and his letters were full of happiness. It seems that when something happened, we can't tell what, to prevent his marrying me—when he couldn't explain even to me or come to me—he sent me the ring."

She turned away for a moment, wiping her eyes. "I would have told this at the time, but it was so purely personal to me; besides, it would have told nothing to others. Everyone else believed him alive, anyway—you've never thought him dead."

"No," said Steve.

"There was one mistake, though, in which I should have corrected you. The papers always spoke of him as a reserved and quiet person; you've probably believed he was. That was wrong; he was quiet, but he was a very friendly person; he made acquaintances everywhere he went. He couldn't have been in the Beauregard, by himself, for almost a week and not have talked with anybody. I know him. Of course, while he was so careful, he didn't make acquaintances carelessly in the hotel, but he made friends with someone, I'm sure—someone whom Alfred came to trust and who found out about the painting."

"That's your idea!"

"I thought and thought about it at home, Mr. Faraday, till I had to do something about it. Everyone was so sure that Alfred stayed in the hotel all the time that it seemed certain this acquaintance he made must have been in the hotel and probably near Alfred's room on the sixth floor. I made up my mind to find out about everybody who'd had rooms on the sixth floor of the hotel that night. Of course I had a few of the names—they'd been printed in the papers. They were people who were questioned at the time of the disappearance because they had rooms near Alfred. You remember they all denied knowing him or knowing anything about him.

"I had a little money, Mr. Faraday, so I hired an attorney to secure the names of all the people on the floor that night, and one by one I looked them up."

"How did you do that?"

"Some were very easy; they were well-known people in their towns, mostly in Georgia or the South. They'd returned to their homes, and inquiry by mail to their city or county would bring a reply telling you all about them. Some were harder to follow; they seemed to have no homes at all. I took a traveling job to get me around the country, and I was in New York when I saw your ad. You remember how I felt when I found out it was you and your organization offering the job. It seemed God gave it to me. You remember how I took it. Well, right away I went back to the Beauregard to make a new start, and there I got on the trail of two men traveling together.

"They were in the Beauregard on the sixth floor and with rooms just two numbers away from Alfred's, Mr. Faraday, on the night he disappeared. They were two of the men that were questioned, but said they never saw Alfred. Their names are N. A. Lancaster and P. J. Whittington and they registered from Chicago, but I couldn't find out anything about them in Chicago. I couldn't find out anything about them in Denver, where I found them again, or in Birmingham or in Jackson, Mississippi; but I found out one mighty peculiar coincidence that accompanies them, Mr. Faraday. Misfortune follows their friends."

"What do you mean?" Steve demanded.

"Exactly what I say. Misfortunes happen to their friends," she repeated. "A month ago, in Birmingham, a young man who had been seeing quite a lot of them committed suicide. They went to Mississippi after that. Last week, at Jackson, a man who had been friendly with them deserted his wife and children. I think, Mr. Faraday, they were friends of Alfred Fremont before he disappeared."

"Friends?" repeated Steve. "Of course you do not mean friends. What do you mean? What are these men whom you've been following?"

"I don't know; that's what I've been trying to find out, Mr. Faraday. Ostensibly, they're in the real-estate business. At least, wherever they go they look at real estate, which they say they may buy, but I can't find that they have ever really bought anything."

"What do they do?"

"They destroy their friends somehow. Don't think this mere imagination in me. They are the ones, I'm sure, who destroyed Alfred Fremont in the Beauregard last January; so that after bringing back our wedding ring, he—he had to disappear and mail it secretly to me. Don't think I've been driven to distraction by what happened to me. Those two, I tell you, destroy their friends. On the night Alfred disappeared he had, as you know, Room 616 in the Beauregard; they had 620 and 622. I didn't know how to go any further by myself. I didn't know anyone better to help me out than you. That's why I wrote you, Mr. Faraday."

"You did," said Steve, "exactly right. I am very glad I came on. I want you to tell me more of those men."

He returned to the Beauregard a half hour later by himself.

"Know anything about N. A. Lancaster and P. J. Whittington, Monty?" he inquired.

"Certainly. They've been here three times, I think, since I took charge; they were here in October and again in January." Montgomery had been manager of the Beauregard about a year. "They were known to the house before I came here; they're real-estate men from Chicago handling big deals."

"Are they all right?"

"Perfectly, I believe. They entertain and are entertained by good men."

"What are they like?"

"Lancaster's a big hearty man of the hail-fellow type, one of the joke-cracker and story-teller kind. Whittington's a little fellow, quiet, the sort that comes out occasionally with a remark that hits square on the mark. They're well liked."

Steve reflected. "Where are they in the house?"

"They have 720 and 722 parlor and double bedroom. They had 620 and 622 last time they were here, and wanted the same suite this time, but that was occupied, and we gave them the corresponding rooms on the floor above."

"That satisfy them?"

"Perfectly."

Again Steve thought. "Do you know what real-estate agents here they are negotiating with?"

"I know one firm—Mason & Wells—both partners are good friends of mine."

"You could introduce me to them then."

Steve took from a pigeonhole of Montgomery's desk one of the regular registration cards of the hotel and wrote on the line for the signature of the guest, "Henry M. Hedrick, New York, N. Y."

"Have my bag put in a room on the west hall of the seventh floor; 718 or 724 preferred," he said. He then asked Montgomery to transmit a general order through the house that, until further notice, he was not to be addressed by anyone as "Mr. Faraday." After some ten minutes word came from the front office that "Mr. Hedrick, of New York," had been checked into Room 724 and his baggage transferred to it.

A little later Steve and Montgomery walked down the street to the real-estate offices of Mason & Wells, and Montgomery introduced Steve to Wells as "Henry Hedrick, looking over Atlanta real-estate possibilities for some New York investors," and left him there. Mason, who was out, came in presently with two men whom Steve recognized from Montgomery's description as Lancaster and Whittington, and general introductions followed.

"Where are you stopping, Mr. Hedrick?" Lancaster inquired.

"At the Beauregard—Room 724."

"Why, we're next-door neighbors," Lancaster exclaimed heartily. "We're eating at the hotel tonight. Maybe you'll have dinner with us. We'll give a rumble on your door before we go down."

The present business of Lancaster and Whittington in Atlanta, Steve learned in the general conversation which ensued, was the acquirement of flying fields for a syndicate planning a transcontinental passenger and freight air line across the Southern states; the syndicate so far was merely looking over the ground, but, they claimed, was about ready to make purchases. They had tracts under consideration in a number of different cities. Steve excused himself after perhaps half an hour and went back to the hotel.

He was in his room about half-past six that evening when the expected rumble was given on his door by Lancaster. Steve's room was separated from the two they occupied by a solid wall. Their two rooms, with the room on the other side—718—formed, when desired, a three-room suite; the room beyond—716—was separated by a doorless wall; this was the corresponding arrangement on all floors. When the rooms of the suite were occupied by different parties, as they were now, the doors between were locked and the keys were kept in the front office.

Steve went out into the hall and found the door next his standing open and Lancaster and Whittington awaiting him in their room.

"Will you have a cocktail with us before we eat, Mr. Hedrick?" Lancaster inquired of him.

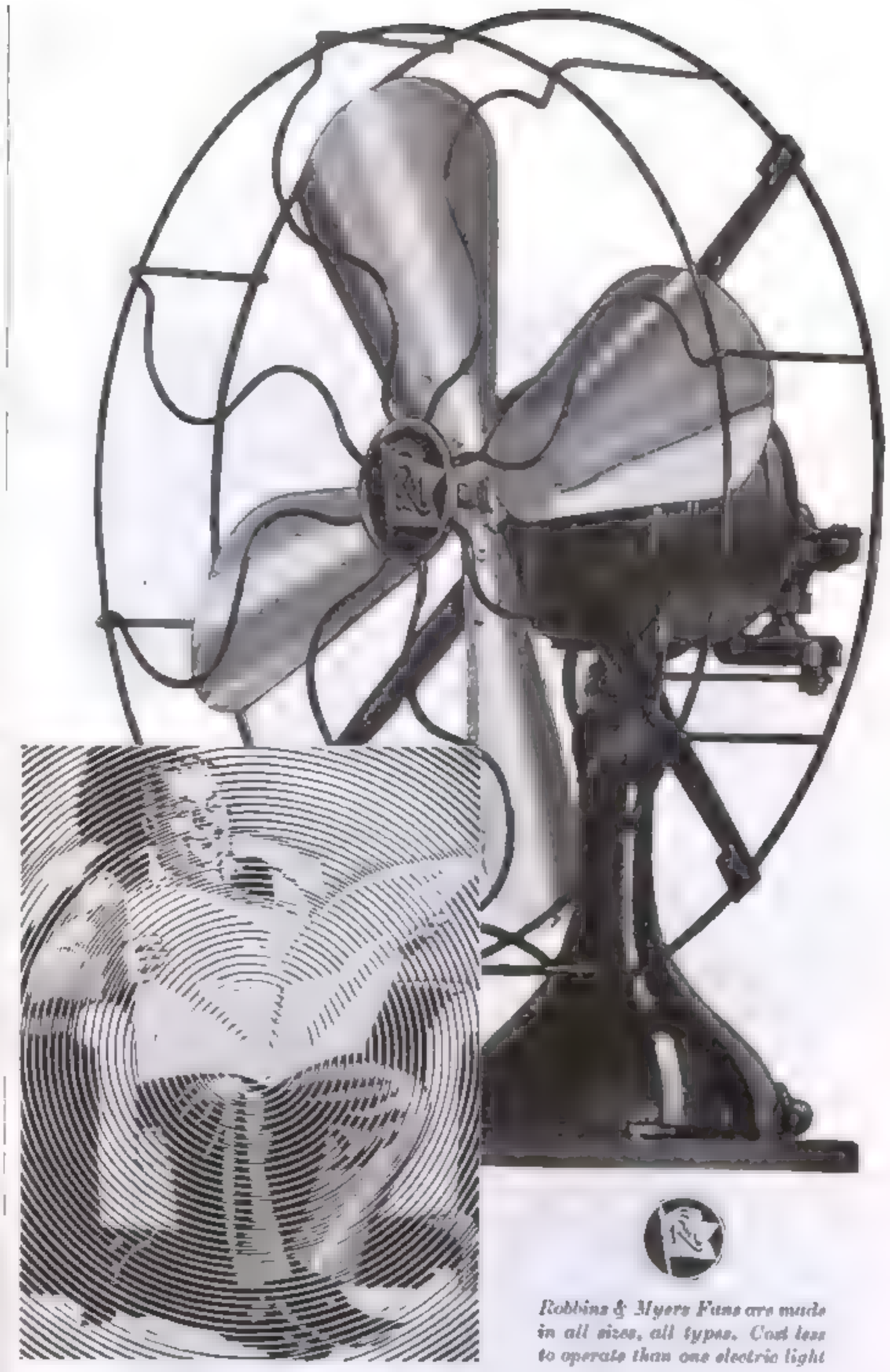
He opened a wardrobe trunk, one half of which was filled with clothes and the other half arranged so as to hold securely a rather surprising array of bottles.

He mixed three excellent cocktails which the men drank according to their different characters; Lancaster swallowed his in two quick gulps, while Whittington delayed them until he had sipped his slowly. They went down to the dining room and Steve found them engaging companions; he realized that, except for Charlotte Calhoun, he would have taken a decided liking to them. Lancaster's genial humor made it a lively meal; he had already taken to calling Steve "Henry," and Steve, following suit, began to call him "Lan." Whittington stuck to the formal "Mr. Hedrick," but at the end of the meal had cut it down to "Hedrick." They separated after dinner, the two having an engagement outside the hotel, and Steve went up to his room.

In the morning, coming down to breakfast, Steve found Whittington breakfasting alone; he motioned Steve to sit at the table, and Lancaster joined them a little later. Charlotte Calhoun was breakfasting near by. She did not look their way or seem conscious of their presence, but Steve was peculiarly conscious of her. Whittington had a car ordered and they asked Steve to go with them. They picked up Wells and spent the day driving through Atlanta suburbs, inspecting properties. They were all very friendly now and had developed joking personalities among themselves. Whittington had not been satisfied with his eggs at breakfast, and Lancaster and Wells, taking it up, had christened him "the egg eggspert"; they were continually submitting their estimate of real-estate values to the "eggspert" for his opinion. Steve dined with them again at the hotel and, as on the previous evening, they had an engagement outside.

He was rather early at breakfast the following morning, but they had already breakfasted and left. He did not see Lancaster and Whittington during the day and, mentally, Steve took stock. He had known Lancaster and Whittington now for two days; he had constantly had a premonitory sense of something to happen, yet nothing had and there was nothing to indicate when anything would. He had delayed in Atlanta already much longer than he had expected; he had business of importance in

(Continued on Page 140)



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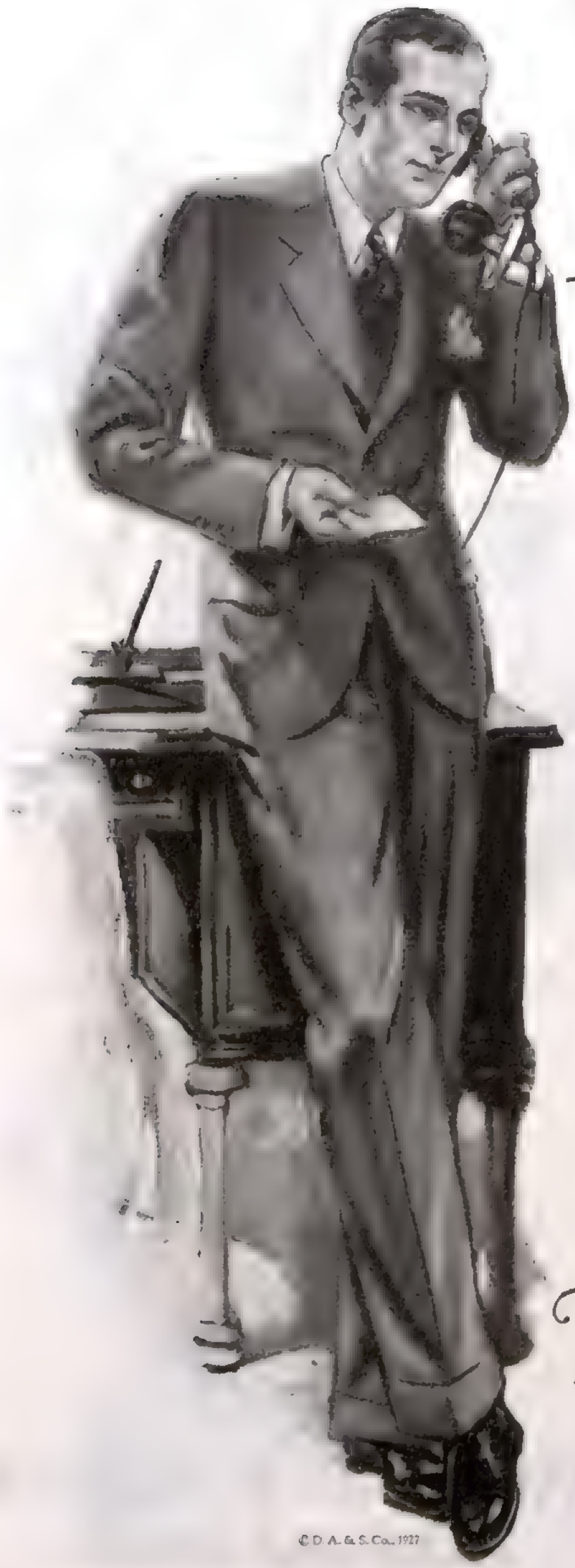

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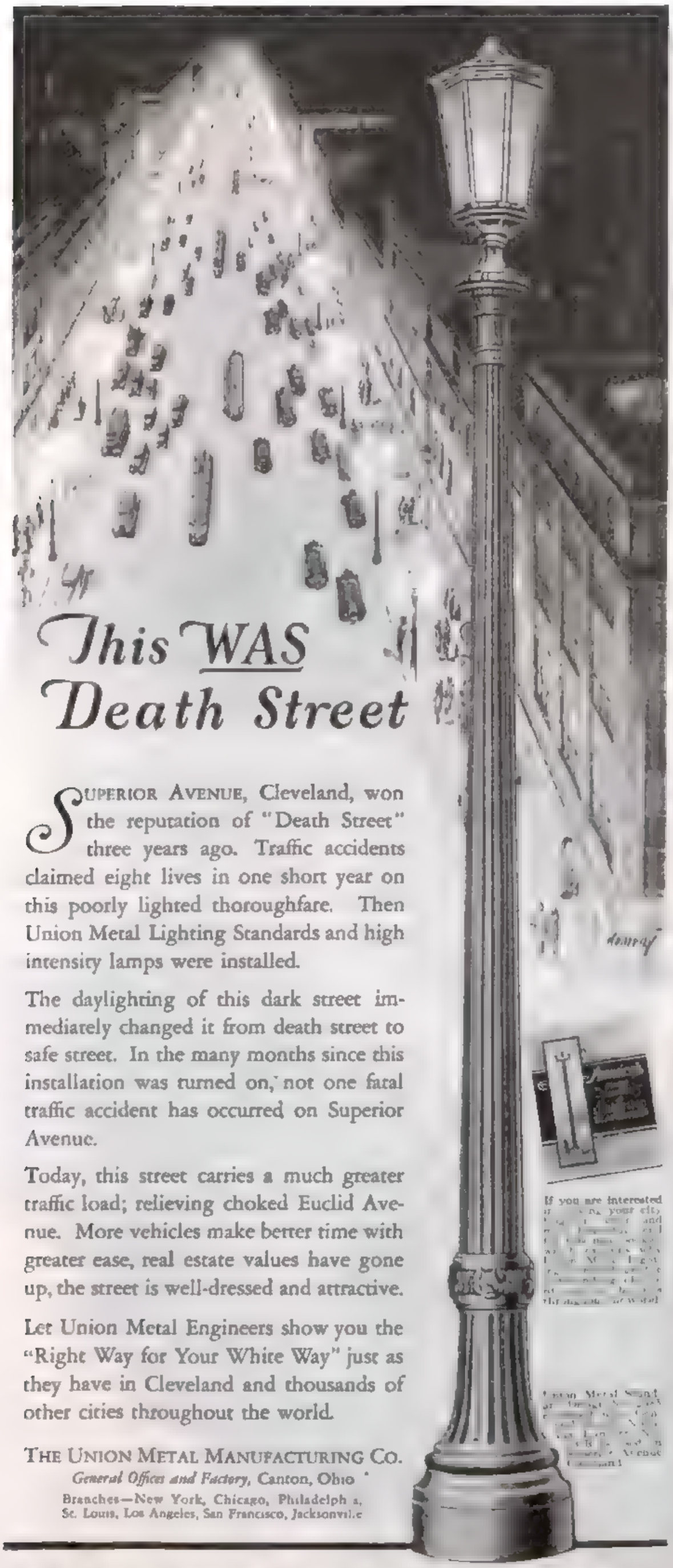
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ORNAMENTAL LAMP STANDARDS

(Continued from Page 137)

New York. Was Charlotte Calhoun's suspicion of these two merely her imagination, going over and over the inexplicable disappearance of her lover?

Lancaster and Whittington came in together while Steve was at dinner that evening; they had been inspecting properties and had another expedition planned for the day following and asked Steve to go with them.

"Sorry," Steve told them, "but I'm leaving for New York tomorrow morning." He could not be sure whether a glance did not pass between them.

He was in his room about half-past eight that evening when Lancaster's now familiar rapping came on his door and Steve admitted him.

"A little poker game," the big man announced, "is going to happen in about an hour in our palatial suite, and we wondered if you'd care to draw a few cards in it. Nobody will get hurt."

"Gladly," Steve told him, and as soon as Lancaster had gone he called Montgomery and asked him to step up.

"Know anything about a poker game next door?" Steve asked.

"I know all about it," Montgomery answered with assurance.

"It's happened before, then?"

"Rather frequently. They play sometimes at the homes of friends and occasionally in return entertain their friends here in the house. Naturally I've kept track of it. We furnish a table for them and the boys bring up some extra chairs. It's a mild little game, Steve, never more than a dollar limit, played for good-fellowship among men who could afford to play for a good deal more. It's not the sort of thing that'd ever give reason for our interference."

"Thank you," said Steve. "I only wanted to be sure you had an eye on it."

He talked with Montgomery for a few minutes and, after the manager had gone, looked to see what currency he had in his pockets. He had, he found, about three hundred dollars—enough and much more than enough, he decided, for a dollar-limit game; but would it actually be no more than that? He thought a minute and then opened his bag and got out his checkbook and put it in his pocket. After locking his room from the outside he tapped at the door next.

He was, as he had expected to be, the first arrival. The poker table, with seats for seven, stood in the middle of the room, with a case containing chips and cards upon it. The wardrobe trunk stood open; a bowl of cracked ice and an array of glasses were on the dresser, and Steve saw through the bathroom door a further supply of ice in a bucket in the bathtub.

The guests began to arrive a few minutes later. None of the four was known to Steve, and he was introduced to them only by their names, with no further particulars about them; but the conversation soon supplied him with some information. Martyn, the first to arrive, was an assistant cashier in the bank; he was the youngest of the men, unmarried. Putnam and Blair were married men; Putnam was with an investment concern, Blair in the dry-goods business. Steil was a guest of the hotel; he traveled for a cotton commission house and, like Steve, he was unknown to the first three who had arrived, and Lancaster introduced him. He remarked he hoped the game would not last too late.

"Twelve o'clock sharp," Lancaster replied. "No stretching it; we quit at midnight. We play the usual limit, gentlemen."

"What's that?" asked Steve.

"One round dollar; no roodles. I don't like a game where anybody can get hurt, Henry. It stops being fun. No swelling of the limit, gentlemen. Any handsome young man who finds himself thirty or forty dollars behind at eleven o'clock and thinks maybe he could get it back at two or three dollar limit, has another think coming."

Steve, at the start, did not know exactly what he expected this game to be; it would prove, he felt sure, in some way remarkable; but as the evening progressed and hand after hand was dealt, he felt a steadily increasing amazement. It was, in fact, the one kind of game he had not expected; it was the kind of game that Lancaster had declared that they would play. Nobody tried to increase the stakes; nobody drank much of anything.

At a quarter of twelve Lancaster said decisively: "Well, gentlemen, fifteen more minutes. Anyone who has dirty work to do must do it now."

On the tick of twelve he announced: "Time's up," and bunched the cards and laid them in the center of the table. "Losers pay at this window."

Steve felt a definite disappointment; the game was ended and nothing had happened. The stack of chips in front of him, his mind being on something other than the game, had hardly varied; he counted it now and found he had won thirteen dollars. Steil was the heavy loser; he had lost sixty dollars. Martyn was the big winner; he had won sixty-five. The losers paid Lancaster in currency or with their checks and he redistributed to the winners; unable to make the exact amount for Martyn by combining the small checks, he tossed him fifteen dollars in currency and then made out his own check to him for fifty; Steve noted that the check was on a New Orleans bank. Whittington gathered up the chips into their case, and Martyn meanwhile was mixing himself another drink, and Steve noticed with surprise his nervousness; he was more nervous now than when he had been playing; his hand shook as he poured the liquor. Putnam and Blair, who each had won a little, got their hats from the bedroom and left, joking Lancaster and Whittington, who both had lost; and Steve saw Martyn's glance go to the room where his and Steil's hats lay on the bed.

But Martyn was not thinking of going: no, he was afraid that Steve and Steil might go. The boy was queerly pale.

"That's all, gentlemen," Lancaster announced, as if dismissing them.

Martyn turned suddenly to face him. "Don't we play any Red Dog?" he demanded.

Steve looked at Lancaster. Red Dog! The most uncontrollable and reckless of card games, since, in the usual course of the play, the stakes tended automatically to double and redouble themselves like the penny which, redoubled upon itself, soon totals thousands of dollars. It was chance divorced from all skill, a deadly, seducing game leading the loser to double and again double his losses on the always-tantalizing and always-offering opportunity of "getting it all back" on the turn of one card.

Red Dog, at this juncture, was a suggestion which Steve could have understood if Lancaster or Whittington had proposed it, but it was Martyn who wanted it.

Lancaster glanced at Whittington, who said shortly, "Don't feel like it tonight."

Martyn turned to him angrily. "That isn't fair—after last night!"

Steil was listening with interest. "I hate to quit loser," he remarked. "I always did hate that."

Whittington shrugged. "All right, Lan," he agreed unwillingly, "we'll play a few hands; the boys both want it. You'll play, Henry?"

Steve nodded. Martyn had never picked up the fifty-dollar check which Lancaster had written for him; the boy pushed it to the middle of the table.

"There's mine," he said.

(Continued on Page 143)

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Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 140)

Whittington put in a fifty-dollar bill beside the check; Lancaster, making change, picked it up and laid down a hundred. Steil, who was pouring out another drink, appeared surprised.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"It's not so bad as it looks," Lancaster told him easily. "Marty likes plenty in the middle to shoot at, that's all. It only costs you five to draw cards."

"You going to play?" Steil inquired of Steve doubtfully.

Particularly now, Steve wanted this to go on. "Yes," he replied, and put his fifty dollars with the others; and after a minute's hesitation Steil put in two twenties and a ten.

"Don't expect me to play very long," he said cautiously. "I'm leaving town tomorrow and got to get up early."

This was rather different, Steve reflected, from one-dollar poker; two hundred and fifty on the table, to be played for by the turn of a single card, which might double itself in a minute to be five hundred and the next instant become a thousand!

Steve had played several varieties of Red Dog, in which varying numbers of cards—four or five—were dealt, but the game in its essentials always was the same.

They cut and Martyn won the deal. He dealt one card to each player around the table until all had four, and then turned to Steve.

"Play or drop, Henry?" he inquired.

Steve looked at his four cards, which happened to be of only two suits, and all the cards were low. Nevertheless it was as cheap to bet five dollars as to pay a forfeit of five for not playing; so he said, "I bet five."

Martyn turned the card which was on the top of the pack in the middle of the table. It was a spade, higher than either of the two spades which Steve held; so he had lost.

If he had held a spade higher than the card on top of the pack, he would have won five dollars from the pile on the table; instead, he now increased the pile on the table by five dollars and tossed away his cards. The play of his hand was ended.

Lancaster, on Steve's left, looked at his cards and bet ten dollars. Martyn turned up the queen of clubs from the top of the pack and Lancaster lost and paid ten dollars to the table.

Steil was next. "Bet ten," he said.

Martyn turned up the deuce of diamonds in front of him. If Steil had had no diamond in his hand he would have lost, but with a chortle he showed the diamond trey and took ten dollars out of the pile.

Whittington was studying his cards. "These look good to me," he said. "I'll tip the table—shoot for the bunch."

He was betting, he meant, on the turn of the next card, the amount of the entire stake on the table.

Martyn turned up in front of him the ten of clubs, and Whittington shook his head. Instead of winning the table stakes, he had lost.

"How much is in there, Lan?" he asked.

Lancaster sorted it over. "Two hundred, fifty-five." Whittington wrote out his check for two hundred and fifty-five dollars and put it with the rest. Martyn looked at his hand.

"I'll drop," he said, and paid five dollars' forfeit and passed the cards to Steve to deal. The table stakes were now five hundred and fifteen dollars; on Steve's deal, Lancaster tried and failed to tip the table, and there lay in front of the players a thousand and thirty dollars.

Lancaster, after losing, got up and mixed himself a drink. Steil did the same; and after a few more hands, upon which everybody made piking bets, winning or losing little, Martyn took a drink. The boy was deadly pale and beads of sweat stood on his temple as he looked over the next four cards dealt him. He had been waiting for a hand, Steve saw, which must almost surely win; now he had it.

"I'll try for it," he said.

Whittington was dealing, and he turned the king of hearts. Martyn lost.

"How much?" he asked, and choked. Whittington counted it.

"Fourteen hundred and sixty, Marty," he announced; and at a side table, Martyn wrote out his check for fourteen hundred and sixty dollars and put it with the rest.

Martyn had flung his cards face up and Steve saw the hand which had lost—a card in each suit, king of clubs, queen of spades, ace of diamonds and queen of hearts. An almost unbeatable hand, a high card in each suit with only five higher cards in all the pack; nearly nine chances to one in his favor. Ordinarily with such a hand he would have won, but the king of hearts had been turned, beating him.

Looking up from the cards, Steve found Whittington's eyes on him. Whittington made no comment; he appeared, indeed, expressionless, but Steve knew that Whittington suspected the thought in his mind. Whittington looked at Lancaster and tried, Steve was sure, to catch his attention; but Lancaster was on his feet again, drinking. Martyn picked up the cards. He had taken a seat for Red Dog between Lancaster and Whittington, or else they had so placed themselves beside him. Steve and Steil were sitting at the opposite side of the table between Whittington and Lancaster. Lancaster cut for Martyn's deal and sat down. Whittington this time tried to tip the table and he, like the others, lost and doubled the stake.

On the next round, with nobody else making a big bet, Lancaster shot at the pile and he lost, and again was on his feet for a drink, followed by a parade around his chair to change his luck; he reminded the table loudly that he had done nothing but lose all evening.

Nobody replied to him. Martyn said, "Taking cards, Lan?" and the boy looked at the pile of money and checks in the center of the table and bit his lips nervously and dealt.

Plainly he suspected nothing wrong with the game; plainly, these two, Lancaster and Whittington, completely had caught his confidence. Their losses on the last two hands, greater than anyone else's in this game, seemed to prevent any suspicion which otherwise might have arisen; but Steve had drunk little and saw the last losses in a different light. The thousands which Lancaster and Whittington had added to the table had been, indeed, technically lost by them, but not yet won by anybody else. So far they had simply increased the stakes, doubling and quadrupling the lure for the next player who found himself with a tempting hand—and who did not know that misfortune followed the friends of Messrs. Lancaster and Whittington.

The round, on Martyn's deal, resulted in no big betting. Martyn himself looked longest at the cards.

"I'll drop," he decided finally, and put in five dollars and passed the cards again to Steve. No big betting resulted on this round; no one tried to tip the table. There was too much on the table for anyone to try it except with a practically unbeatable hand. Martyn did not have it. Whittington and Lancaster, Steve now fully realized, were taking no chances on their hands on his deal.

So far, from their probable point of view, the game had been played perfectly. Poker, at its small stakes, had been played honestly to the end; neither of them had suggested Red Dog. Indeed, they had opposed it; forced into it apparently, they were at this moment the largest losers; and there had been need to deal, up to this point, perhaps only one dishonest hand. The ordinary run of the cards in this diabolical game of Red Dog could be counted upon to so build up the pot that, if they took the chance of temporary losses when others dealt, they needed to deal only a few dishonest hands—perhaps only one, if they timed it well—to get back all that they and everyone else had lost.

(Continued on Page 145)

Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

This Red Wheel Makes Home Canning Easy

IF YOU owned a gas range with a Lorain Self-regulating Oven, one with the Red Wheel, you would take new delight in home canning—canning by the Lorain Oven Method.

Simply pack fruits in glass jars, cover with water or sirup, set the Red Temperature Wheel, put the filled jars in the oven and—presto!—in an hour or so lids are ready to tighten and your canning is done.

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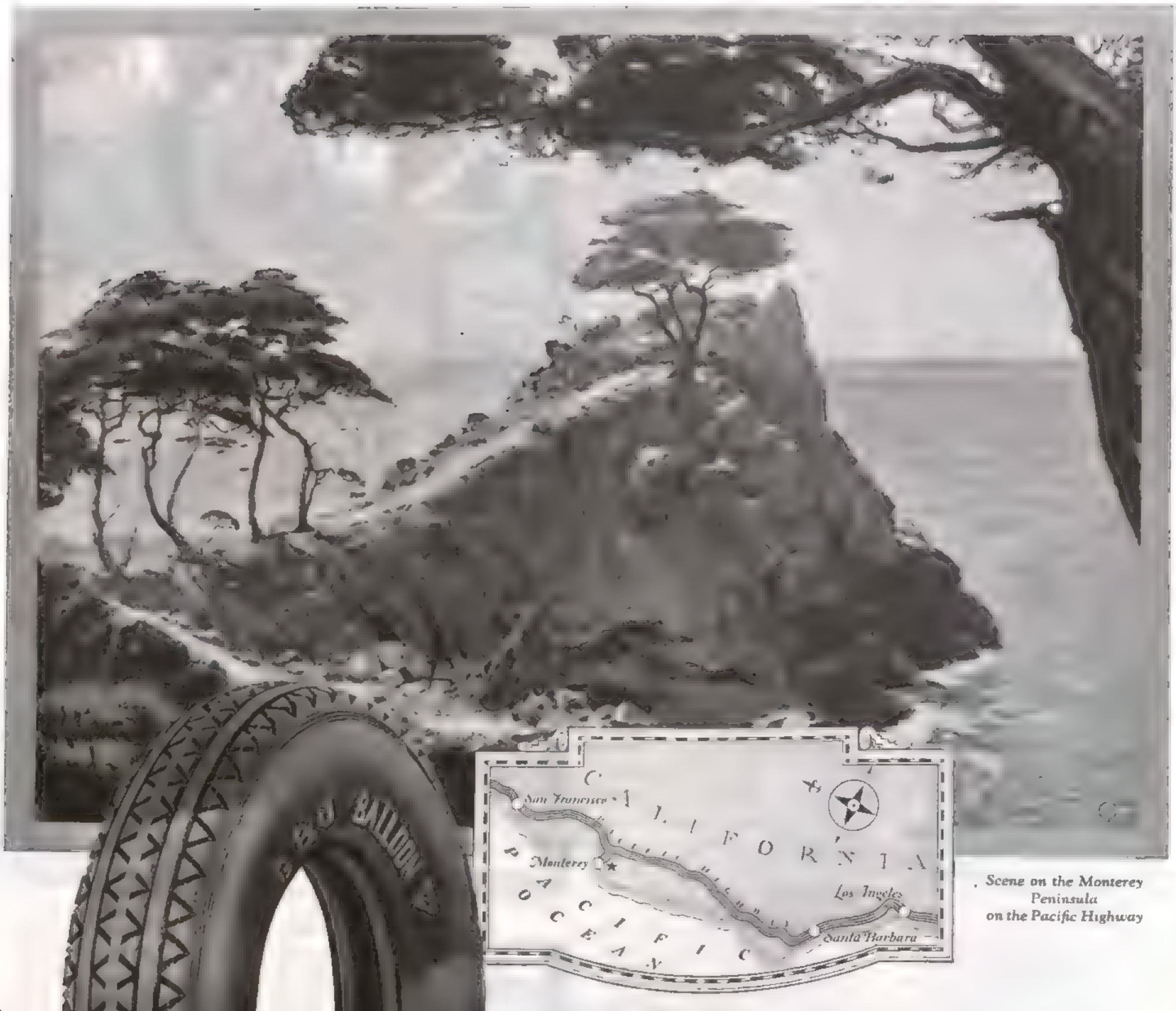

. Scene on the Monterey Peninsula on the Pacific Highway

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See How G & J Tires Have Taken Hold With Motor Car Owners!—

[In 1926 G & J sales more than doubled 1925. So far, 1927 sales have trebled those of the same period in 1926.]

Whenever you get away from home—when the pavement ends and the rough stretches begin—you'll bless the day you bought G & J Tires from a G & J Dealer.

Magnificent tires—a fine business man to buy from. An unbeatable combination—as you can see from the way G & J sales are mounting.

G & J TIRE COMPANY
1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 143)

Whittington, who a few minutes before had seemed to discern Steve's suspicion, appeared to be at ease again; he dealt. A big hand would go to someone, Steve thought; but he was mistaken. No bet whatever resulted. Martyn dealt; and this time Steve, finding himself with a good hand, bet a thousand. He lost. Passing the cards to Lancaster, he took the pen which had been circulating round the table and made out his check, and put down the pen in front of him.

Lancaster dealt. Steil bet the conventional five dollars, Whittington made a small bet and lost. Steve looked at Martyn; the boy was white as chalk and shaking as if he had a chill.

"I'll tip it," he announced, and then had trouble with his voice. "How—much?"

Steil counted it. "Eleven thousand four hundred," he stated.

"I want 'em cut," Martyn said.

There was nothing extraordinary in this; any player at any time was entitled to call for a cut.

Whittington had called for one before he tried to tip the table; Lancaster had done it too. Lancaster laid the cards for Steve to cut, and Steve cut them, replacing the lower half on the upper half of the pack.

Lancaster turned up the card from the top of the deck in front of Martyn; it was the ace of clubs, and Martyn with a gurgling cry sank back into his seat and then threw his hand, face up, down on the table. He had had four suits, two aces, a king and a queen. There had been only three cards that could have beaten him; no, Steve realized, only two; for the ace of spades had been turned up in front of Whittington.

"Sorry, my boy," Lancaster said sympathetically. "It's funny those one-spots travel so often in pairs."

Steve had come to comprehension not only of this game but of much more. Martyn, he saw, would never tell anyone what had happened here; he could not; he held a position of trust. So had Fremont, when he had occupied a room two numbers away from Lancaster's and Whittington's suite, also held a position of trust. Steve now was merely waiting for the end which was inevitable.

Steil dealt an uneventful round; then Whittington dealt. Martyn silently threw his hand away without even looking at it; Steve bet a five; Lancaster looked at his hand and uttered a joyful shout.

"I'll tip it. Here are four boys that never have gone back on me. What is it now? Twenty-two thousand?"

Steil counted it. "Twenty-two, nine."

Steve glanced at his watch; it was incredible to him—less than twenty minutes had passed since Blair and Putnam had said good night to them—his feeling was that the Red Dog game had been going on for hours.

"Shoot me a card," said Lancaster; and Whittington turned up the ten of diamonds and Lancaster showed them four jacks and won.

Steve started up. "That'll be about all of this," he stated suddenly. He reached across and wrenched the pack out of Whittington's grasp and gathered up the other cards scattered on the table. "This room is covered. Everybody keep their seats. Don't touch that money, Lancaster. I've a card that I've been holding back from you; my own. I'm the proprietor of this hotel—Faraday. When I cut the cards a while back before you dealt to Martyn, I touched my finger to the pen here beside me and marked the card which, by my cut, was left on top—that was the ace of clubs, you remember, and beat Martyn. It was—or else it wasn't. Let's see if the ace was the card on top."

He looked through the pack, found the card with the tiny smear of ink on it and turned it up; it was the six of hearts. Nobody moved as Steve went to the phone and got the operator.

"Tell Montgomery to step up here."

He turned back to them. "How much had you lost before tonight?" he asked Martyn.

The boy swallowed. "About fifteen thousand."

"And about thirteen tonight. There's not that much in the pile. Take your own checks out of the pile and tear them up; I'll let you know what can be done tomorrow morning about your other losses. Steil, take your checks out too. I'll ask you two gentlemen to leave us now; there's something concerned in this which is rather more important to me than the money involved."

Martyn and Steil sorted their checks out of the mass and got their hats; as they went out, Montgomery came in. Whittington and Lancaster merely sat silent. They had been caught before, Steve decided, and were amenable to reason. They realized it was best for them to make no trouble.

"What happened to Fremont, and where's Vale's Rembrandt?" Steve demanded of them.

They looked at each other, and finally Lancaster decided to answer: "We're guessing too. We don't know what became of either of them, Faraday."

Steve thought for a moment, and said, "Go down the hall, Monty, to Room 638. I think you'll find Miss Corinne Caryl there. Bring her here."

"Who's she?" Montgomery demanded.

"Her own name is Calhoun—Charlotte Calhoun. She was engaged to Fremont; and she's here because she's been following these two through the South."

He made no other comment, but let that sink in until Montgomery returned with the girl.

"Your suspicion of these men," Steve told her, as she stared at the group and the card table, "was correct."

"Cards!" she cried.

"Crooked cards," corrected Steve. "There is no doubt at all what they did. They got Fremont into a game and ruined him."

The eyes of Lancaster and Whittington moved from her; they were less comfortable looking at her; but they were amazingly unperturbed. They looked at each other and at Steve. Then it was Whittington, the silent one, who spoke, "What's to be the arrangement, Faraday?"

"I want Fremont's money back and Martyn's; the checks must be good," Steve stated. "Then ——" he stopped at sight of Whittington's cool cynical smile.

"What, Faraday?" he demanded.

Steve figured for a moment. "I suppose," he said, "the other men you went after were, like Martyn and Fremont, in positions of trust."

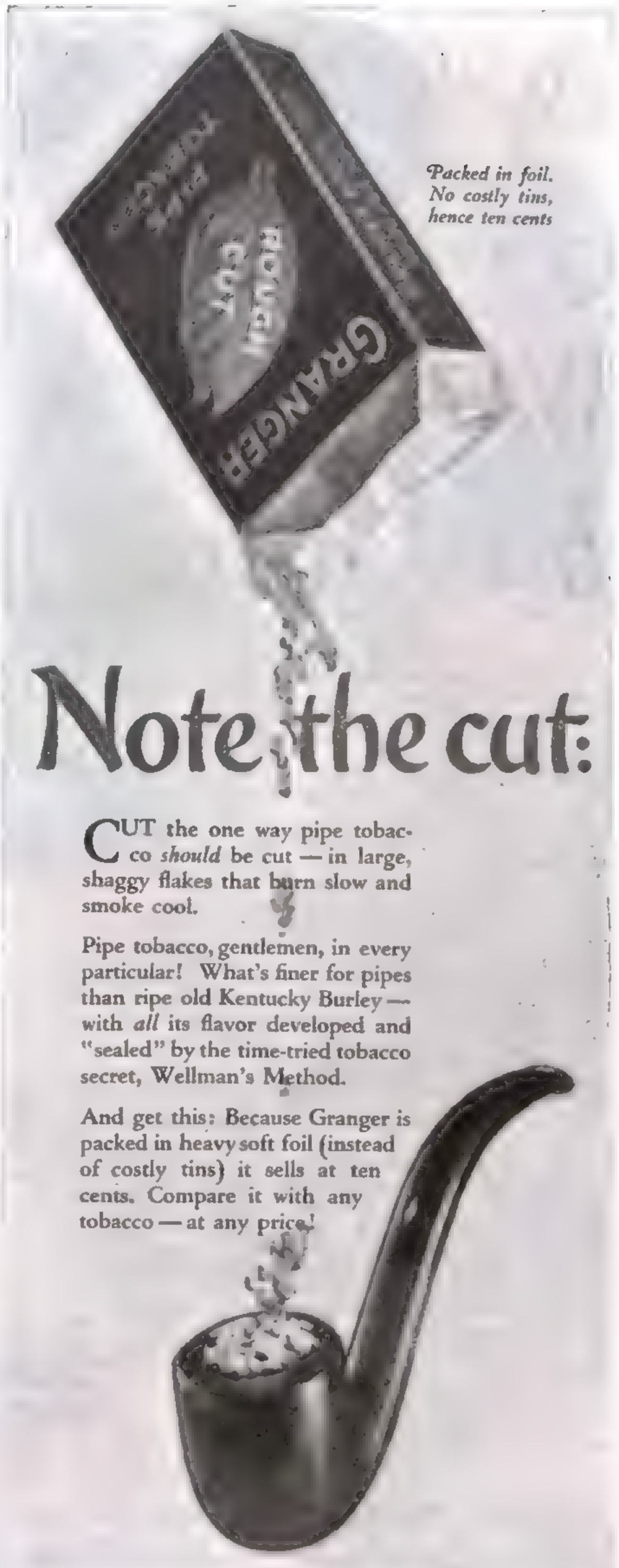
Whittington nodded. "They were. If you try to stir up anything about them and us, you'll hurt them worse than us. They've covered up and paid up, and no one knows. Do you think we don't know how to protect ourselves?"

Steve flamed with indignation. "I'll placard you in all hotel publications," he replied. "Your pictures will appear as card sharps. I'll back up that accusation myself and involve nobody else. What else I may do depends on what you tell me about your connection with Fremont and Vale's Rembrandt."

Whittington looked long at Lancaster and almost imperceptibly nodded; they had agreed.

"You got Fremont into a Red Dog game the night of January twenty-first," said Steve.

"The twentieth," said Lancaster, "but it began the night before. There'd been no card game. Our door was open and I saw Fremont going through the hall. We'd seen him before around the hotel, always looking lonesome. I asked him in to have a drink. We only sat around and talked. Fremont let it out that he stood high with Vale; that started Whit after him. You'd think, to look at him, Whit was cold-blooded like a fish; but the old boy's got a passion—when he sees a sucker he can't help trimming him, if it looks reasonably safe, and he's pretty nearly infallible in



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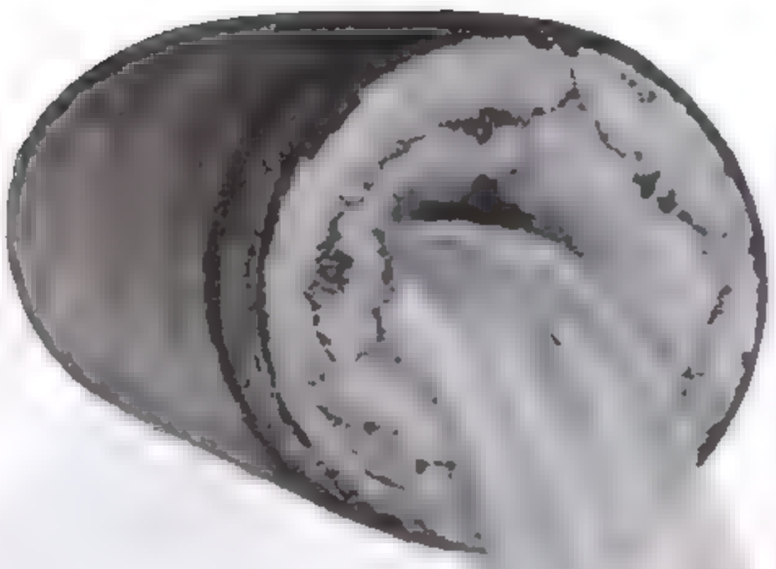

When you see what hard water has done to this pipe, you realize why hard water damage amounts to millions of dollars yearly

We all think of water as liquid. But do you know that the water that runs in your bathroom, and the water that is turned into steam in the boiler at your factory or in your office building actually contains not one but many solids, real minerals that used to be rocks before the water dissolved them? You can't see them or feel them or taste them. But they are there just the same, for that is what makes water hard, the minerals that are dissolved in it. And they turn back into rocks again too as soon as the water is heated.

That is why plumbing clogs up and has to be repaired every now and then, why faucets won't run, why steam boilers have to be shut down and cleaned. These invisible minerals that once were rock, have turned into rock again, causing all sorts of trouble and expense in your home, at your factory, everywhere that water is used. They destroy soap so that it not only fails to make a good lather, but more than half of it is wasted. They injure textile fabrics, they clog and damage piping, sterilizers, boilers, heaters. In fact, they cause incalculable harm in hundreds of ways, and it is you, in your own home or in your business, who pay the bills.

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Permutit Water Softeners are guaranteed to deliver absolutely clear, sparkling soft water that is ideal for every purpose. No chemicals are used—the cost of operation is almost negligible. And the initial cost is moderate. Thousands have been in use throughout industry and in private homes for the last ten or fifteen years.

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Capable agents for household apparatus are wanted in some districts

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Main Office: 440 Fourth Ave., New York—Branch offices and agents everywhere.

picking the ones that don't dare tell. I warned him off Fremont; told him we didn't know enough about him; but Whit had got the smell of blood. There was a poker game the next night—all straight and innocent, like the one you saw—and after everyone had gone, Whit went and got Fremont; asked him in to have a drink. The table and the cards were there, and we worked him; got him in a few dollars first, then a few hundred, and after that he was only trying 'to get it back.'

"Finally we had him in ten thousand and that was all he had and he was pretty nearly crazy. He'd saved it up, it seemed, to get married, and now he couldn't get married. He never suspected our play; thought he'd only had bad luck and that it had to turn. Then he said he had a painting that belonged to Vale and worth a pot of money. He'd put it up instead of some more cash, and if he lost he would redeem it; only we had to promise to hold it only as a pledge and not dispose of it. I wanted to quit and be satisfied with the ten thousand we had got, but Whit had tasted blood. He thought the boy, if pressed, could maybe rake up another ten thou from Vale. Besides, he said our having the painting would be a guaranty that Fremont wouldn't talk. So Fremont went and got the painting; and when he had got another ten thousand in, he quit."

"You kept the painting, of course?" Steve observed.

"Certainly we kept the painting, waiting for him to get the dough and get it back. That was the early morning of the twenty-first. The next morning we went out."

"Leaving it in your rooms?" Steve asked.

"The door was locked. That evening when we came back the thing was gone."

"Out of your rooms then; not out of his. And in the day."

"Yes. We thought he was the one that had got it; found he couldn't raise the cash and stole the painting back, leaving the empty case to make it look as if someone else had done it. We took the case and went to his room and charged him with it. He had been crazy when he lost his money, but he acted twice as crazy now; said we'd let the thing get stolen and now he didn't know what he would do. He'd meant to make a clean breast of it to Vale, and now he couldn't."

"Then what?"

"That's all, Faraday; that's everything we know about it. We never got the money Fremont lost to us. After we lost the painting we were afraid to cash his checks. Ain't his money still in the bank?"

Steve appealed to Charlotte Calhoun. "What do you think of it?"

"I think it must be the truth, Mr. Faraday," she cried. "Because, you see, it fits—it's the only explanation anyone's given that does fit. Alfred never would have stolen the painting himself and it wasn't stolen from him. You see, he got into the game—he might have got into a game—and in his excitement put it up and then it was stolen from them. I believe them."

"So do I," said Steve, "but they can tell us something more."

"No more," said Lancaster. "That's everything either of us knows. What happened to the painting and why it never showed up outside, we've no more idea than you."

"But I think you've an idea," Steve retorted, "that perhaps the painting never got outside. When you came back here you asked again for the same rooms you had."

"Why wouldn't we?" asked Whittington. "They were good rooms."

"But I don't think that's the only reason you asked for them. . . . The stretcher which held the painting was found, you know," Steve was speaking to Charlotte Calhoun, "in the court, as if it had been thrown from a window."

"Can I see the rooms they had and the one Alfred had?" asked Charlotte Calhoun. "And the room between?"

"How about it, Monty?" asked Steve.

"You can see the suite directly below and the next room—but it wasn't in service when Fremont was here. It was being redecorated at that time—painting and paper hanging."

Steve opened the door and called in the two house officers waiting in the hall. Then he, the girl and Montgomery descended to the floor below and Montgomery unlocked, with a pass-key, the door of 622 and afterward the doors of the connecting rooms; and they walked from 622 into 620 while the girl carefully examined them, and then on into 618, the room which had been out of service. Two spots of color burned brightly on her cheeks and she was thinking so intently that she spoke her thoughts aloud without knowing that she did so.

"Somebody else took it," she was saying. "Who? Somebody else; and then perhaps they found it was a thing that could not be disposed of. Yes, they must have found it that. Who? Somebody who'd heard talking about it in their room?" This was a question. Her tone changed; she was speaking to Steve now. "Have you a pocketknife, Mr. Faraday?"

Steve always spoke of it afterward as the one great instance he had witnessed of a woman's intuition. He handed her his knife and she walked directly to a small alcove, made a long cut across the wall paper, and tugged loose the painting of The Dike Keeper where it had been put flat against the wall and the paper put on over it.

"Good Lord! It was the paper hanger!" Montgomery cried. "He's still in our employ. We've got him!"

Charlotte Calhoun left the Faraday employ, but Steve kept in touch with her by letter. Alfred Fremont, she wrote, had not been found; and weekly in the Sunday newspaper Steve saw a personal addressed to A. F. which told him that the search was going on. It was, in fact, more than two months after these events that Steve had a wire from her:

HAVE HEARD FROM HIM HE IS IN SOUTH AMERICA HE IS COMING HOME

Steve wired:

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS. WEDDING PRESENT FOLLOWS

A Scene in Croton Point Park, New York

DULL DEAD TOPS

You See Them Everywhere

EVERY DAY you see them—dull, dead tops, ruining the appearance of otherwise beautiful cars. There *was* a time when this couldn't be helped, and shabby, decaying tops were inevitable. But those days are past—for *now* a real top finish is available.

Overnight, these dingy tops can be transformed to sparkling, lustrous beauty, and protected from destruction—by an application of *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish.

Duro Gloss is a *finish*, not just a dressing. It not only protects the top but actually restores the new-car beauty. It is the same finish that is used in the manufacture of *Duro Gloss* Top Material.

Easily applied with a brush, *Duro Gloss*, The Top Finish, dries overnight to a beautiful, new-top lustre, without streaks or brush marks. It weatherproofs and preserves the top—is impervious to heat and cold. And it never gives a "done-over" appearance.

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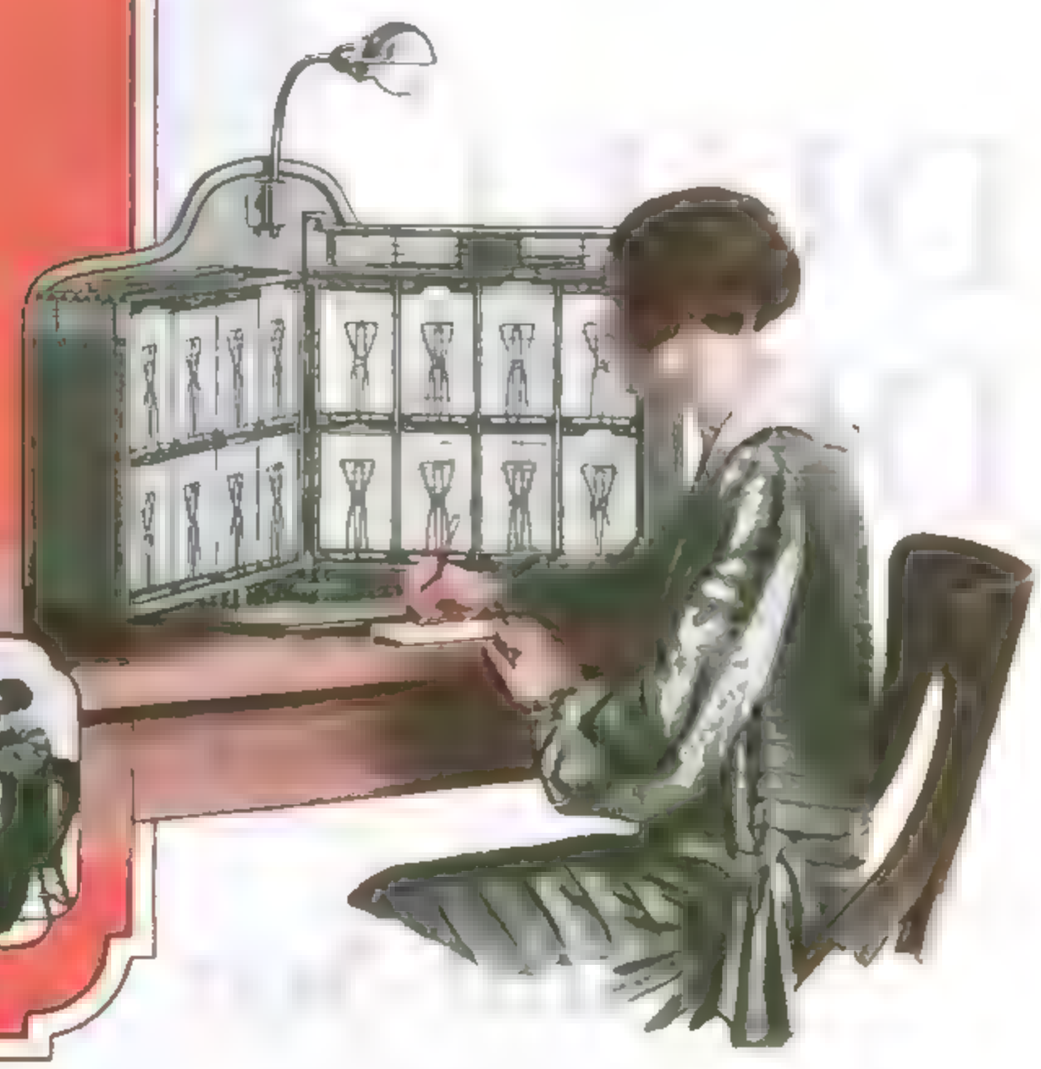

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It is made with the new patented vertical banks of leaves which open and close like a book; so easy to operate that the tip of your lead pencil moves a whole bank of leaves; so easily accessible that two or three persons may work at the register at the same time without interfering with each other.

Greater visibility . . . every account within instant reach . . . all sales slips held firmly in upright position.

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THEY SAVE · THEY COLLECT · THEY EARN

THE TAXI GIRLS

(Continued from Page 21)

back, which was ten cents short. 'Why, that's a ten-cent tip!'

"'Yes, madam,' I said very firmly, for I was half tickled and half mad at her stinginess, 'that's a ten-cent tip for me. All of ten cents. I'm sorry I haven't the exact change.' And I was, for I saw that ten cents meant far more to her than it did to me. Well, she thought that was perfectly terrible and she went off grumbling and complaining to herself about having a law made to stop such goings-on. She seemed to regard it as a regular holdup. Can't you see the headliner: 'Girl taxicab bandit holds up society leader and gets ten cents.' And yet you'd have thought she wouldn't grudge me a ten-cent tip for carrying her safely to her door in that blinding snowstorm. But she gave me a good laugh anyhow.

"There was another lady with a baby I picked up out at one of the hospitals. She wanted to go to the West Philadelphia Station, and when we got there I rang up the ticket and it was fifty cents. She calmly handed me out a quarter, and I looked at it and said, 'What's that for?'

"She replied, 'Well, that's all it cost me to go out to the hospital from here. There was another lady with me in the cab and we paid a quarter apiece.'

"'But you haven't got another lady in the cab this time and so what am I supposed to do—pay the other lady's fare out of my own pocket?'

"'But I haven't any more small change,' she said. 'You'll have to take my name and address. I live out in ——' She named a suburb. I saw right off that I might as well kiss that quarter good-by, and so I said:

"'Never mind, madam. But next time don't get into a cab when you haven't the fare.' That lady wouldn't have dreamed of going into a department store and asking them for a twenty-five-cent handkerchief, but she didn't mind bumming a ride. Some people say that driving a taxicab makes a girl hard-boiled. But you've got to be boiled before you can be hard-boiled. And it's mean little tricks like that which help along the boiling process. I'd like to ask our critics this question: Which was the real hard-boiled lady in that last little business transaction? Not that it matters to me."

When Service Doesn't Pay

"It's not only the rich women who are close-fisted; the rich men are often just as bad. Honestly, a nickel seems to loom as big to them as a century bank note would to me. The richer they are the less they give. One night I had some society folks; got them at Rittenhouse Plaza; it was a wire job. They were all dressed up like a million dollars, the ladies in ermine capes, the men in shiny top hats. One of the ladies, when she saw me at the wheel, laughed and said, 'How perfectly lovely! A lady taxicab driver!' They wanted to go to a night club. The bill was fifty cents. The man who was herding the party pulled out a fat wallet stuffed with bills, gave me the exact change, then fished in his pockets and handed out—what do you think? One of these tokens you use on a street car! Worth seven and a half cents. And I never use a street car. Why should I, with a cab of my own? That gave me a laugh too. Tipping a cab driver with a token to ride on the street car! And you could see that man thought real well of himself.

"One night it was snowing hard—a straight-out blizzard—and people were shouting for cabs. There were no trolleys. My windshield wiper was frozen, and I had to get out every couple of minutes and take a penny to wipe off the frost and snow. It's no cinch sitting at the wheel nine hours on end and driving through heavy traffic through a blinding snowstorm; the cold seems to seep right through your sheepskin-lined coat and freeze your marrowbones. Ice on the rails, frost on your windshield, the air thick as white cotton, so you can't see a yard ahead, and every minute you're liable to be run down by one of these big, rough truck drivers who have no regard for life or limb but go thundering straight through. And if you get in their way—oh, boy!

"Well, as I was cruising around through the snowdrifts with night coming on, my hands freezing to the wheel, I ran into a couple who had hailed a taxi. They wanted to go to the Van Westland estate—call it that for a blind—and the driver didn't know where it was. He was pegged out anyway. So I drew up and hailed them. 'I'll take you, sir,' I said. I didn't know where the address was any more than flying in the air, so I asked casually, 'Let's see, that's ——' and then you hold it, stall a bit and more than likely they'll give you a break. You have to be a rolling encyclopedia when you're a taxicab driver, for people ask you everything on earth. Men even ask me what time I think their wives are going to arrive! That's a good one! Well, they told me the road and I went on, through snowdrifts and skiddy streets, hardly knowing any minute where we'd fetch up, and saying a little prayer, for I didn't want to kill my fares or smash my cab. You know, a good taxicab driver has a certain sense of responsibility toward his passengers and also toward the company's car; we have human lives and also $2500 worth of machinery to look out for. So I wasn't taking any chances. But every now and then I'd think to myself, 'Well, anyhow, here's a fat tip.' For that day I had twenty dollars on the sheet and, believe me or not, hardly a tip. Most of them were snowstorm riders; never rode in a taxi before and didn't know enough to give a tip—thought it was like a street car.

"Finally we went up a big, private driveway, and a beautiful butler with a beautiful English accent opened the door and a bright, mellow light streamed out from the room behind and sort of framed him in. Boy! It looked nice in there from where I sat freezing at the wheel. I was nearly all in. There were two big limousines lined up ahead of me. Some kind of high jinks going on. And my party were the owners—late. The ticket called for $5.80. They didn't have it on them and so they went inside, and I sat five, ten, fifteen minutes waiting for my pay. I began to think it might be what we call an 'eye job.' I'll tell what that is later on. But finally they came out with exactly $5.80—not even a nickel for a tip! Flat? I should say so! That other driver must have had a hunch. But that's a good example of your stingy rich. It's the people of moderate means who show kindness and consideration, and don't forget to tip moderately and treat us as if we were human beings and not just fixtures or some new kind of steering-gear attachment."

The Cab Driver's Santa Claus

"An 'eye job'—well, that's what we call it when we take a fare to a big hotel or some public place and he gets down and says, 'Just wait a minute. I'll be right back.' And you wait and wait and wait, looking for him, using your eyes instead of your gas—and he's skipped out the back way. You see why it's called an eye job. Once I had a man like that; he ran up the bill to $3.80, skipped out and I had to pay it myself. The best thing to do with a fare you're suspicious of, when he manufactures a sudden errand to leave the cab, is to say politely, 'Just a minute, sir. Do you mind giving me a couple of dollars to hold on account?' That's one thing we soon learn. We can't trust everybody, and you can't always tell by the looks.

"The best tippers are the sporting class. Members of that class will hand you, maybe, a five-dollar bill on a fifty-cent meter slip and say grandly, 'Keep the change.' We do! And then the joy-riders are generous with their tips also. I've never had any really tough customers in my cab, never been insulted, never had a holdup. Partly that's because the women drivers work only on the day shift and go off before 8:30 P.M.

"Sometimes on a Saturday afternoon, when the factories and stores are closed and all the boys and girls are out for fun, I've carried parties that were feeling happy and singing. And once in a while one of the men would lean forward and say pleasantly 'Have a drink?' just so I wouldn't feel I was being left out in the cold. But I always say simply, 'No, thank you, sir; drinking is not allowed,' and they don't persist.

"One day I was cruising up Broad Street and I noticed a man on the corner with a taxi look—very aristocratic and dignified, with a tall silk hat. I raised my finger and called, 'Cab, sir?' and he nodded. As he stepped in he said, 'Don't you know I'm the mayor of Philadelphia?' I didn't know who he was, except that I knew he was not the mayor, whom I've seen dozens of times. But if he thought he was the mayor or Napoleon, it was all right with me. He'd had a few highballs and was feeling pretty rosy. So I said, humoring him, 'Where do you want to go, Mister Mayor? City Hall?'

"He laughed then and gave me the name of his club. Well, that was more like. When we got there he said, 'Come in and have a bite of lunch with me.' I told him I wasn't allowed to do that. And he said, 'Oh, all right. Here's ten dollars. Go and buy yourself a lunch on me.' But you don't get a break like that more than once in a blue moon."

The Age of Chivalry

"One day a sailor hailed me, asked me to take him out to the Navy Yard. It was raining cats, dogs and little fishes, and out by the Sesqui Grounds, as bad luck would have it, I got a flat tire. And that sailor had just fifteen minutes to catch his boat. Of course I had to get out in the downpour and change the tire. The sailor never offered to help; he was sitting pretty—safe and dry inside and grinning all over his face. I didn't care. After all it was my job. But my hands got full of grease and my clothes too—and oh, boy, those are heavy tires. But I got him to his boat and he was pretty good; he gave me a quarter tip.

"At first the public was timid about hiring a girl cab driver. But they're getting used to us now, and very often when a wire call comes in the customer will say, 'Send me a chauffeurette.' They're beginning to have confidence in us. Driving a cab nine hours a day, mostly in heavy traffic, is no joke. A girl must be healthy, intelligent, have her wits about her and be able to act swiftly in an emergency without losing her head. At night, after cruising around nine hours in all kinds of weather and with all kinds of luck, a girl has no ambition to go anywhere except to bed; that's her steady date. So we turn in about 9:30. We have to, in order to keep in shape physically; with this kind of a job you just have to get your rest. A girl can't step out every night, dance all hours, and be any good in the day; the two things don't go together. Sometimes a romantic kid signs on, thinking she's going to see the inside of life and experience a lot of thrills; but that kind doesn't last; the job is too strenuous for them. And, of course, the applicants are carefully sized up by the personnel department to eliminate the jazz element which might give the company a bad name. So the girls are just the opposite in character from what the public might naturally suppose; they're not tough or hard-boiled or reckless or thrill hunters, but steady, hard-working business girls.

"Of course, there is a thrill in this life. First of all, there's the joy of driving a car, living in the open and being your own boss.

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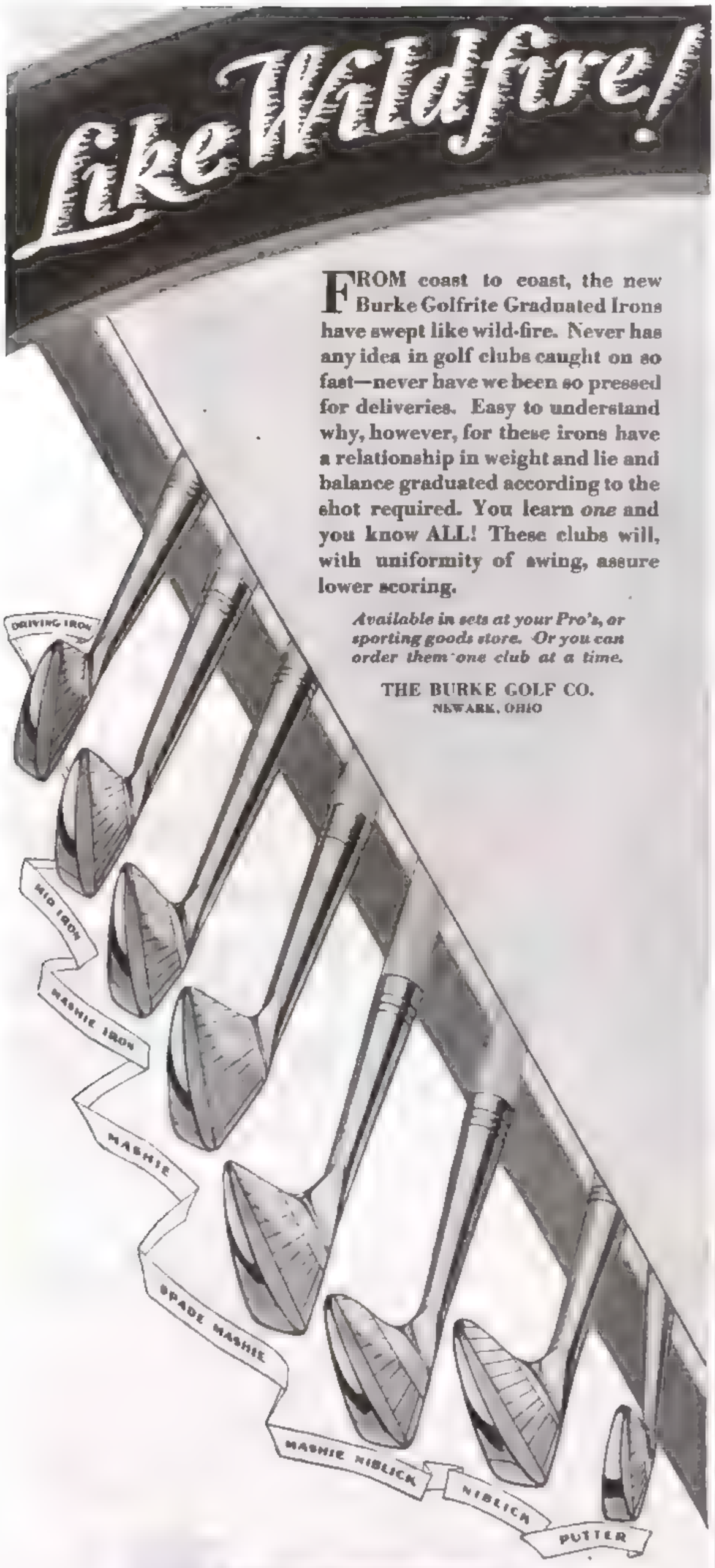

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A Club for Every Purse and Every Purpose

The independent girl likes that. Then you come up against all kinds of people and things are always happening in the streets, something new every minute. It's like being in a theater, only better, for here the action is real and you get a hearty laugh out of some of the actors. I can't explain very well, but the fascination of it grips you. You cruise and cruise around, watching the whole show, seeing funny little bits—and some things not so funny, I'll tell the world—comedy and slapstick and tragedy all mixed up together right before your eyes, and you wonder about it all—you can't help wondering if you have a brain—and at the same time you keep a sharp lookout for fares—and then some fine morning you wake up and discover the job's got you; it's in your veins; you can't give it up. Some days you come home dog-tired and discouraged; it's rained tightwads and flats all day; you swear you're going to quit. But next morning you're back on the job. It's not the money. It can't be; we don't make enough. It's the fascination of going fishing in that big human stream. I might add, in passing, something that may surprise you: The men are more respectful to us than the women. Perhaps it's because they understand better what earning a living means."

Hard Work and Few Thrills

"Accidents?" said the president of the taxicab company which started the innovation of having women taxicab drivers for the day shifts. "Well, there are two kinds of accidents: Minor mishaps and serious crashes. Of the big, serious crashes involving damage to property and possible loss of life, the men drivers have three times as many to their credit as the girls. But in the minor, or what you might call bone-headed accidents, the girls exceed the men. For example, pulling away from the curb without looking around, skidding in a car track, or backing into a pedestrian, or failing to close the door tight, and first thing you know, bingo! off comes the door. But generally speaking, putting all the girls against all the men, the girls are much better at avoiding serious accidents. One reason for this is that they don't drive as fast as the men, and the biggest single cause of bad smash-ups is excessive speed. As a rule the girls are more cautious than men; they take fewer chances in heavy traffic; they're more likely to obey to the letter the police rules.

"There's another advantage in having girl drivers: They don't drink, and thus the alcholic problem is absolutely eliminated. Among the men there are always a few with the liquor habit, and that is a serious problem in the cab game. Nothing is more dangerous in this world than a taxicab driver with a jag. And men drivers are peculiarly subjected to temptations of this kind. For example, a man picks up a fare who has a little shine on; the first thing that tipsy man does is to get chummy with the driver and insist on his taking a drink. Sometimes, rather than have an altercation, the driver obliges him.

"Another respect in which the girls are more punctilious is what we call turning in short. Cash shortages among the girls are exceedingly rare. The men, occasionally want to advance themselves a little cash, and so they pull some yarn about having lost the money. Suppose the meter shows fifteen dollars for the day; they may turn in ten or twelve, make up an alibi for the rest and say to the office, 'Take it out of my next Saturday's pay.' It's all right, just a little advance in salary they're handing themselves. But the point is, the girls don't do that; they're conscientious and rather punctilious about money affairs.

"The very young girls, we find, who sign on don't stick. They may be excellent drivers, intelligent and full of pep; but they come in to try out the game, find its duller than they thought—more work and fewer thrills—and give it up. The average age, according to our lists, is twenty-seven, and the types are higher grade than you'd think. We have school-teachers, art students, nurses, a former manager of a moving-picture theater, a real-estate dealer, a bookkeeper, a golf champion and several college graduates. Most of them chose this career because they love to drive a car and like the healthy, independent, out-of-door life.

"Before we hire them we subject them to a rigid driving test and have them thoroughly overhauled physically. A good many girls we're forced to refuse on account of weak hearts. They have to be in the pink of physical condition in order to stand the gaff. We don't require them to be mechanicians or to change tires. Most of them, however, have driven cars for years and know all about them. We don't put them on the night shifts for obvious reasons, and we've never had a holdup. But knock on wood for that! We guarantee the girls two dollars and a half a day and if their work sheet shows more than forty-five dollars a week, they get a third of it. For example, here's a weekly sheet which shows fifty-seven dollars, which means that the driver made nineteen dollars that week.

"It's a real selling job, but selling goods over a counter and selling cab rides in the street are different propositions, and just at first the girls are apt to be uniform shy; but they soon get over that and are quick at soliciting trade. They're absolutely their own bosses on the street. When the company turns a taxicab over to a girl, what it is really doing is loaning that girl $2500 to start in business, and she gets one-third of all she makes, with no responsibility and no overhead. We really set them up in business with a store on wheels, and the more rides they sell the better we're pleased. They've proved that women can be just as good taxicab drivers as men; and as regards speeding, intoxication and serious crashes they're superior. As a business proposition I find the chauffeurettes a good bet. They have a few in Chicago and one or two women independents in New York, but within five years they'll be all over the country, for they're in the business to stay."

Chauffeurette to the Rescue

"No," said another slim little chauffeurette with steady blue eyes, "I've never had any real tough customers, though I believe some of the girls have. But one day I was sent on a wire call to Blank Street. It was a terrible dump. One of these low dives. The policeman said, 'Better not go in there, Miss Philly.'

"And I said, 'Don't worry! I'm not going in.' So I just opened the door and called out, 'Cab!' There was a woman behind the bar and she said 'No!' but a man came forward and said, 'Yes, I ordered that cab.' The woman was furious. She didn't want to lose him, you see. He told me later he had a terrible lot of money on him and he was afraid of being blackjacked. He was a perfectly lovely man; you could tell that right away, and also that he was in the wrong environment down there. He was drinking heavily, but he was not blind drunk—just sort of weaving on his feet—and you could see that he was a fine gentleman, respectable straight through, if you get what I mean. He never said a wrong word to me, and that's a pretty good test.

"Well, he got into the cab and he told me he wanted to find his mother. Poor chap, I guess he did! He gave me ten different addresses and his mother wasn't at any of them. I learned later he lived in another city, didn't know Philadelphia at all. He kept saying, 'Take me out to Wushy-hicken.' That's as near as he could come to pronouncing the name. I took him out there and drove him around and every time I'd slow up and say 'Where shall I take you now, sir?' he'd say, 'Well, go out to Wushy-hicken.' It got to be a kind of refrain. I think it was the only name in Philadelphia he knew. Late in the afternoon he roused up and asked me to give him the name of a first-class hotel where he could deposit his money in the safe. And so I did. He went

(Continued on Page 152)

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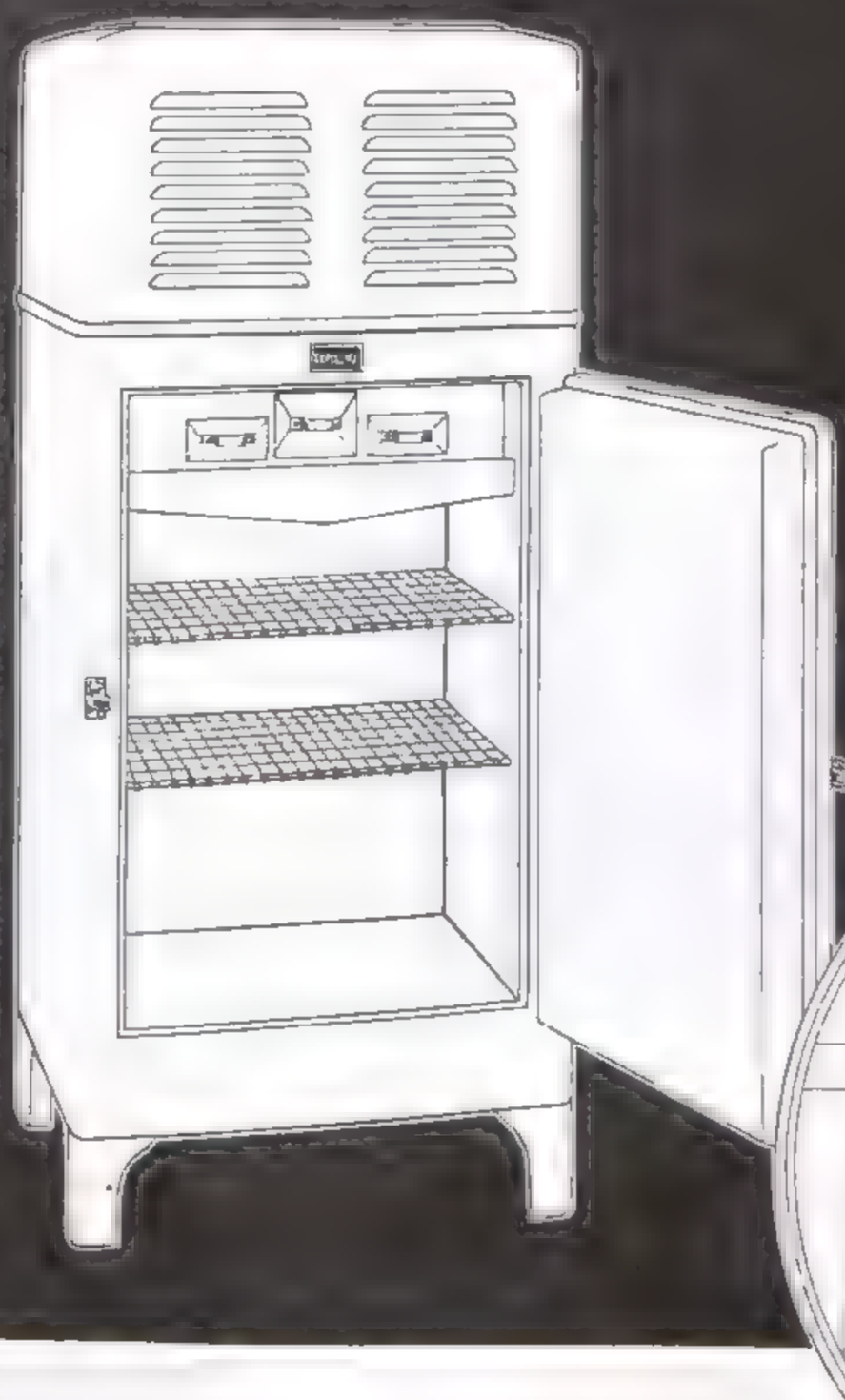

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(Continued from Page 150

in, registered, put his money away and came out and I drove him around for several hours more. I could see he was trying to sober up. When I went off duty I turned him over to the night man who drives my cab. I didn't want anything to happen to him. But before I left he took out his notebook and said, 'What's your number? I'm going to ring you up again tomorrow. You're a fine girl.' So I gave him my number and the night man took him on. It seems he dismissed the chauffeur several hours later at a drug store and presently a wild call came into the company for my number. It was that nice Mr. Souse. He'd lost his hotel!

"'I want that girl cab driver, Number ——,' he said. 'She's the only girl who knows my hotel. I've forgotten the name and I don't know the address. But she knows!'"

High Tips From Thin Purses

"I had gone home long ago, but the company managed to locate his hotel from his rather tangled description and sent a cab around to the drug store to pilot him safely there. It took that man four days to straighten out, and most of them he spent in my cab, going out to "Wushy-hicken" and around and around and out to "Wushy-hicken" again. I felt real sorry for him. He was sort of pathetic. Just a thoroughly nice man on the wrong road. You see, he'd been on a downright hard jag and he was trying to sober up before he went home. Didn't want his people to see him in that fix. One morning I got a call from him, and he came out of the hotel looking just like death and asked me for the address of a doctor. A taxicab driver is supposed to be an encyclopedia of general information; they have to know the topography of the city and its environs, all the banks, all the hotels and clubs, all the places of historic interest, what shows are on and if they're any good. Well, I took him to a doctor and then to a drug store. He looked so bad when he came out and said 'Drive me out to Wushy-hicken' that I said, 'Don't you think I better take you back to your hotel, sir? I think you ought to be in bed.'

"'All right,' he said. 'I guess I better. You're a good girl.'

"Finally, at the end of the fourth day, I took him over to the train, sober but dead pale.

"'I'm much obliged to you,' he said, and he took off his hat and shook hands with me. Believe me or not, that was a nice man!

"As a usual thing I have found the men tip more generously than the women. And the wealthy class, men or women, tip very little. Some will even put out their hand for a nickel change. They're far closer than the poorer class. I don't know why that is, unless it's because they realize away down deep that money is the only thing that gives them the whip hand, that they've no other resources of character or stamina to rely on, and without money they'd be on the toboggan slide. Looked at that way, money's a necessity to them, much more so than to a fine, big, gracious, characterful personality that has a lot of other capital, as you might say, stored up in the vaults of his nature, and so feels easy with money because he knows he's got a lot of capital left. Of course real gentle folks are kind and considerate whether they're rich or poor. But it does surprise one to discover that as a rule the wealthy class, which you'd naturally expect to find spending money freely, are worse tightwads than the great common run of folks who have to watch their dimes."

And now meet Mrs. John Doe, a college graduate, a taxicab driver by day and a real-estate broker by night.

"I've driven a car for years," she said, "and know the territory of Philadelphia and its environs thoroughly, because for a long time I was a collector and adjuster of delinquent accounts for a certain big firm. I was used to meeting the public, and selling rides, from a business point of view, is much easier than selling real estate. The immediate reason for my taking up taxicab driving was a serious sickness, and when I got out of the hospital the doctor advised me to live in the open air. And you get plenty of open air in a taxi, especially in wintertime!"

Women as Safe Drivers

"There's a great field for women in driving taxicabs, once the public can be persuaded they are safe. In this respect the women themselves are our worst enemies. Men accept us practically without question or criticism; they take it for granted we're efficient. I believe, as a matter of fact, that they prefer a girl driver; it tickles them, somehow; they seem to admire and respect us for it. But with the women there's still a lot of missionary work to be done. They'd rather have a man. I suppose it's natural. The men customers tip the women drivers generously, and the women customers, so I've heard, tip the men drivers and prefer to have them around. But even the women are learning that we are safe. One day, out at a hospital, I saw a lady looking for a taxi, and I called out, 'Cab, madam?' and she said, 'My gracious! I wouldn't ride with you for anything!'

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'Why not? Because I'm afraid, that's why. In my opinion you ought to be put off the street. I don't know what the world's coming to. Aren't you ashamed?' Well, she read me a lecture and I started to roll off. 'Wait a minute,' she called. 'I believe I'll take a chance! Now don't kill me. Go slow.' So I went very carefully, and as she got down, she said, 'I'll declare! You did that very well. Some of these men drivers do speed something awful. What's your number? I'm going to ring you up next time I want a cab.'"

Courtesy With Emphasis

"It isn't so easy to drive a cab in crowded traffic as it seems. The necessary qualifications are, first, of course, ability to handle a car. But there's much more to it than that. You must be a good driver, yes, but just as important, you must have the ability to use your head and be able to act swiftly in an emergency, for you are in traffic most of the time and many drivers of automobiles are reckless or ignorant or both; and it is these bad drivers who create situations which you must solve, and solve instantaneously, both for them and for yourself. You may know how to handle your own car, but the trouble is to know how the ignorant, the tipsy, the rash or the plain dumb-bell driver is going to handle his. The second qualification of a good taxicab driver is courtesy—courtesy in season and out of season. There's no use talking back. You just have to learn to hold your tongue, even in a case of plain injustice. It pays in the end. For example, one day I took a man from the B. & O. Station to his club. Our initial flag throw, I should say, is thirty cents. His meter slip was sixty cents.

"He exclaimed, 'What! That's a splendid ride for forty cents, and sixty cents is all you're going to get.' That is, he was trying to knock off twenty cents from the regular price and use it for a tip. I looked him square in the eye and replied with deadly courtesy, 'Thank you, sir!' accenting each word. And I think my scorn got over all right.

"Occasionally we run across a man who doesn't really know whether it's just the thing to tip a woman driver or not. He'll hesitate and say, 'Is it—er—permissible to—er—give a little tip?' Yes, sir, it is! Every time. Some people, workers mostly, unaccustomed to taxies, tip out of proportion. But that's all right with us. It's a good fault.

"We sit in the cab driver's seat and we see little pieces of life, like scenes out of a play, enacted before our eyes. Sometimes we take part in the action without knowing what it all means. And that's the fascination of it. It's like looking through a peephole into a big circus tent. There's something going on all the while. You can't catch the whole picture, but you catch enough to grip you and hold you on the job."

DRAWN BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON

As it Was and as it Is

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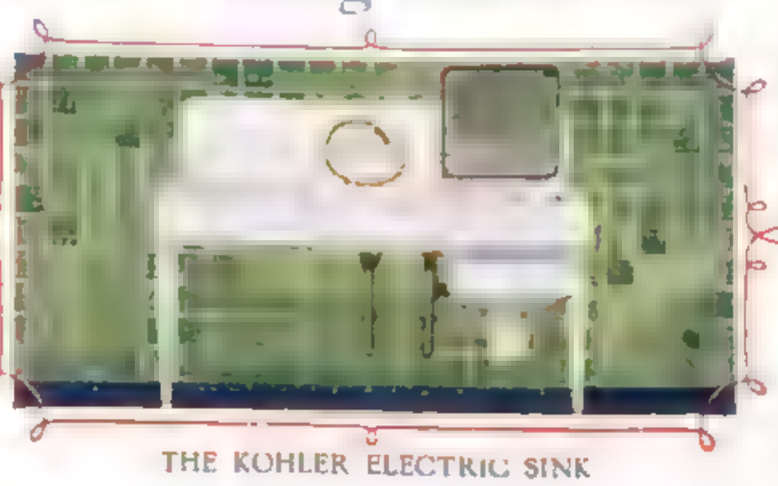

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MOTIVE POWER

(Continued from Page 4)

heard a car rapidly approaching the Orrin property. This, Marcus decided, would be the secretary arriving; the train for some reason delayed. Mr. Orrin would probably be either asleep or disposed for the night. But there was ample time for Marcus to return, have the will duly typed, leaving one copy in Mr. Orrin's care and taking the other with him. The clerical work could be done in twenty minutes, after which the chauffeur could take him to the train.

The car rapidly approached. Its running sounds seemed to proclaim it a station or garage vehicle more or less racked from pitching over those steep hills and spring thaws. It clattered into the grounds and stopped.

At that moment there came from the premises about a quarter of a mile away the clamorous baying of a hound. Marcus knew it to be a beautiful imported bloodhound, a gift to the banker from an English friend. He had admired the dog, on strolling about the grounds soon after his arrival, before starting to draw up the will. It was natural for a dog kept there the year round, to bay on the arrival of a stranger, but Marcus was struck by the fact that there seemed a note of welcome in the dog's outcry. It described this late arrival not a stranger but as a friend whom the dog's fine nose had scented. It was now voicing eagerness and a protest at being restrained from greeting the person who had arrived.

Marcus turned back to the house. He did so reluctantly, unwilling to forgo his nocturnal walk, for which there would scarcely be time after having the document typed and the copies signed and attested. There being no pressing hurry, Marcus loitered, stopping again on the edge of the birch grove where he had noticed the strong scent of the prowling fox. Then, as he stood there receptive to his surroundings, there came another sound that turned the *féerique* glamour of the night, as if by magic, into a guise that was ominous and sinister.

The sound of a scream, faint in volume but startling in quality, reached Marcus' ears at that considerable distance, because there was at the moment no noise to conflict. The muffled quality of the cry told him that it came from inside the house; probably from Mr. Orrin's room, the window of which Marcus had noticed to be partly open when he left.

There seemed to be but one reason for that scream—the arrival of a woman, and probably the younger daughter, Beatrice; and that she had entered her father's room to find something very wrong. A woman does not scream that way for nothing. Marcus, in his agitation, did not stop to think that a Vassar senior, with a personality to be expected from a course that should develop poise and balance and self-control, would not be apt to scream like that even on finding that a parent whom she knew to be injured, had suddenly collapsed.

The truth was that Marcus, a studious boy, college grind and self-shackled professional slave, knew nothing at all about girls beyond their visible phenomena, and only the extremities of those. He had always liked classic rather than modern fiction, and many of his ideas, having been formed by Victorian standards, well planted at the time, were firmly rooted. He had early accepted the idea that a maiden when startled screamed, just as a dog yelped if you trod on its tail. His legal mind, being more accurate, passed instantly to the cause of the scream, and without pause, to the cause of the cause, as one may say. The rapid deduction was thus: The car arriving at that late hour had sounded like a hired one. The arrival of its occupant had been greeted by the eager baying of the bloodhound. This dog had sensed a member of the family to whom it was devoted. The only member most likely to have arrived within that time was Beatrice. She had not screamed immediately on her arrival, presumably to be met by Vogel, who must have heard the car, so that her cry was not the result of anything that he had told her. Vogel was therefore unaware of any change in Mr. Orrin's condition. Besides, had such occurred immediately on Marcus' leaving, the valet would have sent somebody after him. Beatrice had screamed at the end of the elapsed time it had taken her to get to her father's room, which was on the side of the house toward Marcus. The quality of the scream indicated she had been met with a shock, violent and unexpected, something terrible. This line of reasoning ran through Marcus' brain in a flash, and it did not stop here.

Mr. Orrin had been, when he left, in perfectly good condition. If, then, he were dead, it must be suicide. This would seem to check with the fact of his having sent for the lawyer to draw up his will despite the favorable prognosis of a specialist and his associate. But Mr. Orrin, a sane man of strong personality, was not the suicidal sort. Neither had his manner revealed any depression or desperation.

Marcus stood for a moment listening and thinking hard. His mind, from working instantaneously by deduction, now moved objectively, with conscious rather than subconscious deduction. He thought quickly of the new will he had drawn. There was, so far as he could remember, nobody beside Mr. Orrin's three children who could be the loser by it. One person, Mary Brown, spinster, stood to gain enormously. Minor bequests to individuals remained the same. These included a legacy to his servant Vogel, and to the caretakers, the McNeils. This left, so far as Marcus could perceive, no connection between murder and the new will, the more so since the witnesses, Vogel and McNeil, had no knowledge of the contents of the will, having merely witnessed the signature.

Marcus decided immediately that he was by way of being an alarmist, that no tragedy had occurred, and that whoever had screamed had been startled in some other way.

Nevertheless he approached the house with caution. The bright moonlight, the utter stillness, the lack of any stir about the premises, tautened his nerves. It occurred to him then that if, for some reason unknown to himself, a crime, a murder, had been committed, it could scarcely help but have direct bearing on the will just drawn. Somebody who had reason to know of Mr. Orrin's intentions had waited for this event and then removed the testator, with one of two motives: Either that the possibility of his drawing another and different will would be prevented, or to get possession of and destroy the one now in Marcus' keeping. As he hurried toward the house, his mind working rapidly, the silence was broken again by the baying of the bloodhound. This time the notes of the dog's big musical voice were as eager as before, but more impatient and with a quality that was a little strangled, as if the animal were tugging on a leash. Marcus noticed, then, as he strode rapidly along, that these syncopated yelpings and bayings were changing direction. They grew rapidly fainter, seemed to be partly muffled by the interposition of the building. It became immediately apparent that the dog was moving directly away in an opposite direction—the general one of the county road.

Marcus came to the grounds, hurried along the path that led up past the stables to the house. He moved on round to the front, where he found the door on the latch. The big hall was lighted dimly. Marcus stood for a moment, listening, then called, "Vogel!"

There was no reply. The house was plunged in silence. He called again more loudly and, getting no answer, went through to the rear. Dining room, pantry, kitchen, all were lighted, but no person was in evidence. Returning to the dining room, he found a push button and rang, but the bell brought no response.

Marcus went up the stairs and to Mr. Orrin's quarters. The door was ajar, the bedroom lighted, and as he entered he was brought up at sight of Mr. Orrin lying as if peacefully asleep. But the absence of anybody about and, as he leaned over the bed and looked more closely at the still figure, its motionless relaxation, lack of any respiratory movement and significant pallor told Marcus that his worst fear had been realized. Whatever the sinister cause, this fact was now presented: Mr. Orrin was dead

II

MARCUS stepped to the side of the bed and leaned over the body. He did not wish to disturb anything, but so far as he could see, there were no signs of violence at all. The pallid, handsome features were calm and reposed, the hands were crossed on the breast. There was no sign of a death struggle, though the aspect of the head's position on the pillow and the placing of the light bedclothes suggested they had been smoothed.

But what now occupied Marcus' thought was the desertion of the premises, and this seemed to tell its own story: That the household had reason to suspect murder, whereupon McNeil probably had suggested putting the bloodhound in leash on the trail to follow the criminal or criminals. All had joined in this man hunt, the men probably armed, while Mrs. McNeil and Beatrice, if, indeed, it were she who had arrived, had gone with the others, dreading to be left unprotected in the house. They would, of course, Marcus reasoned, have telephoned the police and coroner. There seemed nothing to do but wait.

Marcus walked to the window and looked out. The moonlight was vivid; it illumined the stretch of lawn and bathed the lake below and hills beyond. At the far end of the open stretch a dark spot in the trees showed the entrance to the lane from which he had just come. He was looking toward it when he saw the figure of a man moving rapidly across the open space in that direction. He appeared to be running in smooth gliding fashion, and as Marcus watched, the figure disappeared into the opening of the lane.

That, Marcus decided, settled it. Mr. Orrin had met his death at the hands of persons so far unknown.

The assassins had then slipped out and made off through the woods to the road, where no doubt they had left a car. But one of them, an active man, had split off to follow on Marcus' trail, counting on overtaking him before he reached the railroad station and getting possession of the will. Marcus' return had not been reckoned on.

Though serious minded, something of a legal pedant and a man whom violence had never touched, Marcus did not lack in courage. He had that afternoon, after his walk about the grounds and while waiting for his client to send for him to draw up the will, strolled into the library—a handsome room that was furnished in sportsmanlike fashion: Heads of game, moose, caribou and red deer, mounted muskellunge and salmon trout, and in one corner, a gun rack, glassed in, containing some sporting pieces—rifles and shotguns. Marcus, although primarily a man of peace, decided he could not manfully shirk this issue. Here was a thug who had just set off on his trail, with thieving and, no doubt, murderous intent. Marcus decided to arm himself and follow him. He hurried down to the library and selected a rifle—a 30-40. He found a box of cartridges in a drawer of the case. He laid his brief case in this drawer, locking it and pocketing the key. Then running out, he crossed the lawn and took the trail in pursuit of his pursuer.

(Continued on Page 156)

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

(Continued from Page 154.)

Marcus was an athlete of the typical college city type, in good training the year round, playing tennis and swimming as opportunity offered in summer, squash and handball and a great deal of walking in the winter. He was lean, muscular, light on his feet and had been, in college, a good tackle and a runner and hurdler on the track team

He felt, therefore, slight doubt but that he would be able to overhaul the man ahead of him. The brightness of the moonlight and the fact that he was following were in his favor for seeing the other man first. Vogel had told him that after the fork in the lane, it led up over the ridge through a rough open cattle pasture, and it was here that Marcus hoped to catch up with the other man.

In such an encounter a rifle, in the hands of a man who understands its use as well as Marcus, could easily outrange and outshoot in accuracy the pistol or revolver in the hands of the other.

The effort to which he was now set was of a sort sometimes required of a peaceful young man who has had no previous experience of any sort of violence, and yet which, under certain circumstances, may seem to him not only the proper course to take but even the natural one. Marcus, as he ran swiftly and lightly along, and as silently as possible, was conscious of neither qualms nor fear for the outcome. This was partly the result of heredity—pioneer ancestors not so far removed—partly because here, now, seemed precisely an actual functioning in a capacity hitherto repressed, but often present in Marcus' imaginings. Like many young men of monotonous well-ordered lives, Marcus had from early boyhood lived vicariously in books and in visualizing scenes almost identical to this. He was no more than living in reality the rôle that he had so often lived in fancy.

Coming presently to the fork, he saw the clearing ahead and almost at the same moment caught sight of a dark figure moving up a gentle slope that was studded with granite bowlders, low ledges and clumps of bushes. Some strategy was now required. If Marcus were to run out into the open, the other might look back and discover him when, with his lead of about 300 yards, he could either strike off for the woods and escape, or get over the top of the rise and ambush his pursuer from a heap of stones or a clump of bushes.

To avoid this, Marcus pulled up in the dark shadow of the trees and waited for the other to get over the rise, when by running swiftly up the slope he might be able to shorten the distance considerably. Marcus' object was to capture the man alive. He did not want to kill or even wound him, if this could be avoided. If he had known the course of the trail and lay of the land he would have preferred to make a detour, get ahead of his quarry and then hold him up as he came along. But such an attempt would risk missing him entirely.

In the bright glare of moonlight on the bare slope the other was distinctly visible. They had come, by this time, nearly a mile from the house, counting from the top of the rise, and it was evident that the pace was telling on the man ahead. His running slowed to a walk, then at the summit he stopped, seemed to step up onto a flat rock, and stood motionless. It looked to Marcus as though from that dominating position a considerable sweep of country might be visible ahead, and failing to sight the object of his pursuit, the man was discouraged and decided that the lead was too great to hope to overtake the one of whom he had started in quest.

This evidently was the case. After standing there a conspicuous object for several moments, the other got down from the rock. He turned, then, on his course again, but walking, as Marcus could tell from the slowness with which the figure disappeared from view.

This seemed to be his chance, if he were swift. The pause had got back his wind, so that he now put out a burst of speed, ran up the gentle slope and, on reaching its summit, saw the other moving slowly round a clump of birches not more than a hundred yards ahead.

The turf here was soft and spongy, so that one could move noiselessly. Marcus ran swiftly down the grade, came round the clump of intervening trees and was within fifty yards of the other when the figure stopped suddenly and turned.

"Hands up," Marcus shouted, and leveled his rifle, aiming at the other's knees, which no man hunter of experience would have done.

What immediately happened was disconcerting. There came not the shot that Marcus had expected, but a scream. The figure in front of him swayed, then collapsed, sinking on the turf precisely as Marcus might have expected had he fired. He found himself shaking. The sweat, already pouring down him from his efforts, suddenly turned cold. So great a weakness enveloped him that his knees buckled. He, too, sank down inertly, but still with self-control enough to swing the muzzle of his rifle to one side. If the person ahead had possessed the means and the determination, Marcus might have been riddled as he sat there limp with shock. For the scream had been, though closer, identical to the one that he had heard just after the arrival of the station car, and the realization swept over him that he had come within an ace of firing upon a young woman who had set out to overtake him and to tell him just what had occurred.

What with the jar of this discovery and the breathlessness from its emotion coming immediately after it, Marcus did not, for the moment, speak. Neither did the other. So that the ridiculous position was presented of the pair slumped down on the sward about forty yards apart, panting and perspiring and staring at each other in nerve-racking silence.

Marcus was the first to break this. "It's all right," he called. "I am Marcus True."

The answer came unsteadily, "I thought you'd gone on to the station. I was trying to catch up to you."

Marcus scrambled to his feet. "What happened back at the house? Who killed your father?"

There was a pause, then the girl said slowly, "We don't know. And I'm not Beatrice Orrin. I'm Mary Brown."

Marcus walked up to her. He discovered then that she was far from being in the collapse that he had feared, but sitting alertly, with hands clasped in front of her knees, that she was not in knickerbockers, but wore a dark dress, with a very short skirt and dark stockings. Had these been light of color her character would have been revealed in the bright moonlight, when she had stood upon the rock, but as it was he had taken her for a smallish man in chauffeur's gaiters or knickerbockers that were baggy. She was, he perceived, a big girl and a very pretty one.

"Why did you try to follow me?" he asked.

"The butler told me that Mr. Orrin had finished his work with the lawyer and that you had wanted to walk to the station. I thought you ought to know what has happened."

"Why did you come here tonight?"

"Mr. Orrin wired for me to come. My train was two hours late, because of a wreck."

"Would you mind telling me just who you are?"

"I'm a stenographer in Mr. Orrin's bank. Recently I've been taking his personal correspondence."

Marcus considered this a moment. Mr. Orrin had said he thought the will ought to be in duplicate, the two documents in safe separate places. Marcus had agreed, but being unprovided with means for making a simultaneous copy, had said that he would have it true copied immediately on going to his office. He said now to Mary Brown, "What happened when you went into the house?"

(Continued on Page 159

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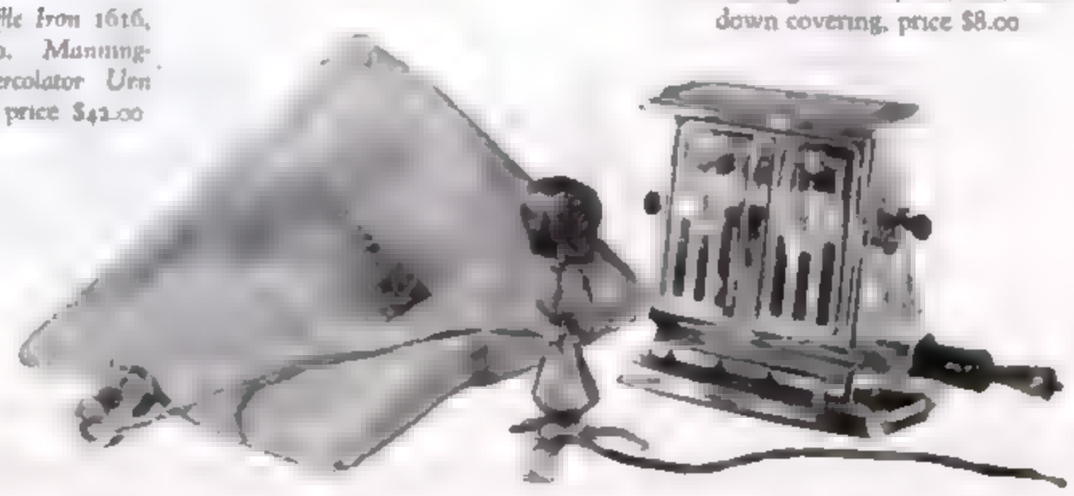

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(Continued from Page 156)

"Vogel heard the car and opened the door. He took out my typewriter and said: 'You're too late, Miss Brown. The job's done and the lawyer gone.'"

"Vogel knew you, then?"

"Oh, yes. I'd often been to Mr. Orrin's house to take letters."

"What then?" Marcus asked.

"Vogel showed me up to my room. It was next Mr. Orrin's, with a door communicating. That was all right if I had been going to help take care of him, but as Vogel had told me that he had a male nurse, I was a little surprised."

"Why?" Marcus asked.

"Because none of the family was there and the man might talk. That wouldn't be so good for me, nor, for that matter, for Mr. Orrin."

"Quite true," Marcus agreed.

"I said so to Vogel. It seemed to strike him as a new idea. Then he said, 'I thought it might be as well for you to be in call, Miss Brown, just in case I happened to be downstairs and Simpson stepped out or something.'"

"Where was Vogel quartered?"

"Across the hall. The nurse slept in the next room to Mr. Orrin's on the other side. It seemed to me unnecessary, with two of them, and I said so. He offered to change me then to a room at the end of the house. I thought it probable that Mr. Orrin might want me to stay on indefinitely. I had hoped to find Miss Orrin here."

The arrangement seemed reasonable to Marcus. Presuming Mr. Orrin to be in no danger and strong enough to dictate correspondence, the presence of Miss Mary Brown would fill his time and keep him from fretting at his disability.

But this did not explain why Mr. Orrin had seen fit to make Miss Brown a beneficiary, and having done so, that he should have wished her to learn the contents of the will.

"Go on, please," Marcus said. "What happened then?"

"Vogel went to arrange the other room. I heard the nurse moving round next door and then go out. I thought then that I would tell Mr. Orrin why I was so late, and stepped out into the hall to knock on his door. As I did so, a man in a black mask who was just outside grabbed me by the shoulders and shoved me back into my room so hard that I fell. He snatched the key from the inside and slammed shut my door and locked it. I screamed, then jumped up and tried the door into Mr. Orrin's room, but that was locked too."

"Had you heard any noise in there?"

"Not a sound. I beat on the hall door and Vogel came. He called the chauffeur, who ran up and forced the lock of my door, then the hall one of Mr. Orrin's room. Both had been locked. I went into Mr. Orrin's room and found him . . . dead."

"Where was Simpson, the nurse?" Marcus asked.

"He had gone down to the kitchen to heat some broth."

"Were there any signs of violence?"

"No. The bedclothes were smooth and Mr. Orrin lying on his back as if asleep. His features were entirely composed. McNeil suggested taking the bloodhound and searching the premises. As Vogel had told me that you had wanted to walk back to the station, I thought perhaps I might be able to overtake you. I used to be a Girl Scout and I'm a good runner."

"Wouldn't it have been better to have driven to the station in the car? I had been gone at least a quarter of an hour."

"The chauffeur and Simpson wanted to go with the other two men and the dog. They seemed to think there might be a gang, and I've never learned to drive a car. Vogel said it must have something to do with the will. I thought you ought to be warned as soon as possible. How did you happen to be behind me?"

"I heard your scream and went back," Marcus said. "There was nobody about, and as I was looking out the window, I saw you cross the lower lawn and enter the lane. I got a rifle from the gun case and followed. Where were you coming from?"

"From the garage. We'd gone there to get the chauffeur. Vogel telephoned from the garage for the police, and advised them to watch the roads. He thought the criminals must have had a car waiting near by."

"You had good nerve to follow me alone," Marcus said. "There's just one more thing I'd like to ask you and then we'll start back. Had you any reason to suppose that Mr. Orrin meant to leave you a considerable legacy?"

Mary Brown did not answer promptly. She turned away her face, so that it was in a shadow as dark proportionately as a moment before its pleasing features had been clearly depicted in the bright glare of the moon.

Then she answered slowly, "Yes. He had told me that."

"When?"

"A week ago."

Marcus said nothing. Mary Brown turned her face to him again and said evenly, "Ask it if you like."

"Well, then, why?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ask him why?"

"Yes. He said he was not quite ready to tell me; that he wanted to make a few more investigations. What that meant, I can't say. But I can tell you this much: That since I've been in his employ—about a year—Mr. Orrin's treatment of me has been always purely businesslike. He was kind and thoughtful, just as he was to all his employes."

"Had you any reason to think that he might want to marry you?"

"Not the slightest. That never entered my head. Mr. Orrin was a very busy man who seemed entirely happy in his life. He was always cheerful. I can't imagine his having bitter enemies."

There was a brief pause. Then the girl said, "If there's nothing more ——"

"Nothing, thanks. Do you feel up to starting back?"

"Yes. I'm all right. I'm not easily upset. But when I looked back I thought, of course, you were after me and meant to kill me."

She rose and stood steadily. Marcus discovered her to be a fairly tall well-built girl, straight, trim, athletic, about twenty-two or three, possibly a little older. They started in silence back over the trail. Marcus' legal mind was questing vainly for something on which to lay hold.

Presently he said, "Didn't it strike you that it was Simpson's place to remain by the body of Mr. Orrin?"

"Yes, it did. In fact I told him so. And he said that he would come right back. They seemed to think there was safety in numbers."

"And Mrs. McNeil?"

"She was afraid to be left alone and followed on after the others."

Marcus fixed his mind on the male nurse Simpson, whom he had observed casually on entering Mr. Orrin's room. The man had impressed him as typical of his kind and the sort that a distinguished specialist might be expected to intrust with such a case. Simpson looked to be about thirty, of medium height, well built—a necessity in his profession, where often he might be required to employ restraint with a powerful patient who was a drink or drug addict, or neurotic. His manner and movements had been quiet, deft and with a gentleness that such an attendant must cultivate for sickroom service. He had gone out, of course, when Marcus and Mr. Orrin had started their official business, passing into the room assigned him, which was next to the patient but separated by a bathroom. It seemed singular that he should have left the death room even for a moment. His place was clearly there, rather than joining in a man hunt, if only to see it launched on its way.

Presently Marcus asked, "Can you describe your assailant, Miss Brown?"

"Not very closely, I'm afraid. The hall was dimly lighted and he must have been standing just outside my door. He grabbed me by the shoulders and shoved me back before I had a chance to see what he was like. I'd say he was medium size, smooth shaven and wore a dark suit."

"What color hair?"

"Black, I think."

"About the size and coloring of Simpson?"

"I thought of that, of course. But Mrs. McNeil told me that Simpson was in the kitchen with her, heating some broth for Mr. Orrin, until Vogel called him. Besides, Doctor Agnew would know all about him."

They went on again in silence. Marcus reflected that unless some better alibi than that of this masked man offered, the case was apt to look badly for Mary Brown. She was a large beneficiary of the murdered man in the room next the one first assigned to herself. Right here was a point on which Marcus' mind fastened.

"What about the door between Mr. Orrin's room and the one you were in?" he asked.

"That was locked, with the key on the side of Mr. Orrin's room," Mary Brown answered.

"And the hall doors of both your rooms locked and the keys taken away?"

"Yes. The man locked them both and took the keys. Vogel called to the chauffeur, who ran up with a tool and forced both the doors."

This, Marcus perceived, was bad. Mary Brown might have locked the doors herself and disposed of the keys. Had these been in the outer keyholes it would have furnished her an alibi.

"Did you go with the men to lay the dog on the trail?".

"Yes"; she paused a moment, then said, "but I don't think it was the right trail."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm a Southern girl, Mr. True, and I've seen dogs run. I know the scent of a fox too. It was very faint there and I don't think the others got it, but I'd say that was what the dog was following."

Marcus thought of the strong scent that he had himself noticed near the mouth of the lane and in like manner assayed. There could be slight doubt but that a fox had been circling the premises and crossed the lane just ahead of him, alarmed at the baying of the hound on the arrival of the car. But in that case he reasoned that the chase ought to have come his way.

"I smelled fox in the lane when I started off," he said, "but the dog ran the opposite way."

"Well," said Mary Brown, "at this time of the year a vixen fox might have cubs. If she and her mate were together they would separate on being chased and any hound would follow the male."

"Could he tell the difference?"

"I think so. Finely bred hounds will not attack a vixen."

This answer struck Marcus as true. His nature studies had taught him that much. But it did not help the case of Mary Brown.

"Did the men seem to think the hound might be following the trail of an animal?" he asked.

"I don't think so. The scent was very faint."

They went on another hundred yards in silence, reaching the fork in the lane.

Then Mary Brown said, slowly and a little breathlessly, for Marcus had set a rapid pace, "I know what you're thinking, Mr. True. This doesn't look so good for me, does it?"

"To be perfectly frank, it does not. You were practically alone with Mr. Orrin when this happened. Nobody else saw the masked intruder you describe. Mr. Orrin had just drawn a will in which you were left a very large legacy and which his children are certain to protest. There is so far no reason of which we are aware for this bequest."

"Everything that I have told you so far," Mary Brown said calmly, "makes it just as black for me as it could possibly be. Don't think I haven't realized that. But if you

(Continued on Page 161)

"MEN WORTHY OF DOGS"

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

(Continued from Page 159)

had warned me that anything I said might be used as evidence against me, I'd have said it just the same. What's more, I'll say it when examined."

"Do you realize what that might mean?"

"Of course I do. But I've got to say it, because it is the truth. I suppose I'll be indicted on a strong chain of circumstantial evidence for the murder of Mr. Orrin."

"We can't tell yet what may be shown," Marcus said.

"We can tell a good deal of it. There's motive. I can't declare my ignorance that Mr. Orrin intended to make a will in my favor. I can't prove that there was really any masked man in the house. I should have to admit that I was, as you say, practically alone with him when this happened, so far as the others were concerned. I don't know how he actually met his death. Simpson could find no marks of violence. However he was killed, it was done in about five minutes and with no signs of a struggle. I can't prove that the assassin shoved me into my room and locked both doors and kept the keys. I might have locked the doors myself and thrown the keys over into the woods when I ran after you."

"You seem to take it very calmly," Marcus said.

"That's because I know I'm innocent."

"You've left out what is perhaps the most important fact of all against you."

"What's that?"

"That so far as I, his lawyer, am aware, there is no way in which any other person than yourself could profit by Mr. Orrin's death. Also, he was a man of open life, the best of habits and associations, generally respected and esteemed, and up to the time of this motor accident, in excellent health and spirits."

"Why do you think he should have sent for you to make this will, Mr. True?"

"He told me that he was not himself so sure about the doctor's good prognosis. He said there was a queer numbness in his lower extremities. As for his decision to leave you this fortune, that can only be explained in one of two ways."

"The first is evident enough," said the girl. "What's the second?"

"Rather wild. That in some way you may be linked with his past life."

"I'm afraid that won't do, Mr. True. From what I knew of Mr. Orrin, I should say his past life was flawless. And so also has been mine. My father was a hard-working civil engineer of Norfolk, Virginia, and my mother came from Louisville, Kentucky, a very sweet and lovely woman. They were always devoted to each other. My father became an expert geologist and several years ago, just after the war, was retained by an oil company prospecting in Texas. He took a chance and put all his savings in a test well that showed a dry hole. That was just after my mother had died in the flu epidemic."

"When did your father die?"

"A year later. Killed in a railroad accident. I graduated from a business college in Norfolk and took a civil-service examination and got a position as stenographer in the Veterans' Bureau in Washington."

"How did you happen to go into Mr. Orrin's employ?"

"Through the kindness of my chief in the bureau. I was doing some work for him when they were laying off a lot of us. He was a personal friend of Mr. Orrin's and on one of his visits to Washington my former chief asked him if he could use a good stenographer. Mr. Orrin took me back to Boston with him."

Marcus sighed. "All of this does not help your present case, Miss Brown."

"I know it. But there's no help, because it's the truth. Listen."

They stopped nearly at the mouth of the trail. A car was entering the grounds.

"That," said Marcus, "will be the police and coroner. I wish I could think of some way to help you. If only Vogel hadn't seen fit to tell you that I'd just drawn the will."

"Well, he did. Do you think they'll arrest me tonight?"

"No. Merely keep you under observation. Here, probably."

A sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she asked, "By the way, where is the will? In your pocket?"

"What if it were?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Do you want me to destroy it? Remember the whole case against you hangs on that. Until its contents are known nobody has any reason to suspect you of having any motive or reason to profit by Mr. Orrin's death."

Mary Brown hesitated. She stopped again. "You wouldn't do that, would you?"

"I might."

Marcus was watching her closely. He perceived now that not only did she draw herself up stiffly but seemed even to sway away from him a little. Glancing at her face in the moonlight, he saw that it was set like a mask.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why? Because I believe you to be absolutely innocent and in very grave danger of disgrace, utter loss of reputation not only as a good woman in a common sense of the word but of being charged as a murderess, and that for the worst of all sordid motives—money gain."

"Why do you believe me innocent on both counts, Mr. True?"

"Call it intuition."

"And you mean to say that you, a lawyer and, presumably, a man of honor and of trust, would destroy a client's will to save me, a stranger, from being indicted and possibly convicted on circumstantial evidence of having killed my employer?"

"I might."

Mary Brown let out her breath in a long expiration that seemed to contain a hiss of disgust.

"Well, then all I can say is that you lawyers, even the best of you, are a pretty onery lot. If you're a fair sample, that is, which I doubt."

"You think that is a grateful answer?"

"Call it a straight one. I don't want this money. I wouldn't take it anyhow, unless some good reason was shown why I should, and I can't even imagine any. Mr. Orrin was not the sort to want to buy a girl, and if he'd wished to marry me he'd have said so." She wheeled on him suddenly. "Oh, shucks! I'm a fool. I didn't get you, but I do now."

"I'm afraid," Marcus said slowly, "that you do. I beg your pardon."

"You needn't. I walked into it."

"Well, anyhow, it's only convinced me of what I already believed. And that makes my duty all the harder."

"If I had said, 'Oh, yes, do please destroy the will,' would you have thought me guilty?"

"No," said Marcus slowly, "not even then. But I'd have thought you a coward, and that would have been a fearful disappointment."

"Of course, you hadn't the least idea of destroying the will."

"Scarcely. No more than any other man of principle would fail in his trust, come what might of it. If you really believe that then we're quits."

"Well, I do believe it. I have my intuitions too. But it was playing it a little low, wasn't it?"

"Very. But it wasn't entirely to test you for my own satisfaction, to vindicate my faith in you."

"What then?"

"I can testify in court to what you've just said. Your contemptuous refusal to have the will destroyed."

"You're clever, Mr. True."

"Lawyers shouldn't be too thick. Well, let's go on and see what's going to happen."

They came to the mouth of the lane, crossed the beautiful grounds to the house and went in to find the police in charge. The coroner, a local physician, was making his examination of the body. Vogel and the others had returned in disgust, to say that the bloodhound had taken the trail of a fox that had very quickly led them into a marshy thicket where no human fugitive would have ventured, and where, also, they had noticed the unmistakable musky scent of the animal. Marcus went immediately to the gun rack, where he replaced the rifle, then took the key from his pocket and unlocked the drawer where he had placed the brief case.

His hand encountered a space empty except for a couple of boxes of ammunition and a few loose shells. The brief case was gone.

III

IT TOOK Marcus a minute or more to bring his mind to bear on this startling new development. At first he was unutterably chagrined. Then, as he turned the fact in his mind, he was infinitely relieved, though at the same time perceiving complications in which his own good standing must be severely strained.

Mary Brown, he realized, stood in no danger of attack as long as the will remained undiscovered or its contents unknown. Marcus was personally convinced of her entire innocence, now more than ever, if this were possible. He believed her story, and that she had been locked up by the masked criminal, who must then have run down the main stairway and hidden somewhere on the ground floor, instead of leaving the house. But with what object? The motive of the crime, so far as Marcus could imagine, must have been to dispose of Mr. Orrin in order to prevent, finally, his changing the will just made. This would necessitate a knowledge on the burglar's part that such a will was to be made, which is to say that the assassin had known of and prepared for such a development some time in advance. It would therefore have to be some person who had previously heard Mr. Orrin declare this intention.

Then, having achieved his murderous plan and made his escape, why linger in the house? It would be a sure assumption that the lawyer had taken the document with him, so that there would seem to be nothing to be gained and a great deal to be risked by hanging round the premises. More than that, why should such a person desire at all the possession of such a will, assuming the object to be the death of the testator before it could be changed? The only answer to this query was of a sort to throw the crime on the previous beneficiaries.

But of these the only ones to profit materially were Mr. Orrin's children. All of these were presumably remote from the spot, quite aside from the fact that they were known to be well-ordered young people who presumably loved their kind and indulgent father.

It was necessary now for Marcus to decide on his immediate course of action, and he determined on a perfectly straightforward one. Calling in the sheriff, a shrewd-faced man with keen gray eyes, he showed him the gun-case drawer and described precisely what had happened—his course of action from the moment when standing in the lane he had heard Mary Brown scream.

The sheriff examined the drawer. It showed plainly the evidence of being forced by an instrument inserted close to the lock, probably a screw driver that was in the gun case.

"Looks like the will was the motive here," said the sheriff, whose name was Clark.

"Then why didn't he follow me," Marcus asked, "when I left to walk to the station?"

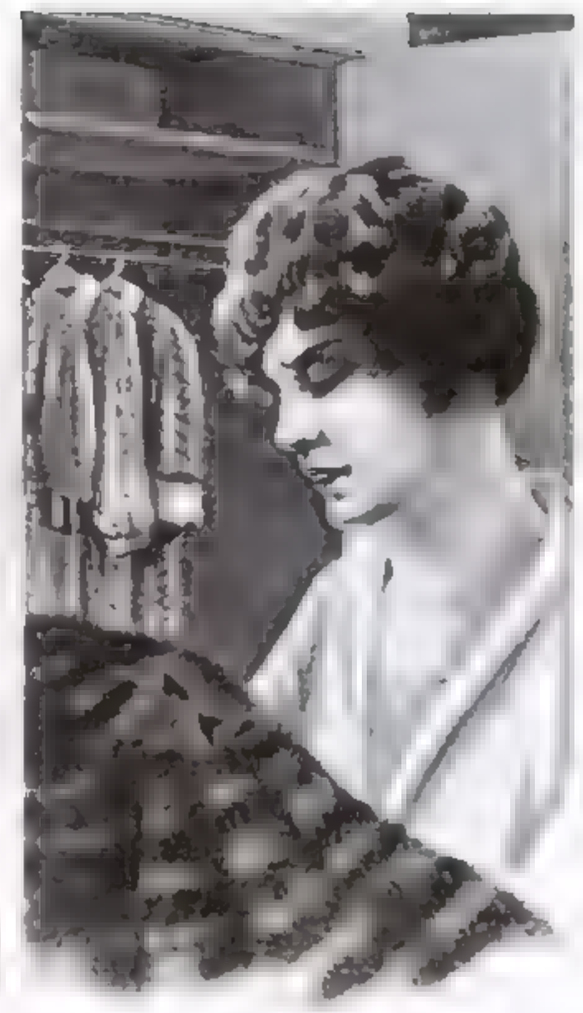
"Might not have seen you go, if he was hiding in some room or closet upstairs. Thought the will was in the house, in the safe or desk, and hung round to search. When you came back he saw you slip your case in here."

"I had just drawn up the will," Marcus said, "and I can't imagine why anybody should have wanted possession of it."

Clark looked at him and asked shrewdly, "Who stood to lose by the making of this new will?"

"Principally Mr. Orrin's son, Gregory."

"Where is he, and the two daughters?"



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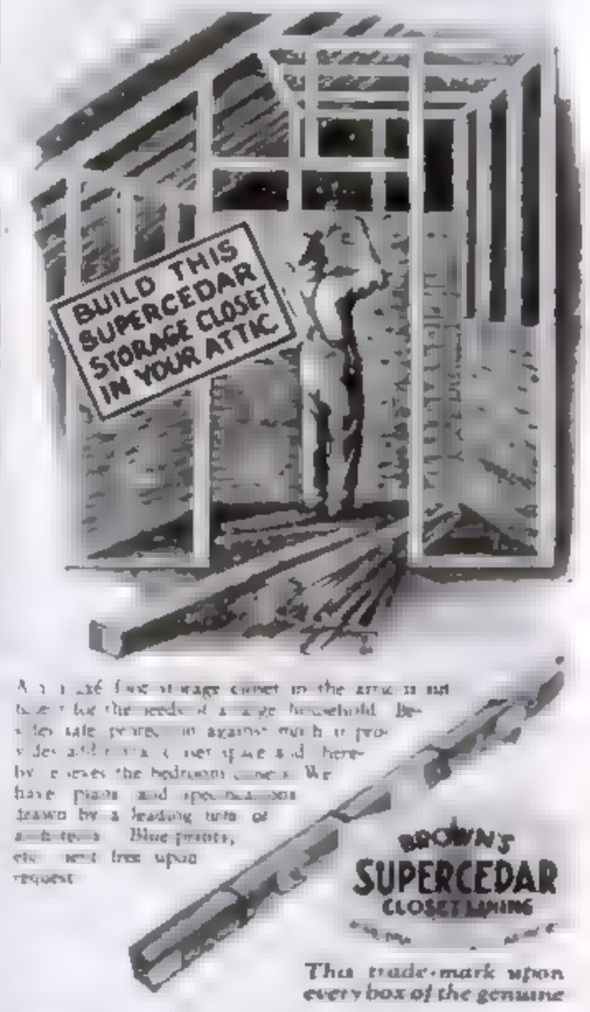

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"The elder daughter and her husband at sea, nearing New York; Gregory in Aiken; and the younger daughter either at Vassar or possibly on her way here."

The question Marcus dreaded was then asked laconically, "Who stood to gain?"

There was a rustle in the doorway. Marcus glanced round to see Mary Brown standing there watching him intently.

"The new beneficiary is a young woman who could not possibly have gained by the disappearance of the will," he said.

"Who is she? What's her name?"

Marcus considered his reply to this direct question. There was, he perceived, no way out of it. The claims of justice required that it be answered unequivocally, whatever the damage to an innocent person. There was no use in stalling, waiting to be put under oath for the giving of his testimony. Yet he hesitated, hoping for that to happen which did now happen.

A clear voice said promptly, "Mary Brown, Mr. Orrin's secretary—I am she. He told me two weeks ago that he was going to leave me a considerable sum of money."

The shrewd gray eyes surveyed the girl closely. "Why?"

"I don't know."

"You knew he had just made the will?"

"Yes. Vogel, his manservant, told me that when I came into the house."

"Well, we'll let that lie for the moment. Let's hear what Doctor Miles has to say."

They seated themselves—Mr. Clark, Marcus and Mary Brown. The deputies had been dispatched to beat out the locality and to have a general alarm issued. They had not long to wait. Doctor Miles came in. He was a big man of benevolent appearance and lines of character. One who had served long and faithfully as country doctor of the old school, of which many still remain in rural regions. He nodded to Marcus and to Mary Brown. Like the sheriff, he possessed the taciturnity of his kind.

"Curious, folks. If it wasn't for this young lady's having been grabbed and locked up by this masked thug, I'd say that Mr. Orrin had died as the result of some internal lesion unsuspected. Pressure on the spinal cord that reacted through the sympathetic system on a heart enfeebled from the shock of his accident."

The sheriff shot a quick look at Mary Brown. Marcus could guess his thoughts, that he suspected one of those freakish acts of hysteria so hard to explain in women, sometimes in men. The irresistible urge to create a sensation.

"Suppose you tell us just what happened, young lady."

Mary Brown gave her testimony quietly and convincingly, precisely as she had given it to Marcus.

Doctor Miles shook his head. "Well, the autopsy may show something. I've talked to Simpson and he can't seem to throw any light on it. The body doesn't show so much as the prick of a hypodermic needle. No swift poison available, no signs of suffocation, nothing. Besides, Miss Brown was in the room adjoining. None of the usual post-mortem phenomena are yet apparent. The eyes were closed, with the conjunctivæ fresh, and there is no beginning *rigor mortis*; though, of course, it's still too soon for that."

"His face looked like he'd dropped into a gentle sleep," said the sheriff. "Right hard to believe he'd passed away. I've seen quite some few dead men, but never one looked so calm."

Doctor Miles nodded. "It looks as if he felt a warning of the approaching end. Received a premonition, then sent for Mr. True, made his final dispensations, then composed himself for his passing precisely as he might compose himself for sleep at the end of a day's work."

"That would seem to account for the lack of any signs of distress. It could scarcely be the case, even if he had died of the shock caused at sight of something startling, could it, doctor?"

"No. In that case the expression would not be serene. There are merely the usual signs of fatal syncope—cold, pallor, no pulse or respiration and the impression one gets from a body which the soul has quitted."

There was a brief silence. Then Marcus rose and stepped to the door. With all due respect to the report of this fine type of country practitioner, the young lawyer still found it hard to synchronize his late client's peaceful death with the presence of a masked man who almost at that moment had offered violence to Mary Brown.

"Vogel!" he called.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there a safe in this house?"

"Yes, sir. There's the wall safe where we keep the silver."

"Can you open it?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Sometimes when the butler is off duty I put away the silver at night. And sometimes when there have been big parties where strangers might be mixed in, I put away some of the small ornaments."

"What about the jewels of visiting ladies?"

Vogel looked doubtful. "I don't remember when any have been locked in the safe, sir. Ladies are not so apt to carry them about in the summer."

"That's so," Marcus agreed. "Let's look into the safe. We might find something that bears on this."

Vogel went into the library adjoining, and to Marcus' surprise, stepped to the gun case, touched a latch concealed beneath it, and the whole affair swung out to disclose one of the earliest types of large wall safe to be installed, when these first came in vogue, in the country houses of the rich. Its opening was about two feet square, and it had a combination lock that would be scarcely considered burglar proof today.

"One minute, Vogel," Marcus said. "Have you a hand lens about?"

"Yes, sir." Vogel went to a table by a window. The sheriff rose. He stepped to the gun case, swung it shut, then tugged forcibly at the drawer in which the will had been. The gun case swung open. Mr. Clark glanced over his shoulder at Marcus.

"Spring on this consarn don't seem to catch."

Vogel said, from across the room, "It's got worn, sir. It catches, but doesn't stand a hard tug."

"Like the latch of a refrigerator," said Doctor Miles.

Mr. Clark looked at Marcus. "Was he after the will and found the safe, or was he after the safe and found the will?"

"The latter, I think. He tugged at the drawer to expose the safe and then, finding it locked and the key gone, decided to have a look."

"This clears the air a mite," said the sheriff. "Begins to look like some crook had reason to believe Mr. Orrin was bringing something of value with him here, and followed him to get it."

He closed the gun case again, then stood off across the room and surveyed it, his head aslant. "Any workman could see right off that that gun case ain't a solid fixture."

"How?" Marcus asked. His booklore was not up to this.

"For one thing it sags a mite on the left. If it was fixed solid the cabinetmaker would have got it exact when he secured it. He did, but in time, from being opened and shut, the weight of the guns has sagged it the least bit on the hinges. More than that, the wall on the side it opens is just a mite smutted, where folks have laid their hands carelessly."

Marcus saw it then. Yes, it would take a skilled cracksman about two seconds to notice that in the glare of a pocket torch.

Vogel brought him the hand lens. Marcus handed it to the sheriff. "You're the expert here, sir."

The older man smiled, evidently pleased at this token of respect. "Well, you're no slouch yourself, to think about a safe." He put on a pair of spectacles, took a torch from his pocket, turned it on the knob of the combination and examined it closely.

(Continued on Page 165)

DILL

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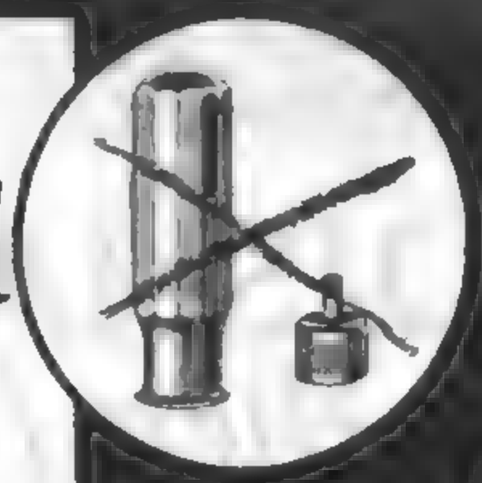

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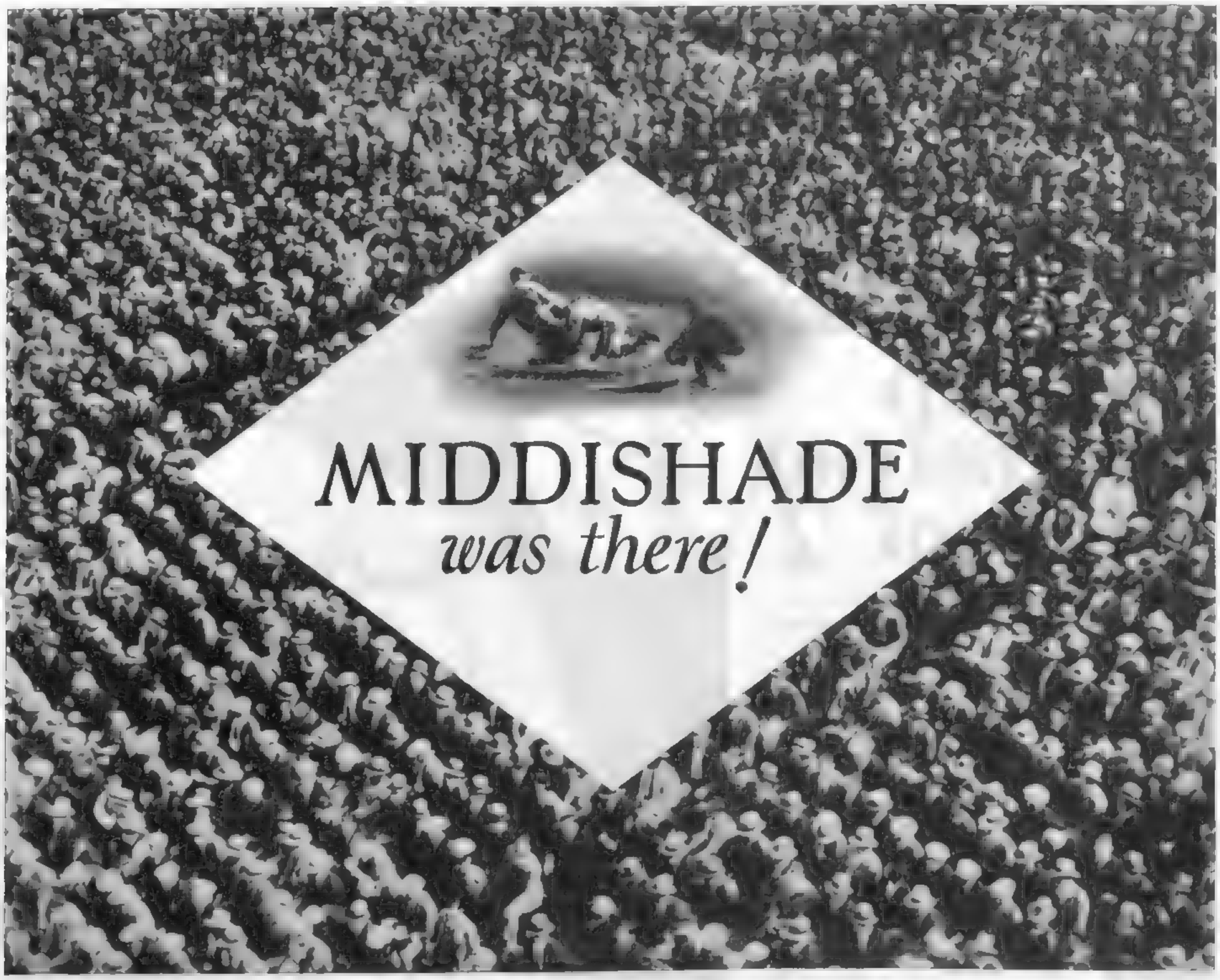

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(Continued from Page 162)

"No marks," and then to Vogel, "Open her up."

Vogel did so. There were within some few heavy pieces of silver and a number of bibelots. Opening the drawers they were found to contain a number of papers. Vogel took them out and laid them on the table. Marcus ran them over hastily. There was nothing of great importance - receipts of household bills, check vouchers on a local bank, inventories and the like.

"All in order?" the sheriff asked Vogel.

"Yes, sir, so far as I know. We bring the table silver when we come for the summer."

"Looks like we'd drawn blank," said the sheriff. "As Mr. Orrin was brought in disabled and kept in bed, he couldn't have put anything in himself. Anything to suggest, doc?"

"It occurs to me," said Doctor Miles, "that the object of the man reported by Miss Brown was, as you suggest, to secure something of value that he thought to be in Mr. Orrin's possession. He may have been lurking about waiting for a chance to get access to Mr. Orrin's room. The arrival of Miss Brown would seem to lessen the chance of this, so he got desperate. He slipped in when Vogel was busy elsewhere and Simpson downstairs. But Mr. Orrin was still suffering from shock, and the sight of a masked burglar beside him might have produced the fatal collapse to an enfeebled heart."

"That sounds reasonable," the sheriff agreed.

"At any rate," said Doctor Miles, "I should not care to give a verdict of death at the hands of a person or persons unknown so far. I have a colleague who is expert in post-mortem examinations whom I shall get hold of. Until we get a report of the result I cannot hold an inquest."

"Have the family been informed, Vogel?" Marcus asked.

"I wired Miss Beatrice and Mr. Gregory, sir."

Mary Brown had sat silently throughout these proceedings. Marcus, glancing at her once or twice, had been impressed by her apparent composure. His first pleasing impression of her personality had grown. She was, he perceived in the well-lighted room, a good deal more than the pretty and athletic girl she had looked to be in the moonlight. She showed the distinction of good blood in her fine clear skin, shapely hands and features that contained a good deal beside mere prettiness. There was a maturity and strength combined with sweetness in her face, and the same might be said of her physique, which appeared now less athletic in the usual sense than attractively rounded and developed, soft of contour, yet strong, vigorous, enduring. She was, he observed, uncommonly vital and like a young woman who has been tried and proved in the struggle to make her way honestly and efficiently.

The sheriff had been looking frequently her way, keenly but kindly, with a sort of thoughtful sympathy. Marcus was very glad that he had not seen fit to follow up his first inquiry about her and her status in the will. That might yet come, and yet again there was the possibility that it might not, officially, at least, and with any criminal bearing on the case. If a post-mortem were to show death from heart failure, unassociated with any known lethal agency, the coroner's verdict would be either natural causes or as the result of shock induced by some factor unknown. In such a case Mary Brown need not be subjected to any examination at all, depending on what the sheriff saw fit to do about it.

This possibility became immediately manifest. Mr. Clark looked at her and said kindly, "You'd better go to bed, young lady. You look all tuckered out."

The girl smiled faintly and rose. "Thank you, Mr. Clark. I am."

"Show Miss Brown to the room you have prepared for her, Vogel," Marcus said.

Doctor Miles rose. "Might as well be getting back myself. How about you, Dave?"

"Oh, I'll stick round, case the boys turn up something. Rig me a shake down on a couch. Tell my man to drive you home, John, and then come back here."

Doctor Miles wished them good night and went out. Left alone with the sheriff Marcus said, "It's a pity all officers of the law aren't like you, Mr. Clark."

The sheriff looked surprised. "Which says what?"

"Well, a lot of them would have started by browbeating that poor girl."

"We're in the White Mountains. We look over at the Presidential Range and try to mop up some of the dignity and humanity of the namesakes of those peaks yonder."

"You do."

"Any man with sense and a mite of experience in human nature can see that young woman's all right. Andrew Orrin was all right too. He had some good reason for leaving her a fortune."

"Did you know him well?"

"I knew him well enough for that. He's done some kind acts up here in the hills during the twenty years since this house was built."

"Well, the only copy of the will has disappeared and the only evidence of the contents is my unsupported statement. The witnesses attested only the signature."

"You're apt to hear from the will."

"Probably—to have it offered for a price."

"Likely. He come on it by accident when he yanked at that drawer. When a yegg comes on a locked drawer he's just got to see what's inside."

"That masked crook," said Marcus, "was out for something, and it wasn't the will."

The sheriff nodded. "First off I thought the girl was makin' up about him."

"What changed your idea?"

"Several little things. Her looks, then her comin' out with knowing she'd been left a stack of money. Last, the way she worked her shoulders settin' there."

"Worked her shoulders?"

Marcus also had observed, without noting the fact, that as she sat listening Mary Brown had two or three times moved her shoulders uncomfortably, as if nervous—a sort of fidget.

"Yeah, they hurt."

"Where this man had gripped her?"

"Naturally. She said he grabbed her by both shoulders and shoved her into the room so hard she fell. She's a right solid girl—tip the beam at about a hundred and forty, I'd guess."

"Did you suspect collusion?" Marcus asked.

"Her and the burglar? No, sir. Not when I heard she'd screamed. What's more, she don't strike me so much as the screamin' kind as the fighting kind. She didn't scream from fright. It was the pain jolted it out."

Marcus glanced at him admiringly. "That's what killed any suspicion of collusion?"

"Sure. A crook wouldn't hurt a woman he was workin' with more than he could help. Say, Mr. True, did you notice anything uncommon when this Vogel opened the safe?"

"No. He was a little slow perhaps."

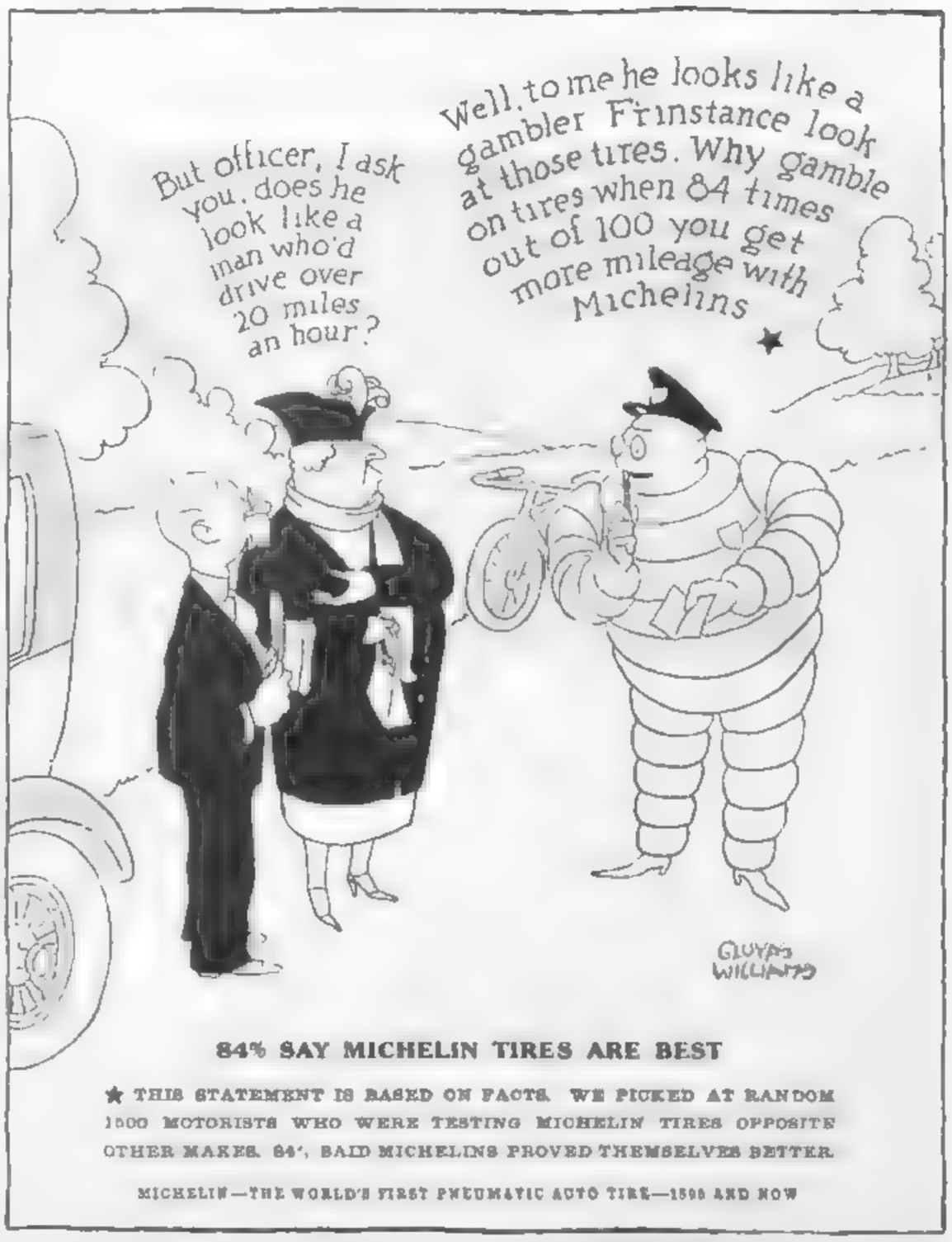
"Well, you wouldn't. I had the light on it for him to see the markings. He's shy the first joint of the index finger of his right hand."

"Not so good," Marcus said.

"No. It might happen to anybody, of course. My own brother lost his when we were boys, foolin' with the feed cutter. Lots of ways to lose it, and one of 'em's if you'd ever got careless handlin' the knob of a safe without gloves."

Marcus nodded. "Finger-print evidence."

"Yeah. When he first came here Andrew Orrin was sort of interested in prison reform and giving timeservers a chance when they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got out. Not that I ever heard of Vogel's havin' been sent up."

Marcus rose. "I don't want to steal your stuff, sheriff, but I've got a sort of hunch you're testing me out a little."

"No." A gleam of humor showed in the gray eyes.

Marcus went to the door. "Vogel!" he called.

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't wait up. If we need you for anything I'll call you. Where will you be?"

"I've been sleeping in the room opposite the master's, sir."

"All right."

"If there's anything you gentlemen would like from the wine cellar ——"

"Don't use it myself," said the sheriff.

"Nor I," Marcus said. "Never mind, thanks."

"Very good, sir."

"And, Vogel, just ask Miss Brown if she will come down for a few moments."

"Yes, sir."

The sheriff looked at Marcus not questioningly but with a faint trace of approval in his deep-lined features.

"You a bird hunter, Mr. True?"

"No. More of a camera hunter. Nature lover and all that. What you might call a closet naturalist."

"Well, lots of folks don't know what's in their closet, but I reckon you remember where you've shoved a pair of old shoes. Kind of thought I might lead your mind off a little, but she comes back."

They sat for a few moments in silence, each busy with his thoughts. There came then a rustle at the door. Mary Brown stood there, a very lovely picture framed against the dark background. She had taken off her dress and slipped on a peignoir that might have served either for the bedroom or, with its pretty bit of fur round the neck and sleeves, as a summer evening wrap.

The sheriff looked at her approvingly. "That's fine, young lady—saves us embarrassment, being sort of shy-like."

Mary Brown looked puzzled. "Embarrassment?"

"Well, me, anyhow—being an old country fellow. What you might call a hick. I even hate to tell you why we sent for you. Lawyer True can do that. They got no shame, these lawyers."

"We want," said Marcus, "to see your bare shoulders." He rose quickly, stepped to the big door and closed it behind her.

"Better leave it open," the sheriff suggested. "From where I'm settin' I command the stairs."

Marcus nodded and reopened the door. Mary Brown looked at him and a flush crept up the sides of her face.

"I understand. You want to see if I am telling the truth about the masked man grabbing me by the shoulders."

"No," said Marcus. "We believe that. We want to see," he lowered his voice, "if the man who grabbed you had a full set of fingers."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LEXINGTON

(Continued from Page 11)

That took a whole bear to make it." A dark youth in cloth trousers, a blue coat with silver buttons and an immaculate cambric neckcloth, asked, in a smooth drawling voice, his name.

"Saxegotha Laws," he echoed; "that is not a name; it's a place in English history. Don't try to be funny."

Saxegotha said firmly that he was not being funny. "That's my name, and it was my grandfather's too." He had a steady gray gaze and it hardened and grew more direct.

"What was your father's name?" the dark boy persisted.

"Go to where he is buried in the woods and find out," Laws replied.

A heavier youth came forward. "You must be more polite to Mr. Bouligny," he said. "Mr. Ursin Bouligny is a gentleman from New Orleans; he is not used to rough characters."

In an instant Laws had him by the throat; a silent brutal fight began. There were few blows—they staggered in a clenched struggle, and then fell, twisting desperately, on the grass. Streaks of blood appeared; their faces were smeared with mud. Neither showed any mastery until there was a harsh agonized cry: "He's digging my eye out!" The surrounding boys at once fell upon Laws, beating and dragging at him. They succeeded in wrenching him to his feet. Bouligny spoke for them:

"This is a university and not the wilderness. Naturally gouging isn't allowed among us. Let me tell you if you had cut Parry Gist's eye out I would have shot you myself. Give me your knife." Laws gave it to him. "For me," Bouligny went on, "I can see that I like you. This is Adolphe Mazereau; he came from New Orleans, too, and we are boarding at Timothy Smith's." Mazereau, as well, was dark and dressed with elegance. Ursin Bouligny deliberately broke Laws' knife on a stone. "You can borrow my pistols when you need them."

Parry Gist came up to Laws. "I can't remember your name," he acknowledged, "but it is a good name. I am at Postlewaite's tavern, and if you will come with me we can have all the whisky slings there are."

Another addressed him: "I'm Dabney Carr, and Lexington is where I live. I think Saxelaws Gotha is a wonderful name." He was contradicted from the gathering: "It's Gothelaws Saxe." A tremendous argument rose; the syllables of Laws' name were shouted on a confusion of young voices; in the end they all went to Postlewaite's for whisky slings to unlimited amount.

Ursin Bouligny again explained the flaw in Saxegotha's philosophy. "You don't really know what getting learned is," he insisted. "Learning is a lot of things. Not just books and study. It's finding out about life."

Mazereau interrupted him, "You mean knowing about women."

Saxegotha agreed that that was what Ursin had meant. "I don't want to know them," he went on. "At least not for a long while. They're useless. I won't go out to the Brinsmedes' tonight and I won't go to Vauxhall. I can't afford to and I don't like it." He turned definitely away from that subject to the making of ink with ink powder. Then, with a ruler and a sharpened piece of lead, he drew lines on blank sheets of exercise paper. "You can do it," he explained; "that's all right. I'm not even in the university yet—only summer school. I have to work like the devil while you just go to lectures and drive around in your gig. You may have all New Orleans behind you, but I only have the woods. You can remember I don't say I want to get learned any more either." That, Bouligny promised, he would not forget. What, he asked Saxegotha Laws, had he thought of doing when he left Lexington.

"I don't know," Laws admitted. "I'll have to have an education to find out. I won't teach; I can see that much. Politics maybe. I'm certain I could get into the Kentucky Legislature from my district. I'd have to go back there and live. But it's as safe as Lexington now—and almost as easy. I don't know," he repeated, but the intentness of his expression contradicted the indecision of his words. Telmak, Bouligny's negro servant, said that the gig was waiting.

"You might at least come with us this afternoon," Ursin persisted

Horses, Saxegotha replied, were even farther from his plans than women. "Perhaps,

(Continued on Page 169

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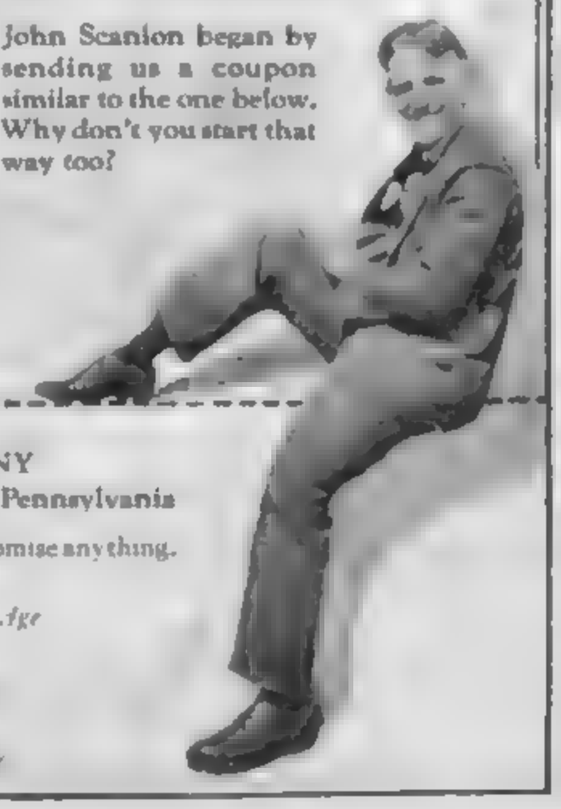

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(Continued from Page 166)

ten or twelve years from now I may be married; but I'll never have a race horse. I am not interested in race horses. I can't gumble on the races." However, when Adolphe Mazereau and Bouligny left, in their most impressive trousers and green coats, Saxegotha didn't return immediately to the lesson book on the table before him.

He was thinking of the extraordinary variety of scenes and people that had come into his life. A different world from the settlement along Drake Creek. Then his mind returned to Ursin's question. Saxegotha Laws wanted, the truth was, to be a statesman. Just what form, what position, that would take he wasn't sure of. He thought of the House of Representatives and then of the Senate. His imagination, for the present, carried him no further. In politics he was, of course, a follower of Jefferson's democracy; there was a strong Federalistic influence at Transylvania University, a majority of the trustees were Federal sympathizers; and he ostentatiously wore on his cap—the bearskin hat had become both too hot and inconvenient—the tricolor of liberty. He didn't, in his heart, approve of Lexington; in it, he considered, luxury had run riot. There were horse races for money and Usher's Theater and an amazing number of taverns; there were always idle girls, always in their Sunday clothes, on the streets. He didn't approve of that, of them, at all. His memories and affections were attached to far different feminine beings—little girls, girls, women, who were eternally laboring. He saw his mother in calico, or worse, carrying the heavy buckets of ashes and boiling lye for soap; she carded wool and swingled flax—the humming of the wheel was in his ears now—and bleached the linen—leaden burdens of wet linen. He saw her in the dim light of tallow dips bending over johnnycake, baking on an ash board, hanging the kettle for bohea tea on its log pole. Her only moments of peace came with sleep and the singing, in an uncertain voice, from Rippon's book of hymns in the evening.

The girls of Lexington, he instinctively felt, were lost in worldliness and sin; they thought, Saxegotha was persuaded, of nothing but clothes and pleasure. He saw them at Mathurin Giron's confectionery on Mill Street and in companies on the lawn of the Lexington Female Seminary, and they were always giggling or engaged in doubtful whispers. They had, however, no part in his life. He devoted little attention to them. He went to a class—it was held in Trotter's Warehouse—and when he returned Ursin and Mazereau were back from the races. Ursin had won four hundred dollars and was in a great good humor.

He said to Saxegotha, "You are going with us to the Brinsmedes' tonight." Saxegotha said that he wasn't. Bouligny, Adolphe explained, had stopped at Keen's Tavern, at Postlewaite's, at the Free and Easy, and Wilson's Tavern, and he was in a determined mood.

He became, in fact, disagreeable. "Very well," he declared, "I'll give you up. You won't act and live decently, you have no feeling of self-respect and decent society, and you can go to the devil. You're exactly what you were when you first came to the university and you'll never be anything different."

"Yes, I will," Laws asserted. "You are the one who won't change. I don't agree with you, either, about decent society. You can hardly call it that in Lexington—with nothing but parties and places like Vauxhall. Why, damn it, the girls will smile at you right on the street."

Ursin thanked God that they would. "But they are laughing at you. At first you were a novelty, fresh from the backwoods, but now it's getting to be a nuisance." Laws slept in a small dark chamber that opened from Ursin Bouligny's sitting room, and he rose abruptly and disappeared.

Ursin called, "Where have you gone? What are you doing?"

There was no reply, but in a very few minutes Saxegotha Laws reappeared with his scanty possessions tied together. "I don't belong here," he said. "I've known it all the time. I am too different from Adolphe and you. People laugh at me on the street. I'm going."

Bouligny cried, "Going! You are not going by another step. Don't be so ridiculous and sensitive. Mazereau and I are devoted to you, and you know it. If we weren't, I ask you, would we bother about what you did and how you looked? Am I a man with a taste for impertinence?"

Mazereau was so affected by sentiment and drink that he sobbed noisily. "Don't let Saxegotha leave," he begged Bouligny. "I'll stay home with him, and you can go and kiss Aurelia Brinsmede."

Ursin pointed out that he didn't want to kiss Aurelia. "You know very well, Adolphe, I am interested in the other one—the girl from Savannah. Lucy Challen. Saxegotha, that was the real reason I wanted you to go tonight. I want you to see Lucy."

"If I do stay, if I do go," Saxegotha Laws asked, "will that be enough? Will you stop bothering me about it?"

Ursin Bouligny solemnly promised that he would never again urge Laws to leave his beloved books and lectures. "Now," he added cheerfully, "we will inspect your clothes for the evening." They were soon viewed a fustian roundabout, too short in the sleeves; trousers of cheap marseilles, boots fastened with copper nails, and a shirt of coarse homespun linen.

Adolphe said, "I think the other—the buckskin and red belt and bear hat—would be better."

Ursin was inclined to support him. "It is more picturesque." Laws wouldn't agree with them. He would look, he asserted, like an illumination or a parade. Telmak blacked his boots. Adolphe Mazereau arranged the semblance of a stock at Saxegotha's throat.

"I can't breathe," he complained; "and specially, I can't drink." A bottle was procured at once and the fallacy of that belief proved.

"You will see Doctor Holly," Ursin instructed him, "so don't be too democratic. The Brinsmedes and the doctor are all Federalists. Can you dance?" Saxegotha Laws admitted that he had danced—and more than once—a reel with his brother.

"This will be different," Ursin went on. "You may have to dance with a girl."

Saxegotha hoped not. "I hope not. I wasn't brought up to it." But he needn't bother about that, he reflected; even the girls of Lexington were not forward enough to propose dancing to him. He would make no such idiotic proposal.

The great size and luxury of Caea Brinsmede's house, Cherry Hill at Versailles, amazed Saxegotha Laws—he had had no idea that rooms could be at once so large and filled with beautiful things. The chairs and sofas were all covered with red and looked comfortable; the rugs were deep and as soft as grass; in every room there were a marble mantel and high mirror in gold above the fireplace. He recognized such things in odd moments. Saxegotha was principally engaged in avoiding people who might speak to him; he kept as far away from Ursin and Mazereau as possible. He had never before been so near so many women; their skirts brushed against him, their low murmur filled his ears, the air was heavy with scent. Wherever he gazed there were white shoulders—shoulders as white and smooth as the marble of the mantels. Banks of candles shone on red India shawls, on green and white turbans glittering, he realized, with jewels, and gold and enameled neck chains and bracelets and pins. When, quickly, he looked down from bare shoulders he saw silken ankles and incredible little feet scarcely covered with silk slippers.

Doctor Holly, with a glass of wine, recognized him and spoke courteously: "Laws, I am glad to find that you can escape from study."

He presented Saxegotha Laws to Mrs. Brinsmede. "This is Kentucky," he continued, "and, as you see, it is still young."

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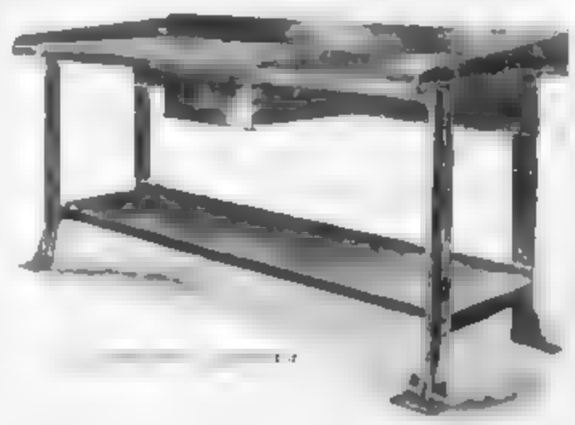

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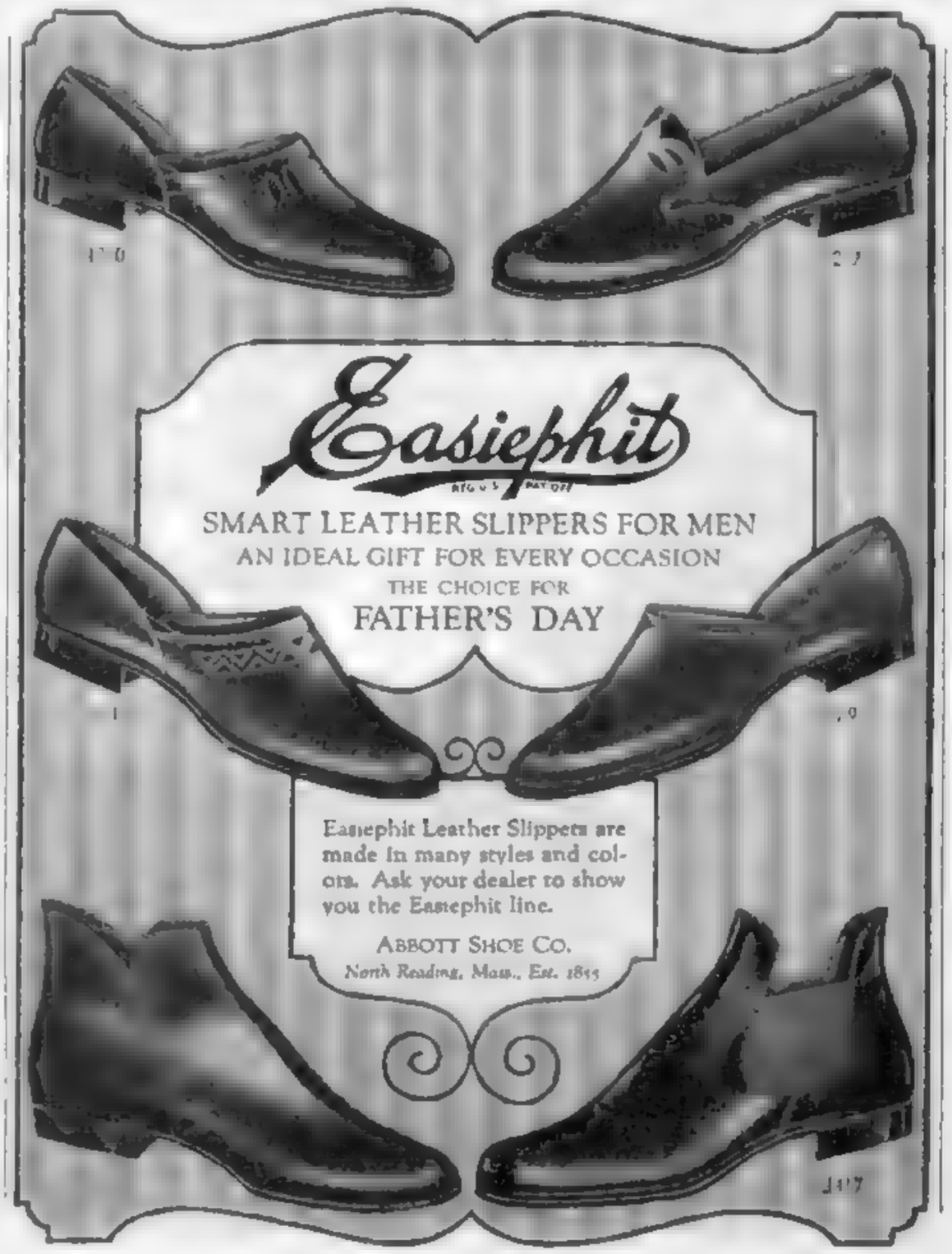
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Laws said bluntly, "I came with Ursin Bouligny. Ursin and Mazereau gave me their word I wouldn't have to do it again."

Holly laughed, but Mrs. Brinsmede was tactful and serious. "I hope you like it better than you sound, and come back. You must find Mr. Bouligny and meet some girls. There will be dancing after supper." He turned unceremoniously away. This was not his life; he had no liking for the people about him. It was all just as he had suspected from the glimpses he'd had of it on the streets—light and aimless. Doctor Holly, who was the head of Transylvania University, had no right to be drinking wine in a bright blue coat with gold buttons and a collar that almost hid his ears. The university, learning, were serious facts. At supper it happened that Saxegotha Laws was seated across the table from the doctor, and he listened with a critical reserve to what he said. Doctor Holly was talking with an easy fluency, his obvious gravity expressed with humor.

"The trouble," he said, "is with the good Presbyterians, and if sectarianism is not brought to an end in the university the university will suffer. It did under Toulnim. Seriously. It isn't too much to say that it may be ruined. The situation is no better than an exchange of personalities—the Kentucky Reporter attacks me, the Todds support it, and Mr. Breckenridge speaks in my favor; Professor Bishop distinctly smells brimstone after I have been in his classroom. Education is an impersonal affair; it must be held above party and even religious differences. If I have any power in Lexington I will keep it there. I have an enormous ambition for Transylvania University. But as a university. Look," he said, "at the Presbyterians among themselves—Doctor Rankin wanted the old Psalms of David and others would have nothing but Watts' version. It reached a point where Rankin was accused of denying Communion to the supporters of Watts. He had to withdraw and found another church. The Weekly Recorder, in Cincinnati, calls me a Socinian. What does that matter? What, even, does it mean? My concern is with philology, belles-lettres and mental philosophy. I am complained about because I like pleasure. Mr. Laws, don't you like pleasure?"

"No," Saxegotha Laws replied, startled by the suddenness of the question. But he answered at once. "Learning is serious. There is no time for pleasure." He spoke positively. "When I was home there was too much to do and now there is more."

Doctor Holly said pleasantly, "Mr. Laws, I am certain we would all be obliged if you would tell us something about your home. I have an idea it is very different from Lexington."

"It is." Laws asserted. "You wouldn't like it. It would be too hard for you. At least, the way it was. Drake Creek has changed too. When we got there it was just nothing but a buckeye grove. When we were building a cabin we lived in the cane. Afterward we cleared thirty-eight acres. I was eight years old and helped my father. We were too poor to hire a man. I plowed and put up a brush fence. When I was fourteen I could cut and split seventy-five blue ash rails in a day. Honey locust was harder. You had to heat the ax blade. The Indians came over from the north side of the river. In the morning I climbed up into the loft to see if any were waiting outside for us to open the door. The first summer there was a little corn and a truck patch. We had sweet turnips—raw most of the time—and pumpkin molasses and hickory nuts. We were sick of eating deer and wild turkey. Then it got so we could have tea and cure a gammon of bacon." He stopped, looking down the brilliant intent length of the table. "You wouldn't like it," he repeated to Doctor Holly.

Ursin and Adolphe Mazereau, it developed after supper, were greatly pleased with him. They presented him, as the heroic pioneer, to Aurelia and Pleasant Brinsmede and a disagreeable child who openly laughed at his appearance.

"Saxegotha is one of my best friends," Ursin reproved her. "You must be specially nice and dance with him." Laws said hastily that he didn't dance. "He does," Bouligny told Lucy Challen. "He means that he doesn't want to dance with you. I am not surprised." Laws, however, was amazed at the girl Ursin Bouligny had spoken about so seriously. She couldn't be fifteen years old. She was thin and small and pale—the only thing noticeable were black and staring eyes.

"Don't you want to dance with me?" she demanded. He answered promptly that he did not. "Then you must," she decided. . . . "He must, Ursin. If he refuses I won't see you for a week."

Bouligny turned to Saxegotha Laws. "She means it," he explained. "You are one of my closest friends." They were standing in the hall, and there was music, the scrape of fiddles, from a room beyond.

She was so light that Saxegotha Laws swept her from her feet. He danced facing her, holding her hands, and he saw that she was entirely out of breath. "You mustn't . . . you'll break me off in the middle," she half gasped. She recovered and her gaze was sparkling and malicious. He had never, Laws thought, seen a more horrid little girl. "I have forgotten your name already," she proceeded; "but I want to talk to you. Come over here." Lucy took him by the hand and led him to the bottom of a stair. She sat down while he remained standing. "Why don't you like me?"

Saxegotha answered her question precisely. "Because you are useless. You can't do anything, except dance. Probably you don't know anything."

"I can't," she admitted at once, "and I don't. But I'll never have to bother. I have an enormous amount of money. I can spend my life dancing." That, he said indifferently, was the thing for her to do. She gathered her skirt about her knees. "Sit down." He didn't want to sit down. "It doesn't matter whether you want to or not," she explained; "I want you to. I can't talk to you like this, because it gives me a crick in the neck. Anyhow, you have been rude long enough." Laws sat on the step below her, because it was easier than a further argument. He couldn't, on account of Ursin, leave her entirely. "At first," she admitted, "I thought you were dreadful, but now I don't. I like your face—it's so brown—and you have a nice mouth; only you must tell me your name again." She repeated it. "Saxegotha. It couldn't be more perfectly right for you." He gazed at her somberly. Thin ankles in white silk, and slippers that barely covered the line of her toes. The immature body of a child. Suddenly she pressed the warm palm of her hand to his face. It was faintly perfumed.

He woke suddenly in the dark of the night with the impression that a hand had been laid on his mouth. It hadn't, yet he was distinctly conscious of a faint fragrance. Saxegotha Laws fell asleep again with a vague sense of disturbance; when he got up Bouligny and Adolphe Mazereau were, naturally, still deep in slumber—Telmak brought them coffee at noon—and he had a breakfast of cold johnny cake and milk. Doctor Sharpe had an early lecture; as usual he was in a high good humor.

He said, "Among the more important late deliberations of the faculty of this classic outpost are several resolutions directly concerned with the students. With the students, that is, in class. The students strictly considered as students. At all other times ——" he waved an arm, indicating the completest freedom. "We hope this will not be regarded as too Federalistic for the democratic body of Transylvania University. Again, it has occurred to us that the appearance, at least, of relative nicety would be served if the members of classes removed their hats in the lecture rooms. Another is more involved—is it, we wonder, necessary when a class is standing at recitation for it to lean largely on the

(Continued on Page 173)

MEESTA MUNN, HE SAY TO ME..

"Tony, you no can cutta deesa Kro-flite ball"

IT'S *deesa way.*

I, Tony Spinella, cutta da grass on da golfa club.

One dav, Meesta Munn, he show me da new golfa ball he call a Kro-flite.

"Tony", he say, "you no can cutta deesa ball"

"Meesta Munn", I say, "I no want to cutta yo' golfa ball

"Tony", he say, "you no can cutta deesa ball even eef you do want to. What'sa mor', you can'ta drive no other golfa ball no farther, mebbe not so far".

So Meesta Munn he sock da golfa ball wav ovra in da longa grass. He loosa da ball. He loosa da temp'

I, Tony Spinella, stronga da arm, beega da mus', drive da lawnmow, heet da ball wid da sharpa blade. Da blade she br'ak, cause da ball she no can cut

I loosa da temp'. I gatta crazy mad. I grabba da ball. I roosh to da secon' tee where Meesta Munn ees. I yell, "dare'sa you ball". I t'row eet on da groun'. I crazy mad. I grabba da club from Meesta Munn. I heet da ball wid beega da mus'. One, two, t'ree hunner yards she go. She roll on da green. She roll in da cup. I gatta da casa ginger ale free. I tella you, deesa Kro-flite she's a greata golfa ball

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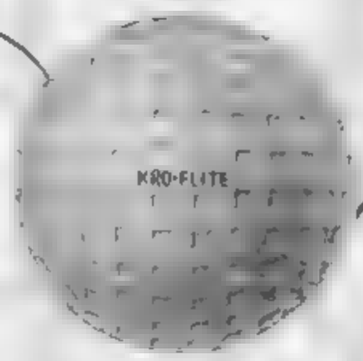

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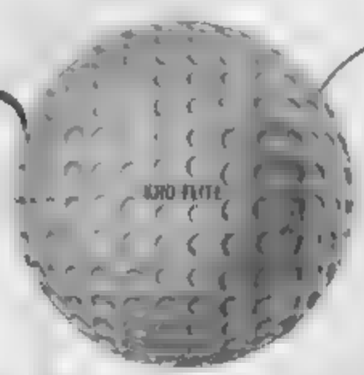

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(Continued from Page 170

shoulders convenient to it? In other words, is a class a variety of parasite like the wild grape vine?"

Saxegotha Laws, wholly addressed to learning, paid him no attention: Sharpe might talk like that for the whole hour. Or recite, in an accentuation of his native burr, the light-headed poetry of Robert Burns. A writer, Laws considered, lost to all approval through his fondness for women—for girls. Lucy Challen, a thoroughly unpleasant child, came into his mind. He hoped, for the sake of Ursin's future peace, that he wouldn't be successful with her. It would be ruinous to marry Lucy Challen—with her staring black eyes and enormous amount of money. He, Saxegotha, never wanted to see her again. She represented everything he disapproved of. For example, her hand was so soft, so little, that it could never do a useful thing. He doubted if it could guide a strand of flax. There was something fatally wrong with a world that produced such a girl. Lucy Challen, he considered, was the exact pattern of the waste, the economic monopoly, that had brought about the French Revolution. It would never become so imminent in the United States; there had, perhaps, been such a danger, under Washington—who saw himself in the light of a king—and Alexander Hamilton, but Jefferson, and particularly Andrew Jackson, had made it forever impossible. Politically and socially Lucy Challen belonged to the Colonies; there was no place for her, for arbitrary enormous amounts of money, in a democracy.

Courts and inequality and tyranny were rapidly passing away; luxury would soon be looked on as a disgrace. The voice of God was speaking with the accents of the people. There was a stir about him—the class had risen, the lecture was over. He hadn't heard a word of it. Ursin Bouligny, in a dressing gown of orange silk, was moving about the sitting room when he returned. Bouligny regarded him silently, a coffee cup in his hand. Adolphe Mazereau was silent too.

Laws said cheerfully, "A brace of headaches."

Bouligny sank with a despondent Creole grace into a chair. "Nothing," he said to Mazereau, "could stand against his damnable honesty." Laws asked what the devil he was talking about.

Adolphe told him: "It can't be you are as innocent as you seem. Ursin begged you to go to the Brinsmedes' and meet a girl he was serious about, a girl he passionately loved. You knew that and what did you do—why, you monopolized her, you carried her away from everyone. Did you go home with us? No. Did you realize we had gone? No. Did you make an effort to see Ursin, to explain, when you returned? No. And then you speak lightly about a brace of headaches."

Saxegotha Laws was both amazed and impatient. "I couldn't get away from her," he protested. "When I found you had gone, I was mad because you had left me. I didn't want to say a word to her. I don't see how she could be worse. She's a crime in a democratic country."

Bouligny nodded. "Saxegotha means it," he told Adolphe. "Or he thinks he means it. He means it now. That is why I can do nothing." What, Laws demanded, was there to do. "In proceeding with your education as a gentleman," Mazereau explained, "you must realize that certain situations demand certain courses. Any question of a woman must be settled with pistols between men of honor. Now you are a man of honor and at the same time you are not. Your honesty, as Bouligny said, spoils everything. There can be no question of a duel."

"You're not a brace of headaches, but a pair of crazy Frenchmen—French or Spanish, it doesn't matter which," Laws declared. "Do I have to tell you again I hate that girl?"

Bouligny changed from drinking coffee to drinking brandy. "You will marry her," he asserted.

"No," Adolphe corrected him, "she will marry Saxegotha. . . . Saxegotha, you are as good as married to her now." Laws laughed indignantly. He turned his back on the absurdity of their conversation. By the middle of the afternoon Ursin was drunk, later he was beaten into insensibility by a bookmaker at the race course on Broadway, and the following morning he was philosophical and, he explained, permanently embittered.

Saxegotha Laws was, now, amused by him; the whole affair, Lucy Challen, had become a joke. He saw her going into Mathurin Giron's with Pleasant Brinsmede; she called to him, but he kept steadily on his way, and told Ursin and Adolphe about it afterward. They listened enveloped in an air of deep melancholy.

It was, Adolphe proceeded, the saddest case he knew of—the destruction of an upright young statesman, a heroic pioneer, by love. "You will be rich and lazy, and race horses."

Laws said he was sick of hearing the name Lucy. They were in the taproom of the Don't Give Up the Ship, drinking slings, and he was emphatic.

He repeated again his single ambition. "I am going to Washington with General Jackson." Then he fell into a moody silence. There was a thin breath of scent about his head. It was damned annoying; he drank to banish it, but, he thought, it grew stronger. Lucy Challen mocked him with glittering eyes. Personally he liked large fair girls whose eyes were blue. When he did marry it would be to a girl who had some size to her, a comfortable girl with blue eyes. He preferred blue eyes, and said so.

A new rope walk was opening on East Main Street; there was a barrel of punch outside, a pole erected with a liberty cap, and Saxegotha Laws spoke at length to the gathered crowd about the sacred responsibilities of freedom.

"America," he said, "following the noble example of France, has chosen to be a government by majority. It will have no black-eyed tyranny. The silk slippers of oppression will never stamp it into the grass. Transylvania University and Lexington and Kentucky will end Federal hopes. The time must come—it is here—when the black cockade will vanish. Black eyes of another variety. Andrew Jackson and blue eyes. Money and power will be regulated. Girls will be regulated ——" He was interrupted by a shout of approval. Someone, in the excitement, contrived to get a leg in the punch barrel and was pitched out of the throng.

"Red chairs and mirrors and gilt and marble—undemocratic!" Saxegotha Laws cried. "Dancing and horse racing must end! Socinian presidents and horses!" Ursin, with an arm around his throat, dragged him into comparative obscurity. "You are drunk," he said coldly. "You weren't talking politics, but about Lucy Challen. I shall have to kill you yet." Laws was surprisingly quiet. He seemed dazed. In their common sitting room he collapsed on a table, his face buried in the sleeves of his meager coat.

A formless depression settled upon him; he worked harder, longer, and understood less; his recitations were meaningless—mechanical repetitions of words laboriously acquired. The weather was beautiful, hot and still; the fields were deep with white clover and green with wild rye; there were lilies in the fringes of the woods, columbines and sweet wild hyacinths and cardinal flowers; the moon was increasing. Laws read late at night, leaning listlessly forward on his elbows over Ferguson on Optics. He heard the town watchman calling the hours: Three o'clock—four. He was, he decided, sick; he had been poisoned. For the first time in Saxegotha Laws' life he felt weak; his arms were heavy, his legs ached. He had, however, stopped the talk about Lucy Challen; at last he had made it clear to Adolphe and Ursin Bouligny that any reference to her and to marriage

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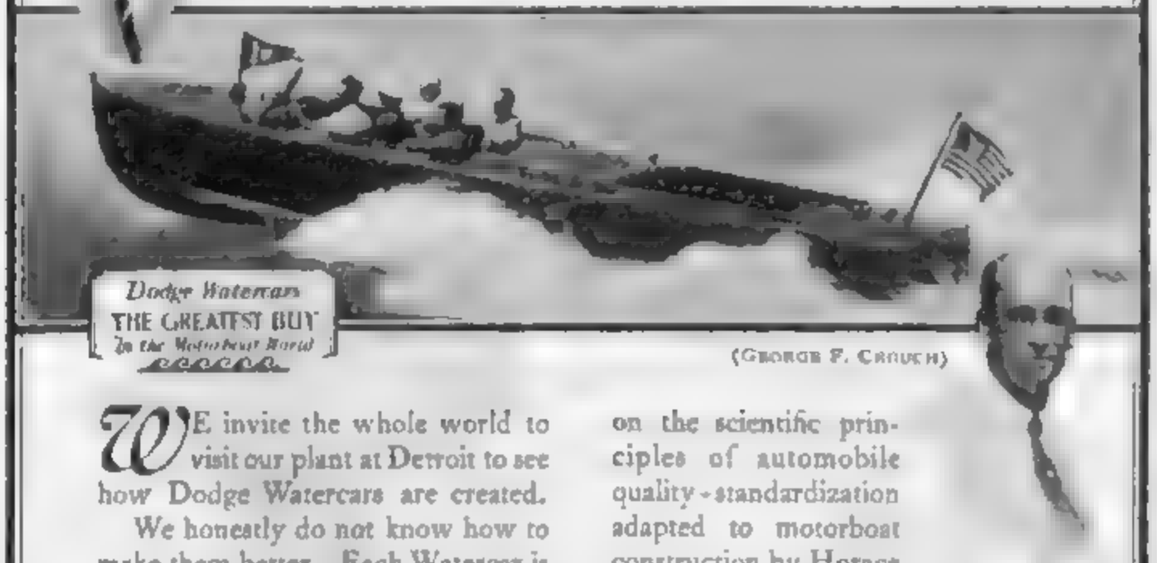

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annoyed him. If they discussed it, he asserted sharply, he would move away at once.

Privately he was infuriated at himself—it was absurd to dislike a mere girl so bitterly. Lucy Challen wasn't important to him; he would never see her again, except, it might be, on the street. She had absolutely no part in his life. Laws told himself that she had nothing to do with his present feeling. He was sick. It was, however, a peculiar sickness; he had no desire to be cured; his depression was largely a fog of indifference. His ambitions, the objects of his hopes, receded into it until they were almost obscured, lost. He drank inattentively; whisky had little effect on him, except, perhaps, to make him increasingly somber and detached.

Ursin and Adolphe Mazereau seemed immaterial, remote; they talked for hours about nothing, they went on errands with nothing as their ends—to parties and Vauxhall and the races of the Lexington Jockey Club on the new grounds at Ashland. They spoke of three-mile heats in 8.15 and 6.10, heats of a mile in 1.51 and 1.53. Mere jargon. He walked by himself in the evening, along the Elkhorn, where it flowed through the pastoral town, by the nigger pens on Main Street, beyond the paper mills and tobacco factories, the powder magazines and distilleries, out into the country. He'd walk over the Richmond turnpike, and, passing from the darkness of groves into fields wide and gray under the moon, memories of his difficult and happy childhood followed him:

The sharp scent of winter grapes; the prized white berries of mistletoe and the red berries of Indian arrowwood; snowbirds, and feeding the horse and the cow and pigs in the morning, with the last of the moonlight on the snow. They had hurried to put out all the washtubs and buckets to catch passing showers. The hollowed log under the back eaves was for faces and hands. Ink, then, they made from oak bark and copperas. Bear-grease lamps and buffalo-tallow candles. His memory went back further, to the long journey from the north—Red Stone Old Fort, with Corryell's Ferry on the Delaware and Harris' Ferry on the Susquehanna. They had been too poor to stop at the taverns. Four hundred miles in wagons, but the flatboats of the Ohio River were better. Johnson's Fork of Licking and Bryant's Station near Lexington. Phrases returned to him—August corn in the silk. Green corn and milk for breakfast. Corn huskings with the ears in a long rick. Whisky in a two-quart green-glass bottle, with a cob for stopper. Dry corn pounded with an iron wedge on the hominy block. A boy on a plow horse in an agony with his legs full of Spanish needles. A boy following the sheep bells in the woods, in a heap with the young lambs inside the cabin. A boy in a schoolhouse with no windows, but strips of oiled paper between the logs; a shrill fluctuating chorus studying out loud. A boy in butternut linsey, with scarlet mittens and a dog named Lion.

He roused himself impatiently from this introspective and sentimental mood; Laws addressed himself with a fresh energy to his studying, but that gathered energy soon subsided. It couldn't, he told himself, be the result of one evening with a girl, no matter how much he hated her. As a fact, he didn't hate her; Lucy Challen wasn't close enough to him for that. She was no more than a disagreeable girl he had met once. There was nothing in her appearance either to remember or forget, except her eyes. If he didn't soon recover, Saxegotha Laws realized, he would have to leave the university. He was useless as he was. Perhaps if he saw her again ——

It was Wednesday, the night when Vauxhall was illuminated, and, with a careful show of indifference he asked Ursin what he intended to do that evening.

"Why, go to Vauxhall, of course," Bouligny told him. "There is to be a party as usual. But it's no good to invite you. I have had to explain that to the Brinsmedes a dozen times." A sudden incomprehensible fear that Lucy Challen had left Lexington invaded Laws.

"Who is going?" he asked.

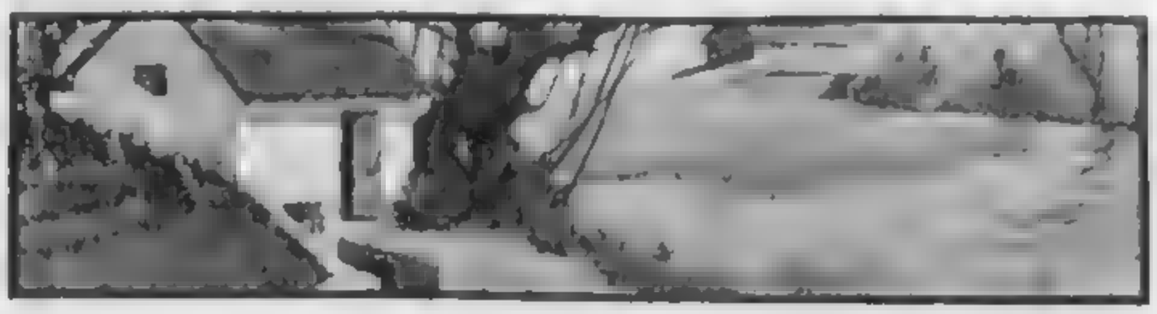
Ursin Bouligny replied, "Well, Lucy is. But she is leaving for Savannah tomorrow. You might begin your social career again after that."

Laws said, "I feel like the devil. I can't read. I can't even sit still. You may see me at Vauxhall later." Ursin made no comment. At nine o'clock Saxegotha left Timothy Smith's for the public garden. The night was both hot and bright; his clothes were awkward and uncomfortable. He wished that he had white linen like Ursin and Adolphe—linen and fine cambric shirts scented with sprigs of lavender. They were so much more comfortable than his own clumsy materials. He wouldn't, naturally, look as well as Ursin Bouligny—he wasn't so dark and graceful. Ursin's hands were thin and fine, but his were like boards.

There was, after all, a certain distinction in being what was recognized as a gentleman; a quality, a state, that came with ease and money, perhaps with birth. He began to appreciate Ursin Bouligny's delicate consideration, except in the brief affair about Lucy Challen. Even then—Ursin had been in love with her—he had behaved admirably. He had very high obligations of conduct—courage and honor. There were honor and courage on Drake Creek, but it was very different, the circumstances were different and ugly. Drake Creek knew nothing about the romance of love. It burned for a moment, for a week or a month, and then it was lost in hardship, in purely practical considerations. Love was never talked about. It was regarded, when it was thought of at all, as indecent. That was too bad. Ursin's way was better.

Vauxhall, he suddenly saw, was directly before him; the trees were illuminated with hundreds of candles suspended in small colored-glass globes—the red and purple and orange and mysterious blue lights were subdued by the flood of the moon. He paid admission and instantly he was enveloped in a charmed air. There was music and an uncertain glow; men and girls passed him two and two on the narrow paths; the girls had floating white dresses and low eager voices; they looked up into the faces of the men with them. The music wasn't the swinging reels, the violent strains, he was familiar with. It was like the echo of music—music he might have dreamed. His sense of trouble vanished; its place was taken by an increasing happiness. He walked slowly, with his wool hat in his hand, his thin face lifted to the night. A struggle had stopped within him, a vain rebellion come to an end. Soon, he knew, he would find Ursin and Adolphe, Pleasant and Aurelia Brinsmede, and Lucy Challen. She was going away tomorrow. The further effect of that realization was instantaneous—he increased his pace until it was hardly short of a run. His heart pounded with fear. He must find her. Keep her from going to Savannah. The rest—the world outside Vauxhall—was nothing.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.



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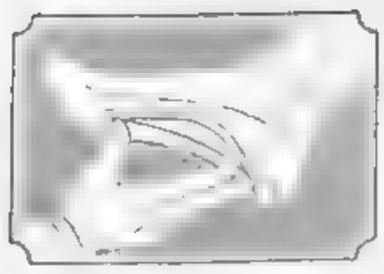

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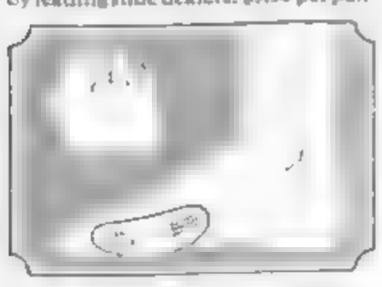

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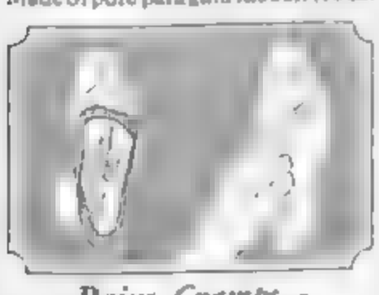

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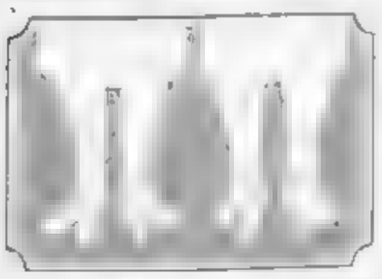

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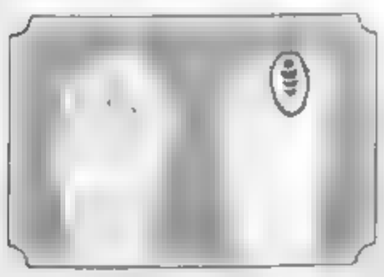

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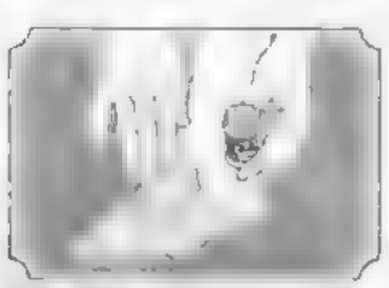

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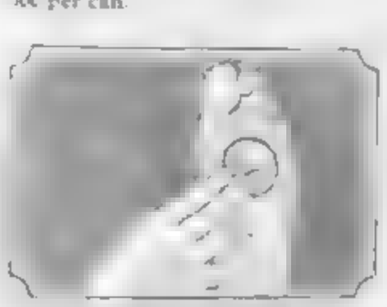

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Ventilated STRAW HATS

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER SPEAKS

(Continued from Page 15)

restaurant. Then came the days when I turned in to a newspaper a certain number a day, made in the court room, at an impromptu banquet or at a political convention. Then followed the years of painting personages for publications of a more dignified kind, the doing of which gave me hundreds of contacts that have done much to build up the list of my patrons. And all the while I have kept on sketching celebrities at luncheon and at the club, until the number has piled up to an unbelievable total.

The war came upon us, and for the Government's pictorial records I found myself overseas with the A. E. F. On the very first day, at General Pershing's headquarters, I made my first mistake, when I painted one of the generals in two hours. Thereafter schedules were given me in the form of orders to paint generals at the rate of four a day. Needless to say, I never did catch up with those schedules.

A Pencil Sketch of Prince William of Sweden

The progress of events kept generals jumping about, and in the effort to keep pace with them the old car traveled four thousand miles around the front. The trouble grew when I discovered that doughboys were mighty diverting to paint.

Then I came back to the old New York studio, bringing one hundred and forty-two A. E. F. portraits, and a heap of the rest of the A. E. F. made sounds that suggested more portraits, and their relatives and friends made similar noises, and all in all this has become a very busy world, and I like it.

My final answer to the editor's question was that I have painted, drawn and sketched persons to a number somewhere between five and six thousand. And I might have added that over every new portrait I sweat more blood than ever before, because a portrait painter demands more of himself as his experience increases.

It doesn't grow easier. It grows harder. But the painter person grows with it—at least healthier and heartier. That's the droll thing about work.

And always increasingly I grow more interested in faces. Not so much in the faces themselves as in a study of what the man or the woman has done to his or her face in a series of years of living in this effervescing world of ours.

The All-Revealing Mouth

A letter came to me from a young lady student in a Western college saying that one of her classes was taking up the subject of modern painters. She told me that she was very much interested in my work and asked me to write her fully concerning it. Realizing the commonly understood queernesses of artists, I chuckled with amusement at her last sentence, which read, "Please tell me as much about yourself as you are willing to disclose."

"What is the most difficult thing about a face to paint?" and "How do you begin a portrait?" are the two questions most often asked me. "Probably the eyes are the hardest, because they indicate so much," my questioner will say. "No," I reply, "the eyes are not difficult. They are practically a fixed part of the face that good draftsmanship can render. But the mouth—that is likely to be difficult."

It is because the mouths of most people have such a variety of expressions—a thousand changes—that they are almost always difficult. So usually the mouth is at once the most interesting and the most difficult feature to portray successfully. You remember that Sargent said, "A portrait is a picture of somebody with something the matter with the mouth." Generally I take into confidence the friends of my sitter regarding just which expression of the mouth is the best, and these friends help a lot.

More than any other feature, the mouth shows what a person has lived and thought and what his disposition is. I am forever sketching the mouths of people who are unconscious of my scrutiny. Sometimes these subjects are singing, or talking earnestly. In this article are shown some of the multitude of pencil sketches made in five or ten minutes and afterward autographed.

"What kind of faces do you most enjoy painting?" someone asks. For me the mobile face that has many changes of expression is the most interesting—that of the vivacious person. He discloses himself to me in a multitude of ways, lets me see a variety of aspects from which I can select. The stolid person with only one fixed expression allows me no choice in the matter. It is not the pretty or beautiful face that gives me the best chance, unless happily it is combined with an interesting display of personality. If I must choose between the two, I will take the interesting one. A very ugly face is often very paintable, and a portrait involving such a face can be made a beautiful painting in spite of it.

The First and Best Vision

"How do you begin a portrait?" I answer by saying that, after deciding upon the pose and the direction of the lighting, I begin with the thing that interests me most. Sometimes it is the quality of the color of the cheek, sometimes it is the angle of the eyebrow, sometimes it is the lift of the chin from the neck. Then my interest jumps all about and the brush leaps to the changing points of interest, until presently the portrait is fairly under way. From then on the portrait feels to me much as if it were being fashioned of clay, and I find myself hurrying to mold the nose into a real nose and to round the hair into a mass of real hair. So the person on the canvas becomes an entity, and I am engrossed in helping him to emerge and become the person that I have imagined upon the bare canvas before the first shot with the brush. No artist ever succeeds in doing a better thing than he has first visioned upon the bare canvas. Of course he frequently decides upon changes that will help him to produce that vision, but the vision remains the thing to develop and to conjure forth.

Usually, as I begin a portrait, I distinctly visualize the entire picture as regards the placing of the figure with its accessories. I am conscious of the sections that I intend to bring out and those that I wish to lose in the shadows. I have posed the sitter and arranged the lighting with this in view. If there is any doubt in my mind as to the general arrangement, I first make some tiny pencil sketches or schemes of the general composition, so that when I begin to paint there will be no anxious fumbling for a scheme of layout. When the composition is to contain more than one figure these preparatory sketches are sure to be necessary, but for single figures I seldom use them.

Many portrait painters, before proceeding with the painting, make a careful drawing in charcoal, which they fix, and upon which they then paint, but impatience to

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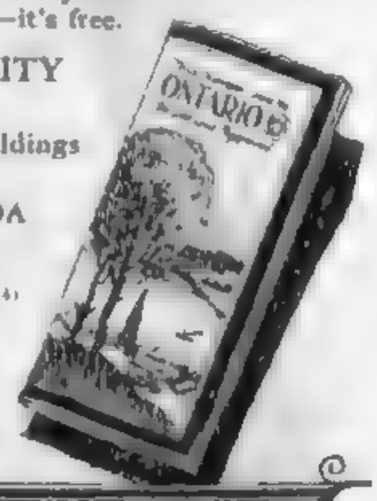

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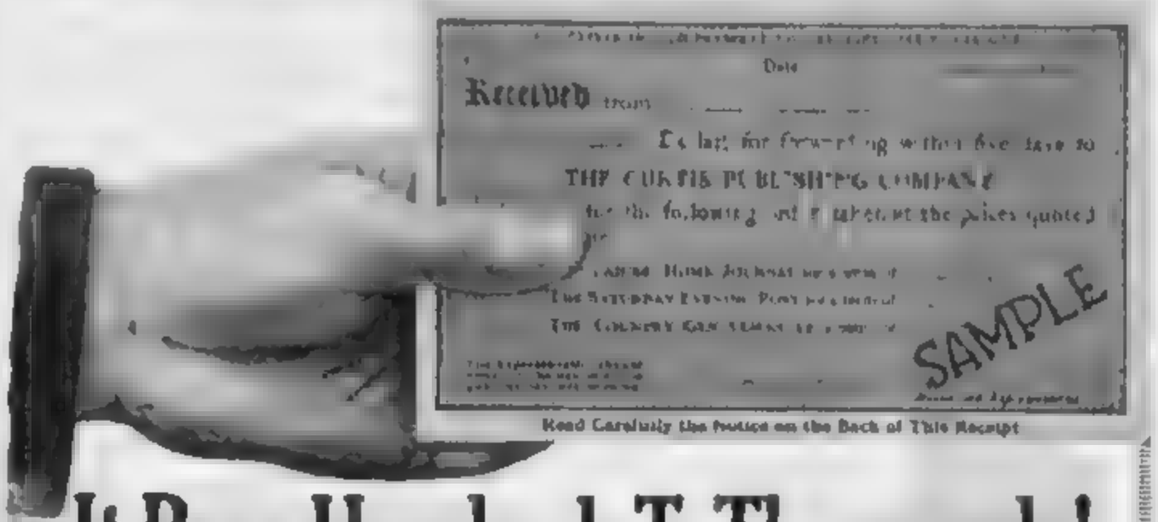

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bring into being that vision does not permit me to do this. Often I am told, "You must have great patience to paint." On the contrary, it is not patience but impatience that produces a portrait. When the doughboys were waiting to go over the top and had got themselves all worked up to face the danger, it was hard to hold them back. The portrait painter has a similar sensation.

A photograph gives only one impression of the subject. A portrait may give many, hence the possibility of revealing much more of the person in a portrait. I frequently cover up a portrait, in the process of making, so that only one section or feature of the face is exposed. I study this section to see if it is a help or a hindrance to the likeness. Then I expose another section and study that. Thus I can discover a section that needs more development. If the lighting on the corresponding section of my sitter contributes no more of individuality than I have indicated, I adjust the angle of lighting in a search for additional characteristics. So a thorough analysis can be made. In this manner many characteristics that do not appear under one lighting can be found and introduced into a portrait, to an extent that no photographer can achieve.

"Do you paint on a portrait when your sitter is not posing?" is another question. Yes; hours and hours in the toning of the background, the draperies and the other accessories, to the end that all may combine for beauty and may compel the onlooker's interest to focus upon the part of the painting that is most significant. For example, the portrait is of a lady with a fan. Now it is essential that the fan be a perfectly good fan, but the portrait will not be a satisfactory one unless the fan is so treated that the painting will not be a portrait of a fan, but a portrait of a lady. The problem is: How does a fan appear when one is looking at a lady?

When you are interested in conversation with a woman you are likely to be looking at her face, and while you can see that she is holding a fan, that fan has not the appearance that it would have if you transferred your gaze from her face to the fan. You could not look intently at the face and the fan at the same time.

A Gentlemen's Agreement

There was once a lithograph called A Yard of Fruit. The entire nation had a speaking acquaintance with it. A sneaking notion prevailed that it was not great art, but there was something about it that appealed. That something was due to happy coloring and realistic drawing. But there was a yard of it, which was more than a human eye could entertain at one look. If the artist had concentrated on one group of the fruit as a unit in the long array, and given to it the sharpness of drawing, the completeness of detail and the richness of color which he had lavished impartially on the whole line, he might have achieved something more worth while. He might even have endowed that section with added loveliness his imagination could supply. The rest of the yard might have been differently treated by subduing the accents, softening the sharpness of edges, dulling the brightness of colors, losing objects a bit in the color of the background or in the shadows—in fact producing an effect lovely of itself but not demanding the attention of the onlooker. An added naturalness would have been the result, and what is more important, the monotony occasioned by repetition of treatment would have been relieved.

The Greek fret or the egg-and-dart pattern on a border produces a monotony which is intentional, and creates a fine finish without demanding attention. This monotony is not desirable in a painting.

Women sitters frequently say, "Of course I expect you to make me beautiful." And I always respond, "That is in the contract." But the real fact of the case is that milady is wishing with all her heart to appear smart, and so long as an effect of smartness is coupled with a likeness she will be happy. Beauty and smartness—style—are two entirely separate things, and either, or both, are attainable in a picture. We all know that curves have much to do with beauty of form, and we can be sure that smartness can be achieved by accenting the effect of long verticality.

The man sitter makes no remarks about a wish to appear beautiful, but it is tacitly understood that he must appear at least intelligent.

A Result of Determination

Ordinarily the duration of a sitting—or fitting, as a little girl once called it—is about two hours. I prefer a three-hour session. There are times when my sitter is untired and willing to pose for five hours, which suits me tremendously, but this is not often. Artists vary greatly in the matter of speed. Whistler required many sittings and was indignant if a sitter complained that the number was too many. It is said that in later life he told prospective sitters that they must be prepared to pose a thousand times. Sargent worked rapidly, but was unwilling to be limited as to the number of sittings. With a direct attack, three or four sittings may be enough, but no one likes to promise. I have many times finished a bust portrait at one sitting, but I do not like the sensation that one must be the last. Some painters paint over and over with many coats of paint, producing a quiet dignity and a mellow quality without achieving the *vivre* and vitality of a *tour de force*. So we can say that the building up of layer upon layer of paint has certain advantages, while the direct putting down of tones with a sure hand is more likely to produce a brilliant and vigorous creation.

The telephone rang one morning and a strange man's voice said, "I'm So-and-So."

"I'm Chase," said I.

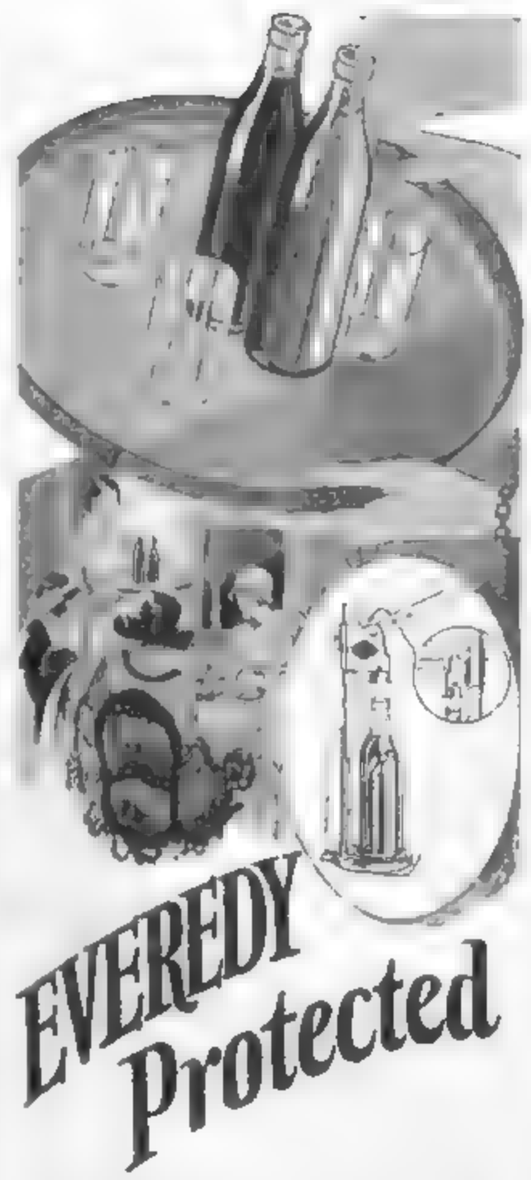
"I want to see you about a portrait," the voice said. "Can I see you at your studio?" Presently the man appeared at the studio door. Evidently a person of importance, he was well past middle life. A forceful, hard face he wore that showed his determination and his success as a man of large affairs. We shook hands. The forceful one entered and proceeded at once to the business in mind. "I want a portrait," he said. I showed him a number of portraits that stood about the studio, and brought out for his inspection many photographs of portraits. He looked at them all with evident interest and satisfaction. Then he said, "When are you going to begin?"

"Do you want it done at once?"

"I must leave on a three-o'clock train."

So I called up the woman who had a sitting for twelve o'clock and caught her just as she was about to leave her house. She graciously postponed her engagement and my determined patron ascended the model stand. Upon the canvas that had been prepared for the accommodating lady my scowling new acquaintance was portrayed. The three-o'clock train bore the determined one to Washington and with him went the portrait in a picture crate.

When a fond parent tells me that his young son has decided to be an artist, and I am asked to tell him which is the best art school and what course the youngster should take, my first answer is in the form of questions: "Is this boy of yours healthy? Does he like hard work and plenty of it? Can he be depended upon to marry a wife who will forgive him for being perpetually late to dinner, and who will feed him with nourishing food and a sympathetic soul?"



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So smoothly does the United States Mail Service function that its machinery is seldom realized by the great nation it serves. But the whistle of the night mail at the station below the hill in Lambert Hollow is the note of an era in which swift, dependable communication has been one of the greatest factors of progress.

The NIGHT MAIL Flashes Through Lambert Hollow

BACK in the lighted cars of the long train, the passengers are chatting and reading.

To them the villages through which they flash are only clusters of changing lights, the dwindling tinkle of crossing bells.

But ahead, in the first car behind the speeding engine, each town and hamlet along the way is a definite part of the work to be done.

There men work from dusk to dawn; moving intently, efficiently, back and forth before the long racks and swaying sacks of mail.

As well-known landmarks, or the hands of the clock, or the long-drawn whistle of the engine ahead warn of the approach to each village, the door is slid back, a short steel arm is thrust out into the whistling wind.

Suddenly a sturdy mail bag strikes this reaching arm, is swung into the car. Simultaneously, another is rolled out into the night.

To Lambert Hollow the mail has come; from Lambert Hollow the mail has gone. The line of glittering windows that flows on into the night has again played its part in weaving together the cities and towns and villages of the world.

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And now the swift couriers of the air mail are receiving every possible assistance and encouragement that the Pennsylvania can offer.

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RAILROADING—THEN AND NOW

(Continued from Page 31)

New York, but received a gold watch for his action when F. D. U. found that the man was obeying an order to set out any car limping along with a flat wheel; the anecdote of the superintendent up at Rochester who carried through an awful winter's month and kept the line open, only to have Underwood come up, interrogate him, and then go off, without even a word of thanks. But next month's pay check for that superintendent was doubled by a private check from the president of the Erie. Mr. Underwood is, above all things, a modest man. His modesty frequently comes to the point of shyness.

This is not a record of the Underwood anecdotes. There are enough of them to fill a book. A sizable volume could be made of the pass yarns of F. D. U. Many and varied were these forms of transportation, hand issued, in the days when they were legally permissible. There is an apocryphal story of one being written by lead pencil on a shingle. Once, after Underwood had left the Northwest and had gone to the Baltimore and Ohio, he returned to Milwaukee, to have a conductor ask him for a pass from Chicago to Washington and back.

"Got your Milwaukee annual handy?" he demanded.

The pasteboard was produced. Underwood turned it over and wrote on the back:

Good on any train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

F. D. UNDERWOOD, VICE PRESIDENT.

That yellowed card today is the most prized possession of an aged man up in Milwaukee.

To his intimate friends the gift of an annual pass—or even of a silver coin, good for riding on the Erie for all time—was as nothing. They were as apt to find themselves in receipt of the loan of a handsome car. He used to love to take a party of them—an Erie train hauled by an Erie locomotive—and go scooting off across the country; perhaps down to Florida or off to California or up into his beloved Northwest. For a trip of this sort a picked crew of Erie men would be chosen, and the picking came, almost invariably, as a reward of some sort of special service or a long term of faithful endeavor. Underwood always has had an almost uncanny faculty for discovering merit. Long ago he began to name the Erie locomotives for their most famous drivers. For less famed ones he created the Order of the Red Spot—a bright carmine disk under the engine's number plate to indicate that the men who had it in charge had performed their jobs loyally and well.

A Railroad Pioneer

Enough of the Underwood background. Come now to the man himself. Let him tell his own story, very largely in his own way. We find him in a high-set office in downtown Manhattan. Before a big desk sits a big man. A big man; big in frame, in mind and heart. Sometimes when he tires of sitting he goes to the window and looks down upon the Hudson River, with all its maze of traffic. He loves ships. Long since he owned a yacht, and upon it dispensed a rare hospitality. He was, and still is, an ardent yachtsman, just as he was, and still is, an enthusiastic motorist. When there were but two or three motor cars in all New York, Fred Underwood owned one of them. More than twenty years ago he placed flanged wheels under an early Winton and put it in special service on one of the Erie's suburban lines. He can fairly claim to have introduced the automotive vehicle to the railroad. He begins at the beginning, fifty-seven years ago:

"My service began in 1870, and though I do not claim to be aged or infirm or an old fogy, I do antedate the automatic air brake, the point switch, the duplex telegraph, the steel car wheel and the automatic coupler."

This son of a Presbyterian minister up in Wisconsin, with the love of railroading ringing in his heart and soul, began quite naturally his career on the near-by roads. But they were sorry outfits, those pioneers of that other day. No mistaking that.

"The railroads of the Middle West of 1870 were, by comparison with those of today, flimsy affairs. They tried to do well what they were called upon to do, but most of their results were due to Providence and the resourcefulness of their small operating staffs. Physically, they were of the crudest. Their rails wabbled and waved across the face of the prairie. Rock ballast—in most instances, even gravel—was unknown. Their light tracks were bolstered with what we called 'side ballast,' which meant about any material that lay closest to hand.

"Upon these spongy beds there was placed a track whose rail ran from but fifty to sixty pounds to the yard. These in turn bore the trains—locomotive, gay in color but light and none too dependable, in whose maw wood was almost the sole fuel. Sometimes the green boy firing the engine, in his enthusiasm, would overdo the thing, clog the firebox with fuel and put the engine out of business for half a day."

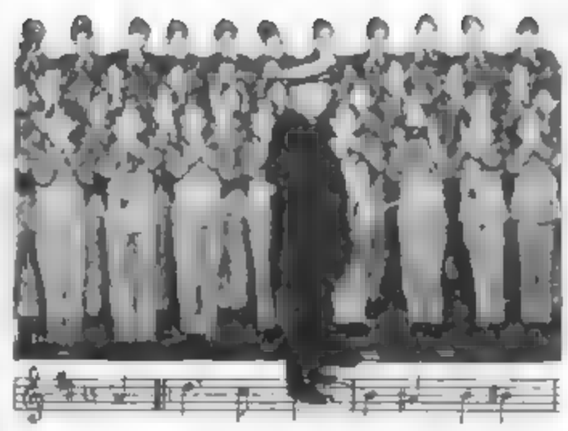
Promoted by a Train Wreck

"The freight cars had a capacity of from 20,000 to 30,000 pounds each. The little yellow passenger coaches were hardly larger. Their crews boasted of their new-fangled paper wheels, which really were a compressed strawboard threaded with steel wire; but there was little else about which they might brag. These passenger cars up in the Northwest in those days were all heated by roaring stoves which made their immediate vicinity an inferno and left the far end of the car hardly warmer than the outside air. Four feeble oil lamps were the only illuminants. There were no lavatories, no vestibules, no protective devices at the platforms. Passengers, young and old, struggled on and off the cars as best they might. The trainmen felt that their other duties were sufficient.

"It was enough, these boys felt, that they should be responsible for stopping the trains at proper times, and sometimes at improper ones. They kept their ears sharply open for the engine blasts that should send them out to the brakes; for if there was a failure properly to stop the train, the fault was theirs, not the engineer's. No mistaking that. The engineer who felt so disposed could so haze his crew that they would be glad to give up their jobs upon the railroad and go back to the barnyard—not only by calling for the brakes when they were not necessary, but by switching with a force that nearly shot them off their feet.

"Sometimes there was more bitterness than fun in this sort of work. Feuds were all too common among the railroaders of that remote day. Men rose by the sheer force of their own endeavors. But they rose. Brakemen slowly graduated into conductors, conductors into superintendents. In those days the superintendent of a railroad was a real power. No long line of operating officers stood between him and the president of the line. Like as not he reported directly to that officer."

Underwood himself came rather quickly to a superintendent's job. His railroad career began on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, a road for which he always has held a surpassing affection. In 1872 this company was just beginning to find itself reaching an arm from Milwaukee to Chicago. Railroad construction throughout the entire Northwest was still in its pioneer stages. Even between Chicago and Milwaukee there had been but one line of single-track railroad and though it connected with 3000 miles of green new railroad beyond its own terminal, its pair of rails was at no time taxed by traffic. Today



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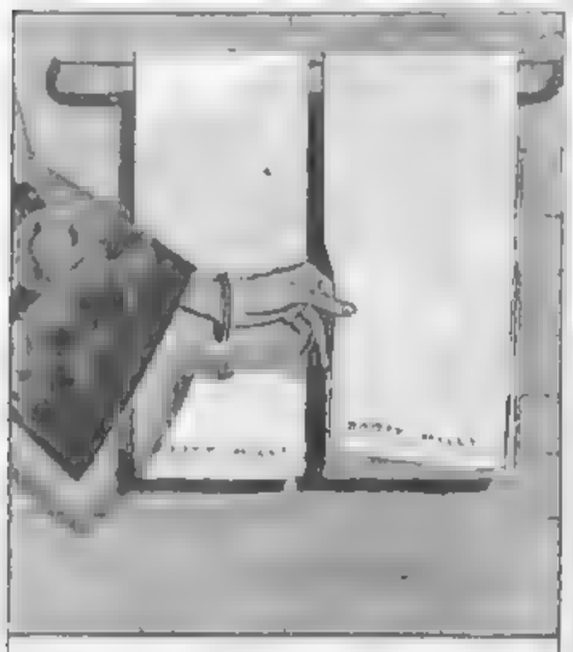

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TOWELING AND TOWELS

there are six steam railroad tracks between Chicago and Milwaukee—a double-tracked electric railway besides and at times all of these are pressed to carry the business offered them. No man can estimate the track facilities that will be necessary there in another fifty-five years.

For twelve years Fred Underwood worked for the Milwaukee. He rose from clerk, elevator agent—at LaCrosse—yardmaster, train conductor, to the superintendent's job. The last promotion came as a result of a train wreck. In it Underwood's train was very much involved. Among his passengers was the general superintendent of the Milwaukee, a big, black-bearded man, hardly come to middle age, by name, William C. Van Horne.

Underwood's train had gone in on a siding to let a Chicago-bound passenger train go by. It was really the job of the Chicago-bound train to take that siding, but its crew did not see it in just that way. It was rushing to get to Chicago on time. Nothing else mattered. It rushed so fast that its engine refused to take the switch point on which the Underwood train was waiting, and it tipped over on its side. There was much confusion and no little wreckage. Mr. Van Horne ran out of the stalled train and added to the confusion. Let Mr. Underwood go forward with the narrative:

Tricks of Fate

"I took charge of the wreck. The other conductor was hurt a little—he was hurt anyway, mentally—so he could not take charge. Technically I was to blame for that train going off the track. Afterward they had a great investigation up at Milwaukee and I was on the carpet. In the meantime, however, I had to get the passengers out. There was no telegraph office, so I had to run on my two hind legs down to the next station, which had a telegraph instrument, call up my superintendent and tell him the news. He said he thought that something had happened down the line, because he had heard so little. I told him what I had done, suggested that they had better send a wrecker up from Chicago, that the section men already were clearing the track, that two men were guarding the baggage that had been taken out of the train and that we would all be in Milwaukee by 8:30, and that they had better have a warm dinner waiting for us. There was not much else to do. As I wrote these orders, Van Horne came into the station and read them over my shoulders

"When we had the big set-to afterward up at the Milwaukee office, Van Horne spoke up. He said: 'Here was a conductor giving orders to a superintendent, and they were very intelligent orders too. When I was a superintendent I never had such help.' That was all the boss said. But he wound up by making me a superintendent. A little later there was a similar accident, but that conductor had no such luck. They fired him. And as he walked out of the office, he said, 'Underwood switched a train and they gave him a gold switch key and a promotion. I left the line open and they put the skids under me!'"

That was not the last Fred D. Underwood was to see of William C. Van Horne, although the time was not far distant when both left the old Milwaukee for far better posts. Van Horne with remarkable swiftness was to become head and front of the great Canadian transcontinental, the Canadian Pacific. He was a very great railroad executive, who built roads not only in Canada but in Cuba and elsewhere in the civilized world, and who painted pictures as well as he moved trains and dreamed great hotels, and that is saying much. Van Horne was the first of the railroad Titans with whom Underwood was to come in contact. But not the last. For instance, there was James J. Hill.

Underwood first met the Empire Builder in the days of the Winnipeg boom—very early in the 80's. The immigrant trek up into Manitoba was sorely taxing the slender facilities of the green young railroads of the Northwest. Train after train pulled out of Chicago—passenger cars, baggage cars, but chiefly freight cars—laden with men, women, children, household implements, farm tools, animals, all the varied paraphernalia of home life. From gentle beginnings the trek took on the proportions of a vast resistless stream.

St. Paul was the bottle neck. Into that old river town, soon destined to become one of the most important railroad centers of the land, the various streams out of Chicago and Milwaukee converged, there to spread open again.

Quickly its yard facilities were filled; quickly they overflowed. Jim Hill, erstwhile harbor master of St. Paul, and now its railroad master, became alarmed. He sent word to Van Horne at Milwaukee to send his best operating man up there to break the blockade. Underwood went up.

He walked into the mess—a snow-filled and important yard, a railroad station filled with sleeping and tired women and crying children, a tangle of luggage of every sort—and straightened out the entire matter.

"I went to raise the blockade, and in raising it I raised the devil with certain fellows and was pretty ruthless, I guess," says Underwood today, as he glances down from his high-set office at the face of the Hudson. "But I raised the blockade anyway. 'Look out for Hill,' some of my friends down Chicago-way warned me. 'Don't let him get his hands on a single car. He needs all he can get. You won't have them back in a year.' I laughed at them and went to see Hill. He told me his troubles. He did need cars. I asked our people how about it and they warned me not to let any cars get off the Milwaukee's tracks. But somehow I had faith in Hill. I let him have 100 cars and asked him to let me have them back on a certain date. He said, 'You shall have every car back just when you want it.' I took him on. I began letting him have cars 100 at a time, and they began to come back. . . . Slowly the backbone of that blockade broke. All the stuff began pouring into Winnipeg again—the emigrants and all their stuff. More freight cars, with men, women and children riding in them, cats and dogs and everything you could think of. Also we were taking the stuff up to that new Canadian Pacific outfit. It did not amount to so much just then. They had just begun to build it then and no one dreamed what it was going to become at some day in the future."

Against Positive Orders

"I had gone to Mr. Hill and I had told him one thing: 'Mr. Hill, I am in your hands. Mr. Merrill—the general manager of the Milwaukee—gave me positive orders not to do this very thing, and yet I am doing it.' On the ground at St. Paul I felt that it was for the common good of all of us. Hill turned to me and said, 'You will never get in any trouble by me.' I never did."

On the contrary, Hill saw that Underwood got the job of developing the new Soo Line, about to thrust its way eastward from Minneapolis for a junction with the Canadian Pacific, and so to become a short line into Minnesota from the Atlantic Coast. Hill visioned in Underwood a railroader of his own metal. He became fond of the huge young superintendent up from off the Milwaukee. The intimate personal friendship never ceased. Yet Hill never ceased to quiz F. D. U. Once, years after, as they rode together from Chicago toward New York, the old Empire Builder began to ask the younger man about some boats that the Erie was having built. Hill prided himself upon his nautical knowledge. He had just finished building fine freight and passenger ships for both the Great Lakes and Pacific trades and he loved to relate their technical details

"Fred, I understand that you are building two freighters for the Lakes," he prodded.

"Yes, two," replied Underwood.

(Continued on Page 185)

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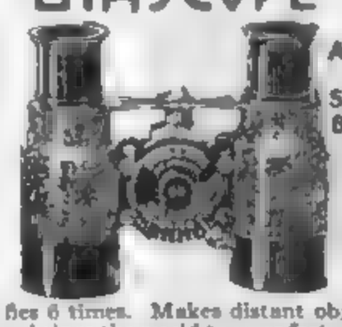

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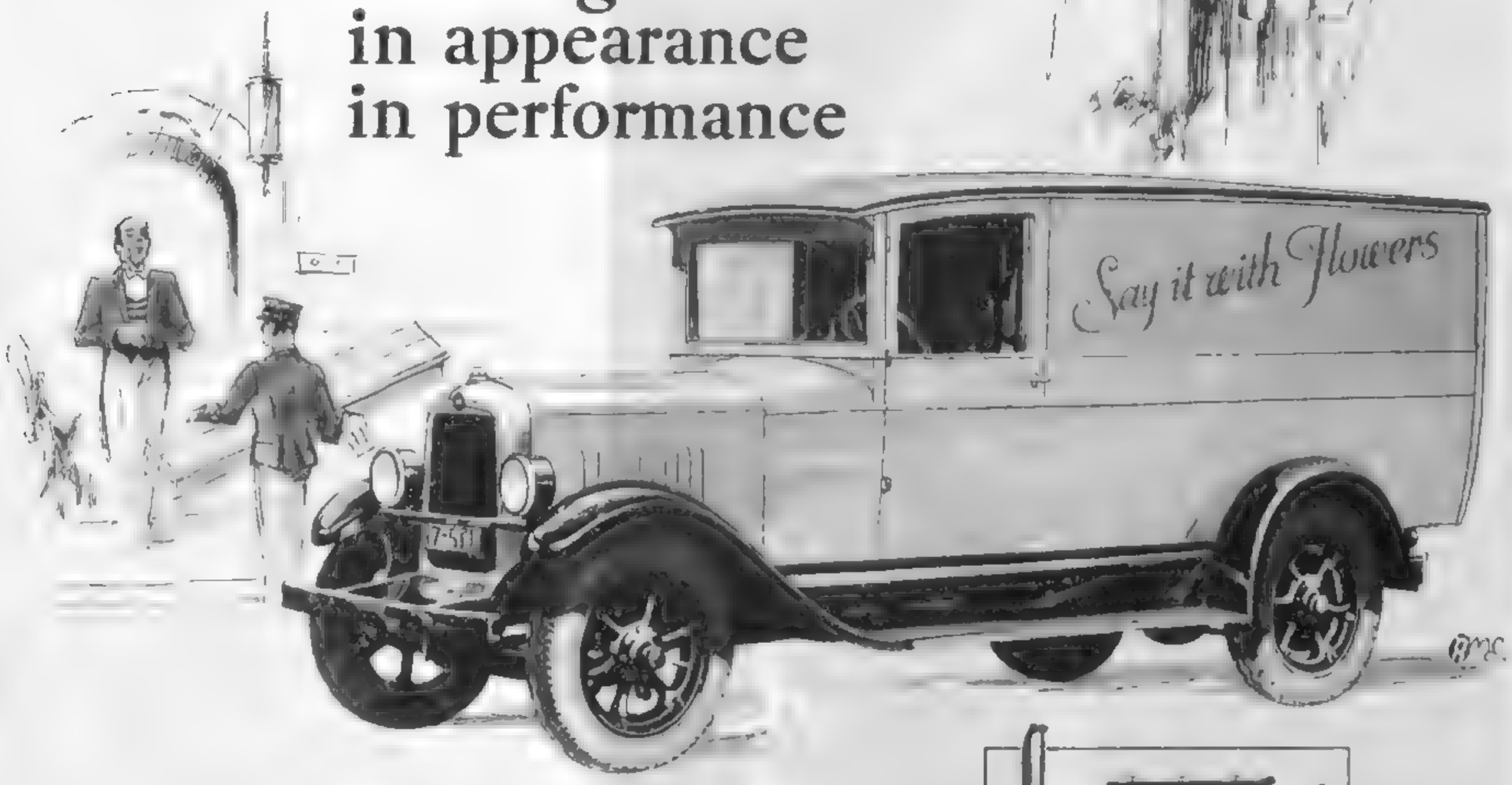

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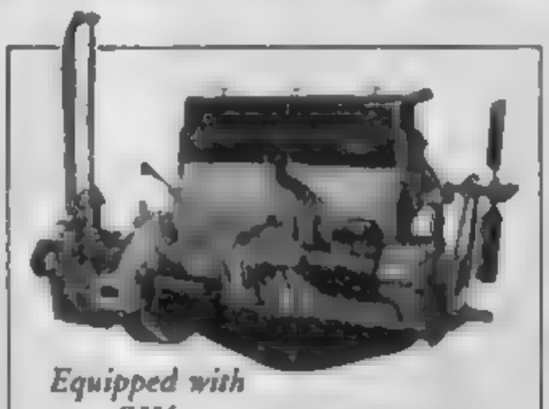

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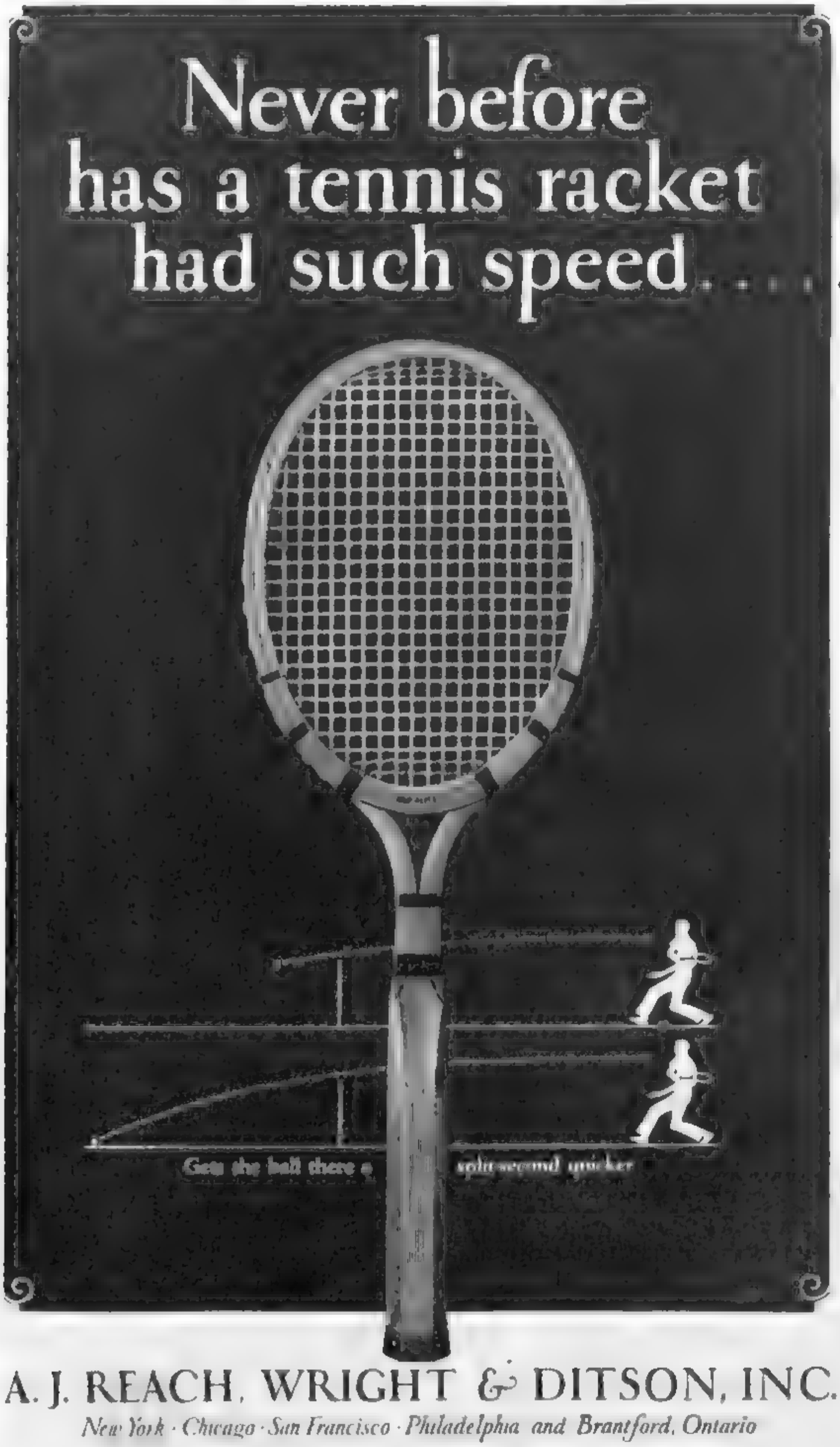

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(Continued from Page 182)

What was their length? What was their breadth? What did they draw? Underwood answered each of these questions. What was their pitch? What was their sheer? Underwood did not answer. Hill kept on. What were their engines? Triple expansion. What were their boilers? Underwood explained and added:

"We're putting an extra boiler in each ship so we can draw and clean without having to put into port."

Jim Hill grunted.

"But you don't even know what is pitch and what is sheer?" he jabbed mercilessly. Underwood laughed at him.

"I don't have to, Mr. Hill," he replied slowly. "I don't need to. I've got a contract with a responsible builder for two ships that, in a given draft, will make a certain speed and, at it, carry so many tons of freight at so many tons of fuel consumption. If they do not perform up to that contract we have the privilege of returning them. That's about all that we are interested in."

Not even a Hill could cause F. D. Underwood many fidgets.

Passing Inspection

The story of Underwood's arrival on the very new half-baked Soo Road is best told by one of his closest friends and greatest admirers—Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio. In those early days young Willard was not only running an engine on that new road but also the roundhouse that sheltered it. He had various titles, including those of master mechanic and of roundhouse foreman. The fact that his roundhouse only housed one locomotive worried Willard not at all. He, too, was one of those railroaders whose sheer love of the trade was born in his soul. One day he heard that a new general manager was coming to the Soo, some man from up off the Milwaukee. Advance comment on the new G. M. was none too favorable. He had been preceded by rumors that he was a hard boss, a driver. Things were to be stirred up on the Soo; no doubt of that. This man Underwood was something of a radical. Over on the Milwaukee he had begun to rate locomotives as to their loading capacity by tons, rather than by cars, and the old-timers did not like that. In other words, Underwood now expected a locomotive to pull a full train all of the time, instead of some of the time, as in the past. Hence the disgruntled enginemen.

Daniel Willard at the roundhouse awaited with some trepidation the coming of the first general manager of whom he had even ever heard. The title then was very new. The day came for the first visit of the G. M. of the Soo. Willard was ready. Underwood had been advertised to arrive at four o'clock in the morning. Willard got up and was on the job at three. He had put that small roundhouse in apple-pie order. He had polished the stove and readjusted its pipes, cleaned the pits and swept the floors, resurrected the No Smoking signs.

The day of the Underwood premier was in midwinter. The new general manager did not leave his car until after seven, so his young lieutenant had had a goodly wait. Let Mr. Willard in his own words describe what immediately happened:

"As we approached the engine house, Mr. Underwood remarked that there was too much snow against the outside of the door and that the house and all its contents might burn down before it would be possible to get the door open and the engine out. As he passed along the side of the engine, he apparently took no notice of its neat and attractive appearance, but as he reached the pilot, he stuck his toe under the edge and wiggled it up and down between the pilot and the rail, and ventured the observation that it was four inches higher from the rail than the rules prescribed. His observation in that connection was unanswerable. He continued his tour of inspection through the house and, in passing, made the somewhat banal remark, as I thought, that it would require less fuel to keep it warm if I would have a missing windowpane replaced that I had somehow overlooked. Apparently he failed to notice the perfect condition of the stovepipe, but he did not fail to notice that there was no zinc under the stove in my private office, nor did he fail to make some original and illuminating remarks in that connection. Among other matters inviting his attention that morning was the icy condition of the steps outside the small door and also the entire absence of barrels filled with water for fire protection." Aside from these things, the inspection of the roundhouse was quite successful.

In the dozen years that Underwood remained with the Soo he built it up from a puny unsuccessful stretch of but forty-two miles of line to a real railroad more than 1300 miles long. Then the Canadian Pacific came along and purchased the line so as to give it a strong right arm into Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Underwood again was in close working relationship with his old friend, Van Horne—now, if you please, Sir William Van Horne, and president of the Canadian Pacific. In all those years he broadened. Railroading became to him a fine science, in whose every detail he had made himself skilled.

J. J. Hill's interest in Underwood never ceased. And when the day came, at the turn of the century, when Hill and a group of his associates in Chicago purchased a partial control in the Baltimore and Ohio, just emerging from receivership and a hard financial experience, it was the Empire Builder who sent Underwood to Baltimore to operate that property. But F. D. U. did not remain very long by the shores of Chesapeake Bay. A bigger job than being vice president of the B. & O. was just ahead of him. They were calling him at last to a railroad presidency.

Not much of a railroad presidency—to try to make something out of the old broken-down Erie. That is what some of Fred Underwood's friends were trying to advise him. Mr. Morgan had asked him to take over the Erie. Somewhat reluctantly he finally accepted the post, stipulating that he was to have absolute authority over the property. Morgan assented to this and took the next steamer to Europe. He remained there six months. When he came back, Underwood was sitting in his office, resignation in hand. There had been bickering in the seats of the mighty. Underwood had not had full authority.

Railroad Men and Poets

His resignation was not accepted. He went back to the Erie; this time armed with the fullest authority in the world. The record of his twenty-five years in the reincarnation of that property does not have to be repeated here.

Let Mr. Underwood resume, in his own words. We ask him about the human factor in the railroad—always its most important factor. He replies:

"Railroad men are born, not made, and the exception proves the rule. Given a man with the railroad virus in his blood and he is ill adapted to any other business or profession.

"My fifty-seven years in railroading all have gone to prove this very point. In those years I have seen brakemen graduating into conductors, conductors into superintendents, superintendents into general managers, general managers into presidents. Only the men who reached the highest grades were always those who had that impelling virus of the railroad in their veins.

"In the earlier railroads the personnel was recruited from various sources. Engineers probably had served a term of apprenticeship in the cabs of engines, probably firing for a time, or they had learned to handle simple stationary engines. Operators taught themselves; although at the beginning what we today know as the sound operator had not yet come. Telegraph operators were developed upon the

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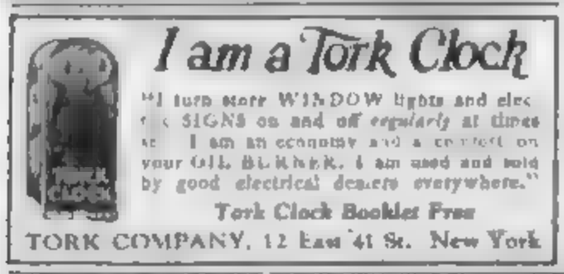
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old-fashioned register—the jigger that printed the dots and dashes, and that couldn't be beat for accuracy. Conductors, firemen and brakemen frequently were recruited from stage-coach lines, from the steamboat lines and from the local country roundabout. The farm and the small town contributed their quotas. But they all had the virus.

"We also had in those days the tramp railroad man, not unlike the old-fashioned tramp printer. On the railroad he was known as the boomer. He came when business was booming and he left when it began to fall off again. The principal things he left behind were sweethearts and creditors.

"The last I saw of the boomer was down in Mexico, twenty-five years ago. For all I know, he still may be down there. But he, too, had the railroad virus. If only he could have combined it with a little stability he might have made a great success of himself."

Mr. Underwood begins to illustrate his point by telling of a conductor bringing his locomotive and a snow plow up over one of the starved single-track lines—a line without many sidings—and being ordered by the train dispatcher to turn about with his outfit and proceed in the other direction posthaste. The line ahead was badly snow blocked and he could not go far in reverse without getting into trouble. But he did manage to find an exposed place where the wind had blown the snow off the hard frozen ground. In a trice he and his gang were pulling up the track. They made a rough Y of it by pulling a few lengths of rails around, and within an hour or two they were bumping along in the opposite direction. They made real railroaders in those days!

"The strength of these pioneer roads lay very largely in their local ownership and control. In the Middle West their foundation was the land grant. Without these grants the first lines out there could not have been constructed. Much has been said in condemnation of the land grant. The facts show, however, that few roads benefited directly from it. They were forced to sell their lands to raise money, usually in a poor market, at a cheap price. Their location was actuated by two motives: First, the desire—no, the necessity—to visit the existing towns, which led to some meandering; second, the equal necessity of building a line with as little earthwork as possible."

A Breeder of Railroaders

"Much of such strength as they had was in their local control. They were owned and headed by men whose interest in local affairs always was large. For example, Alexander Mitchell, the first president of the Milwaukee, from 1866 to 1890, its head and great guiding force, was also a prominent banker, and a leading citizen of the state, who had grown up with it and who was interested in every stage of its development. He lived Milwaukee. He lived Wisconsin. He lived the Milwaukee. The troubles of that great property, which eventually were to terminate in its bankruptcy, did not begin until after his death.

"Absentee landlordism contributed in no small degree to the downfall of the Milwaukee Railroad. Aside from that pathetic episode, its entire history has always been marked by glory, by a glorious personnel. One begins with Mr. Mitchell and finds, working side by side with him, Sherburn S. Merrill, a rare combination of a thrifty Scotchman and a New Hampshire Yankee. These men knew how to railroad. First of all they knew economy, knew how to practice and how to preach it, not offensively but effectively.

"The Milwaukee in those days became famed as a breeder of railroaders. From it came two great presidents of the Santa Fe—William B. Strong and E. P. Ripley. Two for the Canadian Pacific—Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy—also came from the road of the yellow cars. Marvin Hughitt, the dean of all living railroad men, served a short time on the Milwaukee. Vice presidents, general managers, general superintendents, superintendents—a list long almost beyond recollection—came from the road. It was a giant mill whose grist was trained railroaders not only for itself but for its fellow roads.

"In the past fifty years the progress of our railroads in mechanical appliances, in operation practices, in traffic handled swiftly and well, has been something wellnigh incredible; and yet, despite all that has been said to the contrary, there still remains a sort of sullen feeling against many railroad corporations. They have been described as being monopolistic, cold-blooded. There are at least two good reasons for this: The hostility or the apathy of the local newspapers. When the country papers were friendly and were willing to give the railroads a fair shake, things were better. As long as a local public felt that its railroad was a local institution, not governed by an impersonal board thousands of miles away, who perhaps inspected the road once a year and perhaps did not, the railroad touched the high points of its success."

Remote Control

"Nowadays headquarters are entirely too far off. Local railroad officers are too much shorn of their powers of other days. Things that ofttimes look trivial to the public, and that in any other business would be trivial indeed, have to go to a big boss somewhere off in the background for final decision. The requirements and demands of men of large business in the interior cities have to go to some other city to be adjusted. This is unfortunate. It invites hostility. It should not be permitted to go on.

"I spoke but a moment ago of absentee landlordism. Today you cannot escape it. We have not accomplished all things. Our railroad millennium still is far off. In my opinion it will not come until we see on the boards of all our important lines, as directors, men who are not too old in years, who live adjacent to the various portions of the line they serve, who are constantly interested in the details of its affairs, in its staff, in the public it serves. An ideal railroad board of directors would be made up of business men—not shippers—interested in the communities reached by the road; representatives of the employes, of the public, of the shareholders.

"Much has been done in recent years in giving the employes and the small investors opportunity to buy into the railroad. But not nearly enough. Shares and baby bonds should be easily available at all times. The employes should be able to buy these at their divisional headquarters; the public at the local stations.

"The whole tendency of our modern railroad operation is to be wasteful, to sacrifice everything to dispatch, to destroy tools and apparatus to save time. All this is disproportionate. It is the same sort of thing as sacrificing good fire apparatus and killing firemen to be the first in answering an alarm.

"Often I have seen good tools put to very inferior uses by zealous but thoughtless men whose training had taught them nothing of the value of instruments. Put that down to the necessity for better education of our railroad rank and file. Once I attended a meeting of a committee of locomotive firemen to consider waste and means of economy on a railroad that was in pressing need of money. The cigars were passed. A superintendent twisted a two-dollar bill, applied a match to it, lighted his cigar, and passed it on. No one spoke. He said, 'That was a damn-fool trick, wasn't it?' No one quite dared to say 'yes,' but all felt 'yes.' The superintendent laughed. 'I did it to show what each of you men can save on a single trip. Our figures show that careful firing—a matter within your own grasp—will save two dollars on each trip of

Continued on Page 190

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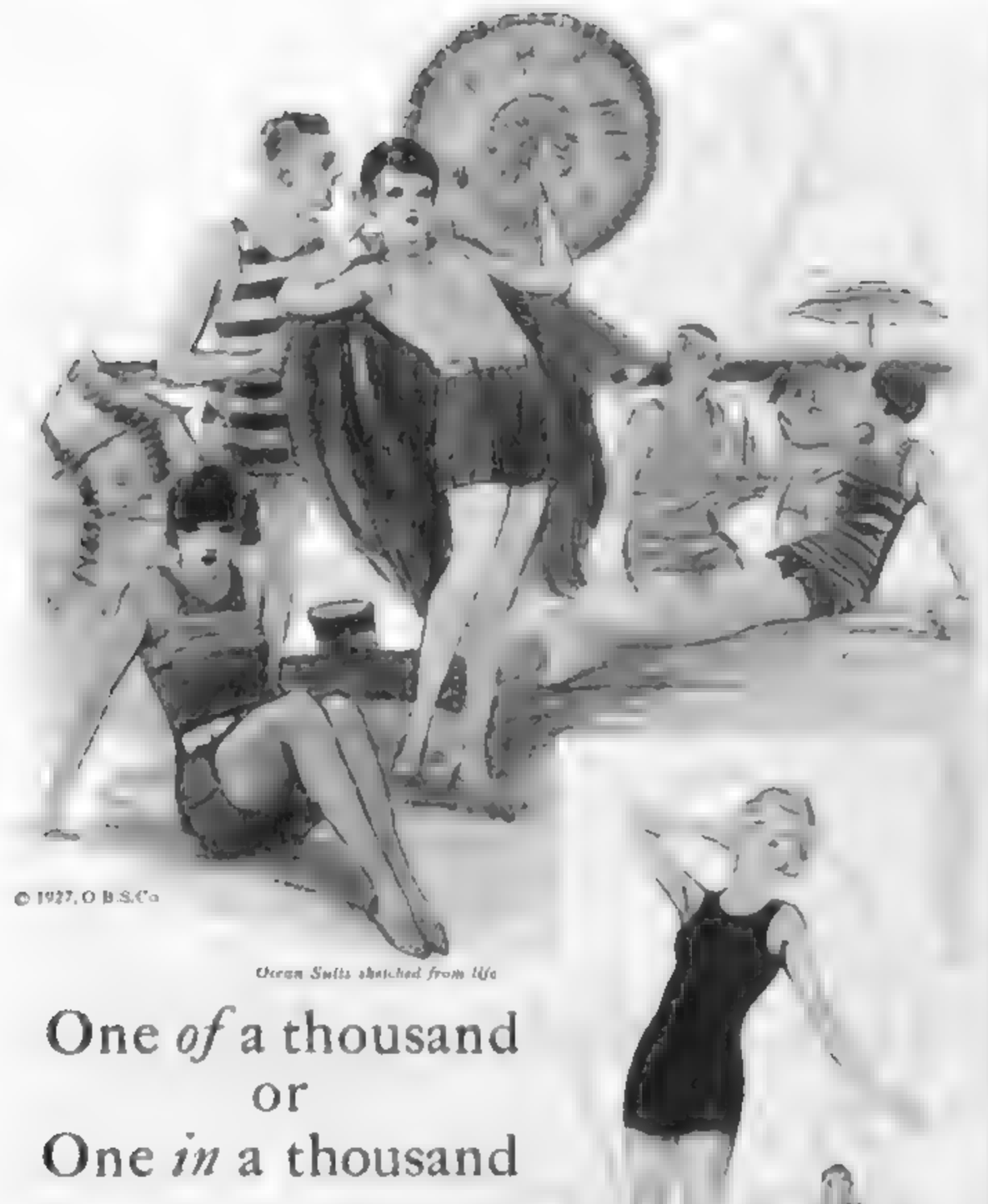

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RIGHT—*Worsted jersey suit, solid color, silk piping—scalloped tuxed skirt.*

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TOLEDO

Leadership

This is the second of a series of presentations of Toledo Leadership. The first featured John N. Willys, president of The Willys-Overland Company.

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President
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CO.

A CITY is made by its men. These men in turn are hindered or helped by the environment which they and others have created around themselves. For these reasons the citizens of a community constitute the best evidence of the measure of opportunity afforded by that community to all those who live and work within it.

That C. O. Miniger of Toledo has become the world's largest independent manufacturer of starting, lighting, and ignition systems for automobiles is as pertinent in any consideration of the city as in any consideration of Mr. Miniger. That he is an officer or director in 26 successful businesses, and a pre-eminent figure in all movements of civic progress, indicates the spirit of reciprocity that exists between an aggressive, industrial Toledoan and the community in which his labors are performed.

C. O. Miniger always has been a spectacular salesman. Beginning his career as a salesman for a Toledo house, he has become the international salesman of his own ideas and ideals and the diversified products of his factories. As the head of The Electric Auto-Lite Company he has achieved a world-wide position in that industry, and Electric Auto-Lite service stations all over the world today testify to the measureless energy of the man who realizes that humanity can enjoy benefits provided by improved appliances only when these new and better things are made accessible wherever they are needed.

Toledo fully expresses its belief in Mr. Miniger and its other leaders. And Mr. Miniger expresses his belief in Toledo by an unreserved service to his community, not only by such investments in it as have made him one of the largest owners of down town real estate in Toledo, but by energetic, unselfish participation in its public service activities. As chairman of the Community Chest he led one of its most successful campaigns. He is an officer or trustee of The Toledo Museum of Art, The Toledo Y. M. C. A., The Toledo Hospital, The Toledo Zoological Society, Toledo Community Chest, and The Maternity and Children's Hospital.

Your opportunity for success and happiness in Toledo is guaranteed not only by association with such leaders, but also by the fact that Toledo offers:

The third largest railroad center in the United States.

One of the few natural harbors on the Great Lakes.

Closeness to center of population.

A nationally recognized school system.

A municipal university of first rank.

A greater percentage of home-owners than any other city of like size.

An art museum endowed with more than ten million dollars.

Moderate climate the year round.

Stores, churches, manufacturing sites and facilities—a comprehensive, fully rounded and intensively developed, progressive community of more than three hundred thousand people.

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce offers counsel and assistance to businesses, large and small. Give it the opportunity to explain Toledo in terms of benefit to you. Address the Toledo Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce

(Continued from Page 186)

one of our locomotives. You, gentlemen, each trip you run, waste in firing just what I have now wasted.' The point was not lost.

"We were speaking but a moment ago of improvements upon the American railroad. Yet in fifty years—I suppose in a hundred years—we have not been able to improve upon its human factor. That factor we should send to school. In other words, to overcome the limitations of the rank and file of railroaders, there should be training schools. That does not mean chairs in universities, or highly technicalized institutions. The technical part of the business will always take care of itself. Give a man a technical education, which easily can be obtained, and he needs no further training, beyond that of experience. But the rank and file of the railroad, who mingle with the public, who make or unmake the reputation of the line, gets little or no training.

"Here is a fellow who is left too much to himself. He may be the sort who is irritated by questionings. By the time half a dozen fool questions have been asked him he is in a bad temper for the remainder of the day. He should be taught the simple things—the simple things so often lacking—fair speech, first of all among them. I have yet to learn of an institution that would train men for minor positions on railroads—positions from which they might graduate to others.

"I think that there is place for an academy of that sort, not only to take men who now are in railroad employ but to take others who are anxious to come into it. The education of a railroad man never ends. Many a good man who has the railroad virus, but who cannot stand the gaff necessary to go through the preliminary grades and give him the requisite experience, should be taught the theory of the business; also, to some extent, the practice. Purdue University and some others teach railroad mechanical practice. My academy, in addition, would teach them the currency of courtesy. Good address has carried many an indifferent man rather far. On the other hand, many talents have been overlooked because the bark of roughness has obscured them. This does not always apply to railroad employes, but they are rather amenable to the principle.

"As a rule they are better tempered and better mannered than any other class of men in the world. When you think of their irregular hours; of the fact that railroads run every hour in the twenty-four, every day of the year; that holidays and anniversaries simply must be blotted off the successful railroad man's calendar; that they are on duty constantly, regardless of their own health or that of their families, it is a tribute to their unfailing loyalty to the interests that they serve and to their own equilibrium that they are as good as they are.

"In closing, the benediction must be the same as the opening text: 'Railroad men are born, not made.' But this does not mean that they cannot be helped; to the benefit of the service, the comfort of the public, and their own increasing contentment."

Saturated with moisture —this lather *stops razor pull*

DISCOVER for yourself the Williams way to better, more comfortable shaving. Williams Shaving Cream works up into a quick, rich, bulky lather. It takes up moisture until it becomes *saturated* with it. Williams lather holds its moisture until the beard's water-resisting oil-film is dissolved—then soaks the bristles so soft that the *razor can't pull.*

Best of all, when you're done your face is FIT. The mild, pure Williams lather invigorates the face tissues, leaves a healthy "barber's massage" feeling.

Send for a week's trial tube of Williams FREE. Use coupon below—or a postcard. Two sizes, 35c, and 50c.

Williams Shaving Cream

The Hinge-Cap can't fall off and get lost!

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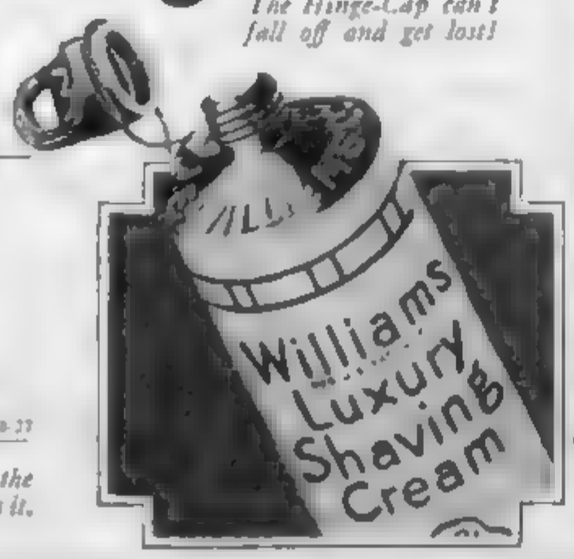
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., DEPT. 40B
Glastonbury, Conn. U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name

Address

City *State*

F-L-F-6-18-27



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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It's the all-around satisfaction behind that label which has given it years of world-leading popularity.

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Famous-fitting "B.V. D." Union Suits, with their exclusive construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch, are made in over sixty sizes to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be sure to take advantage of this unequalled size range by being correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements—chest, waist and trunk—can always determine your proper size.

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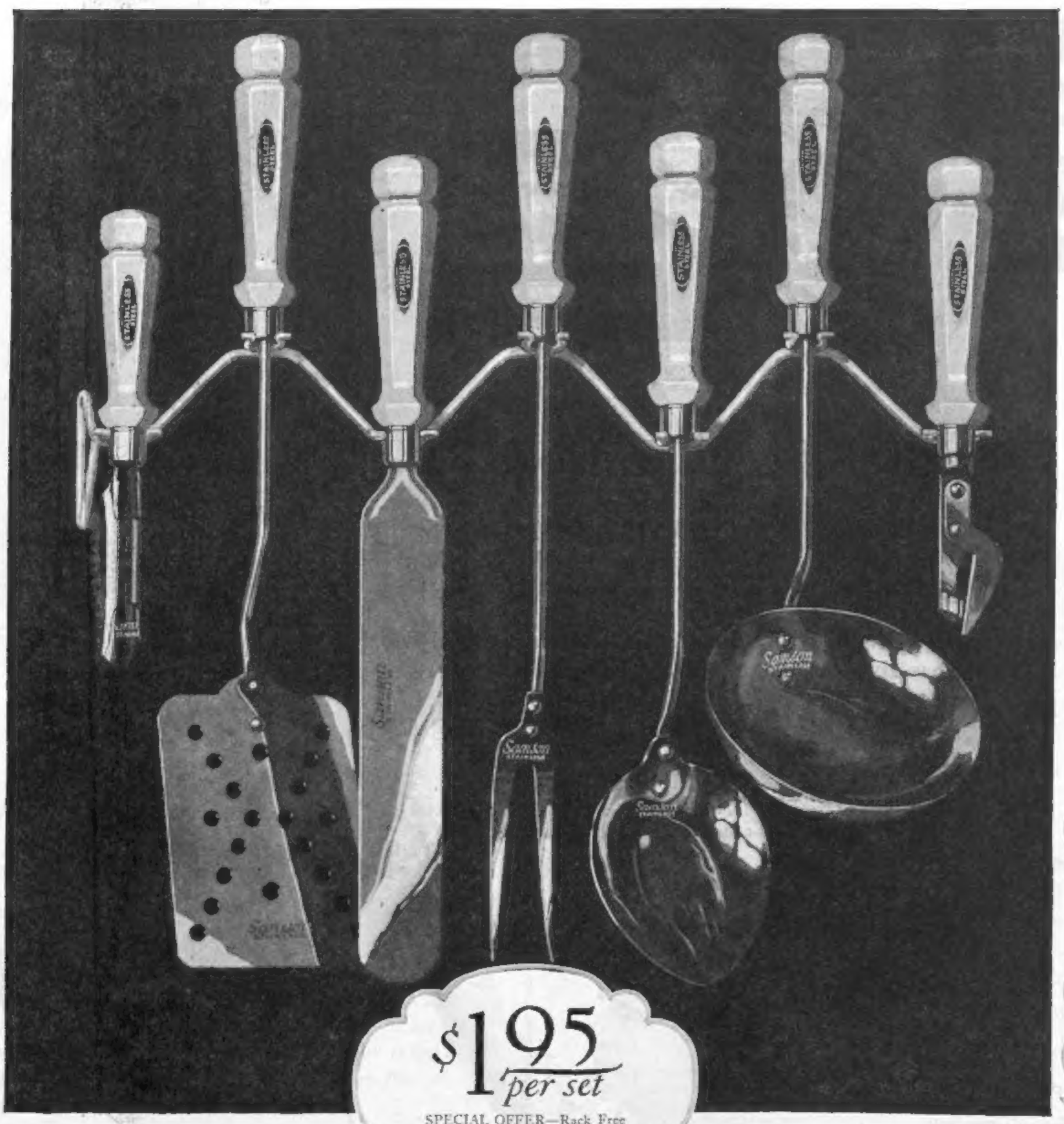

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PET MILK blends with the juice of oranges, loganberries—any of the juicy fruits—to make wonderfully refreshing summer drinks. They are delightful to the taste, stimulating to the appetite—most wholesome food. They help you take your "quart of milk a day."

And They Are So Easily Made—

½ cup juice (the bottled juices serve), ½ cup Pet Milk, ½ cup water. Sugar to taste. Mix the fruit juice, sugar, Pet Milk, and water. Add cracked ice. Shake. (A Mason jar will serve.)

Frozen Desserts—Made with Pet Milk have the finest possible texture and flavor. Undiluted Pet Milk serves as cream where recipes call for cream. It costs less than half as much as cream. Where such recipes call for *milk with eggs*, use Pet Milk, diluted with an equal part of water, and use fewer eggs.

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Hot Cream Chocolate Sauce—Made with Pet Milk is the most delicious you have ever tasted. To serve over plain ice creams, puddings and other desserts:—

3 squares chocolate 1 cup sugar 1 cup Pet Milk
¾ cup water 3 tablespoons white corn syrup 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate in saucepan over hot water; add ¾ cup water slowly, stirring until smooth. Then add sugar and corn syrup. Boil until syrup forms a very soft ball when tried in cold water or until it reaches 234° F. Add Pet Milk and vanilla.

This recipe is one of more than a hundred in our booklets that we'll send free, on request.

PET MILK COMPANY
(*Originators of Evaporated Milk*)
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Do your teeth need a Patent Medicine?

When the dentifrice you are now using is gone—when the tube is squeezed and crimped, and strong efforts can produce no more—then you will drop by the drug store to buy more.

What will be in the back of your mind when you buy? Will you be thinking of something to *clean* your teeth and polish them?

Or will you be thinking of some patent medicine virtue, some cure for dental ills that only a dentist is competent to diagnose or treat?

Every dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason—to keep your teeth *clean.*

KEEP YOUR TEETH

CLEAN

. . and fear no ugly mental dental ills

Clean teeth are likely to be healthy, wholesome, and pretty.

That is reason enough for using a dentifrice twice a day. If you have *any other reason,* any reason to fear a diseased condition of teeth, mouth or gums, go to your dentist at once.

Don't rely on patent medicine dentifrices for your dental health any more than you would rely on patent medicines for your bodily health.

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